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THE

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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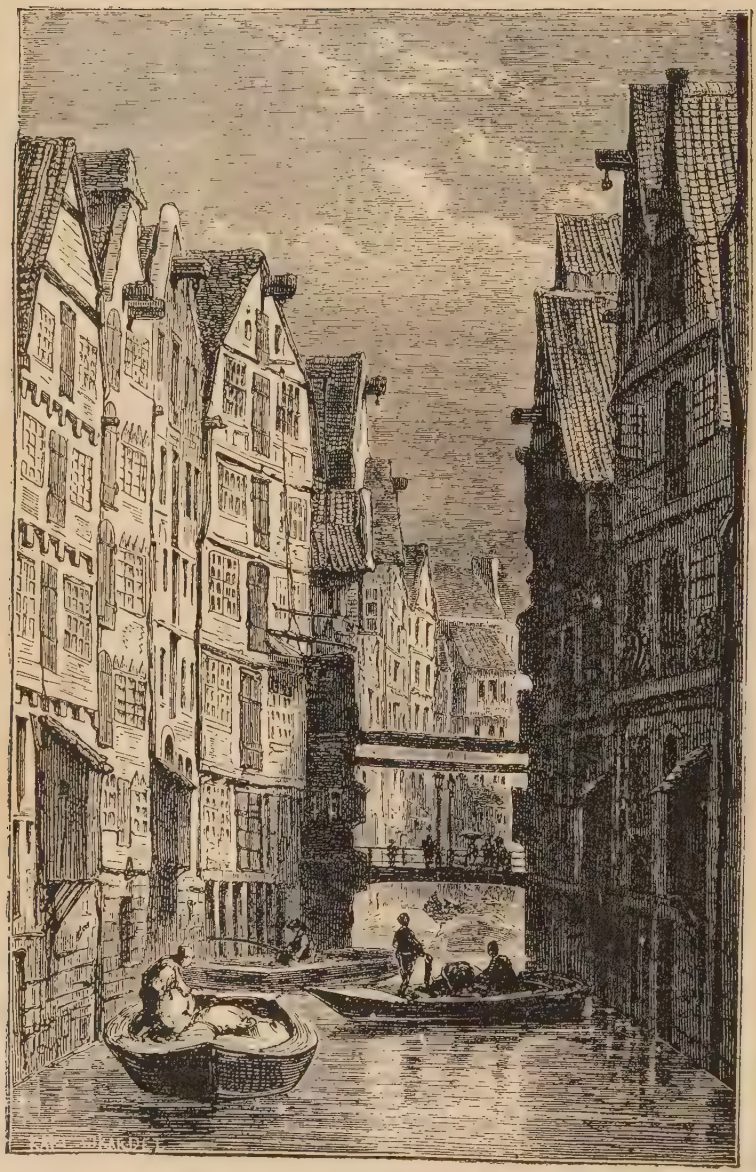


CANAL AT HAMBURG.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

JULY, 1889.

GLIMPSES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL GERMANY.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

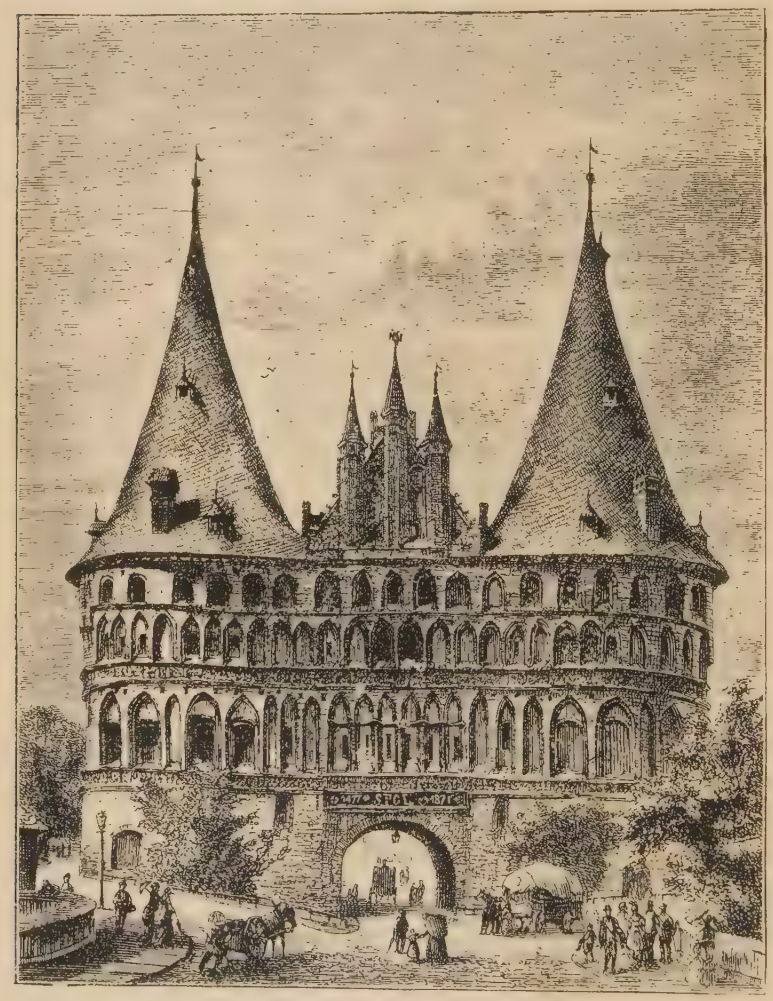
THE entrance to Northern Germany by the Elbe is, in its way, as pleasant as that by the Rhine, and avoids the fatigue of a long railway journey before reaching the principal cities. A great sea-port city must always have its points of interest, and Hamburg is no exception; although, truth to say, there is little in its architecture or its associations to detain the traveller. Among the churches, that of St. Nicholas, of which the late Sir Gilbert Scott was architect, is pre-eminent in beauty. We much admired its stately exterior, although the great plain buttresses suggest a kind of incompleteness. It is true that in a Protestant cathedral there is happily no room for that kind of enrichment which marks the Gothic cathedrals of former ages. Sculptured saints, and niches for statues, and legends carved in stone, are alien from the simplicity of our worship, and we can well dispense with the elaboration and the splendour. Still the contrast architecturally was felt, and the material of which so much of this fine cathedral is built cannot be made as effective as stone.

The newness of many of the stately streets, in contrast with the antique high-roofed buildings of other parts, was very noticeable. After the great fire of 1842, the city was, in great part, rebuilt on a uniform plan, to the loss of the old picturesqueness, of which glimpses may still be gained along the banks of the canals that intersect the town; but much, no doubt, to the promotion of convenience and healthfulness.

We saw in the city a few market-women with their singular

* For the text and some of the engravings of this article we are indebted to the admirable volume on "The German Fatherland." Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.—ED.

costume, which here, as in other towns in Germany, is, to a great extent, being discontinued, to the loss of much picturesqueness, especially since the change to a commonplace attire seems to



HOLSTEIN GATE, LUBECK.

mean slovenliness also. I suppose that with anything like a *uniform*, there comes also a pride in its neatness and grace; it is certain that the peasantry who retained the old-fashioned attire contrasted most favourably with those who had conformed to the modern indistinguishable style.

The town of Lübeck may be reached direct from Hamburg, and is well worth a visit, preserving as it does, far more than its great rival city, the characteristic memorials of its former greatness. Here may be seen, as in the days when Lübeck stood chief among the eighty cities of the Hanseatic League, the old gabled houses, the quaint churches with their wonderful carvings, and the imposing remnants of the fortifications. Among these the

THE OLD GATE-HOUSE, HILDESHEIM.

finest is the Holstein Gate, recently restored, with its conically roofed round towers, built of variegated brick, chiefly red and black, like most of the edifices in this vast sandy plain.

At the quaint old city of Hildesheim another of those imposing town gate-houses may be seen—with four stories in the roof and highly decorated with elaborate carving—an interesting relic of the Middle Ages. See cut on this page.

At Hildesheim is the oldest rose-tree in existence, that shown in cut, clambering over the walls of the cathedral. It is known to be eight hundred years old, and its trunk is as thick as the body of a man.

Wittenberg, a little town, is not to be passed by, seeing that beyond all other German cities it is associated with the work of Luther. The town was reached after ten minutes' walk along a pleasant road, in which is to be seen an oak, planted on the spot where Luther burned the Pope's bull. The town we found to consist chiefly of one long street, opening about half-way up into a wide market-place, which on the day of our visit was crowded by country people offering the produce of their farms and gardens. It was amusing to note their various costumes, and to listen to their lively provincial talk: but our attention was soon fastened on two fine bronze statues near each other in the open space, each under its Gothic canopy, with admirable fidelity and spirit portraying Luther and Melanchthon. On the pedestal of each is a characteristic motto, that on Luther's being a couplet of his own:

> "Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn,
> Ist's Menschenwerk, wird's untergehn."

"If it is God's work, it will endure; if it is man's work, it will perish;" while that on Melanchthon's is the text of Scripture, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." At the end of the town we reached the Schlosskirche, a large building with a tower, plain and unpretending enough, but forever famous as the church on whose door Luther nailed, on the 31st of October, 1517, his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences and similar corruptions of the truth. That challenge from the brave young Wittenberg professor was the critical point in the Reformation. It would have been something to see the veritable doors to which the document was fastened, but these were destroyed in 1813 by the French; and in place of them a pair of bronze gates have been set up, very finely executed, with the theses in the original Latin text engraved upon them. In the church were buried both Luther and Melanchthon, but we could not see their tombs, as the building was closed, a notice at the door stating that the keys might be had on applying at Luther's house, at the other end of the town, which we had passed in entering from the station. The apartments of Luther in the old university are kept much as when he occupied them, and, we thought, had a delightful air of quiet and "learned leisure," look-

ing out upon a pleasant close, which might have been a "quad" of one of the smaller colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. In the room where Luther wrote, his table, massive and worm-eaten, still remains, also his library chair, and in a glass case, or "press," the jug from which he used to drink, a piece of embroidery wrought

HILDESHEIM—CATHEDRAL, CRYPT, AND OLD ROSE TREE.

in gold thread by Catharine his wife, with a few MSS. and books. In the adjoining lecture-room is his professor's desk, on one side of which is his full-length portrait, on the other that of Melanchthon. These portraits are remarkably fine; and the fidelity of Luther's is attested also by a cast of his head, taken after his death, and hanging up in one of these apartments.

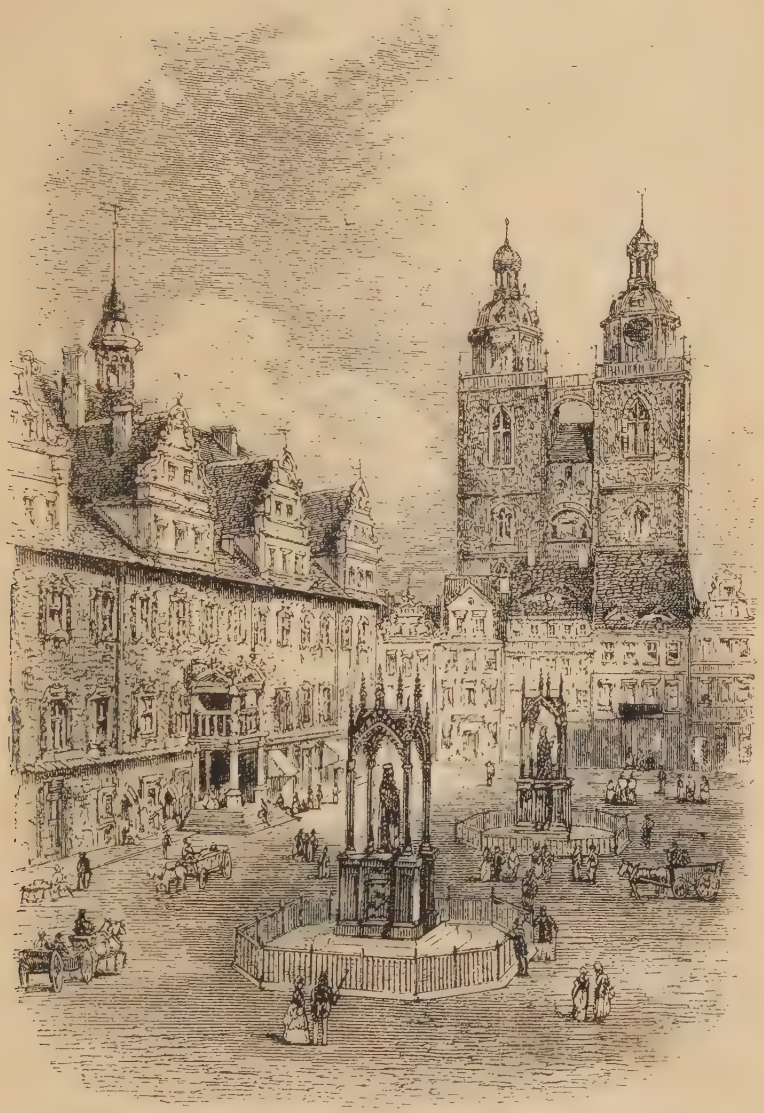
The first walk through Prague more than revived the impres-

sions of novelty and strangeness with which one lands upon a foreign shore. It seemed as though I had passed, at a step, from the Europe of to-day into the mediæval times. The ancient gates and towers, the quaint houses, with their fantastic decorations, which line the narrow streets, the very footways, wrought with blue and yellowish limestone into arabesque patterns, are all more like the reproduction of sixteenth-century pictures than anything we have seen in the Europe of to-day. The language, too, aids the impression; utterly unlike, as it seems, in words and in construction, to any of our western tongues. It was absolutely unrecognisable. *Námésti* for place (Platz), *Most* for bridge, *Chram* for cathedral, *Vchod* for entrance; and so on; I had to give it up! I bought a humorous paper, and tried, by help of the pictures, to understand the jokes; but it was of no avail.

These Bohemians seem very proud of their language, too; I have hardly ever seen a place where inscriptions in the vernacular on shop fronts and walls were more abundant, or where there was a greater display of placards of every kind. A few leisurely strolls through the streets of Prague would have almost served the purpose of grammar and dictionary; especially as several considerate persons had appended the German equivalent in a side translation. I suspect that this bilingual method is becoming more prevalent; but, as it has obvious inconveniences, it must end in one way. The weaker language must succumb, and by the law of the survival of the fittest, the German will become universal in the Austrian Empire, as in those of the northern federation. As it is, the two languages are taught in all the national schools; and every one above the poorest has to carry on business in both, a method which may make capital linguists, but is apt to be distracting.

The sights of Prague are chiefly in the streets, and these to the stranger are unfailing in their quaint attractiveness. There is nothing very picturesque in the costumes of the people, except, indeed, in the dress of the police, a dark-coloured long coat, with belt and a plume of dyed cocks' feathers in a dark felt hat. They stood about mournfully, as having little to do in a busy, good-tempered and well-conducted population. The number of book-shops was remarkable, in every quarter of the town; the photographs in the shop windows were literally innumerable.

It is from the Carlsbrücke, the ancient bridge over the Moldau, that the spectator best apprehends how beautiful for situation is this ancient city. A gateway and tower guards each end of the



WITTENBERG MARKET-PLACE, WITH LUTHER'S AND MELANCHTHON'S STATUES.

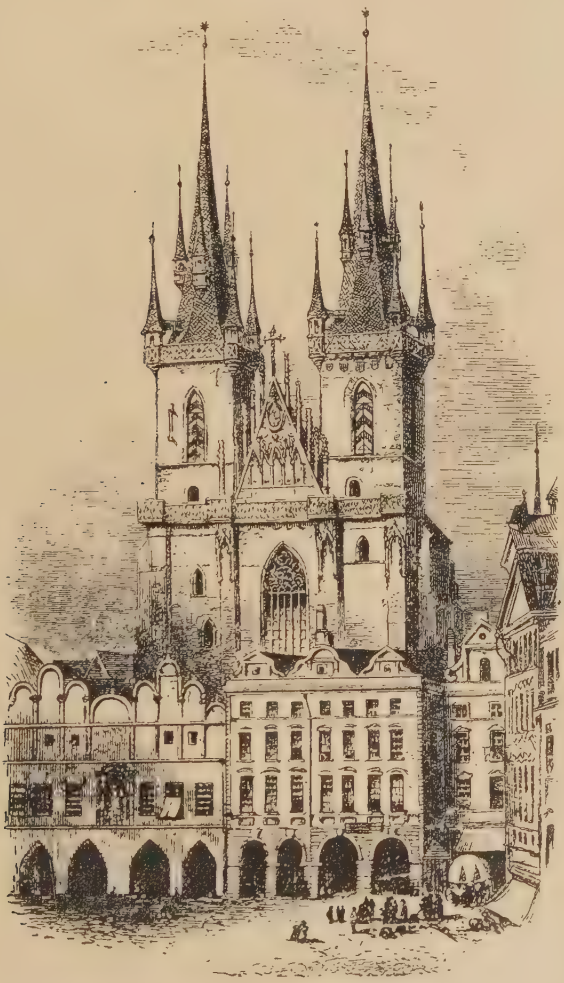
bridge; that shown in the cut on page 8, forms the approach to the *Kleinseite* or "Small Side" of Prague, opposite to the business part of the city, the "Old" and "New Town." To the right, a steep hill is crowned by the imposing buildings of the *Hradschin*,

the old palace of the Bohemian kings, with the citadel and a great unfinished cathedral, dedicated to St. Veit, or Vitus. An ascent to the Acropolis of Prague, as this hill may truly be called, and a walk along the ramparts which enclose the Kleinseite, disclose some glorious views. The city appears as in a rocky basin, through the midst of which the swift Moldau cuts its way; towers

CARLSBRUCKE, PRAGUE.

and spires arise in all directions above the high-pitched roofs, and the summits of green hills beyond the city walls here and there suggest the memory of great names and historic deeds. There is the height whence Tycho Brahe explored the secrets of the heavens; and there, to turn to a very different association, the hill where Ziska, the blind Hussite leader, bade defiance to the Emperor Sigismund.

In this city, almost more than in any other, one lives over the great struggles of the past, especially in the various stages of the mighty conflict in which the Protestants and Romanists of Europe appealed with such varying success to the weapons of earthly



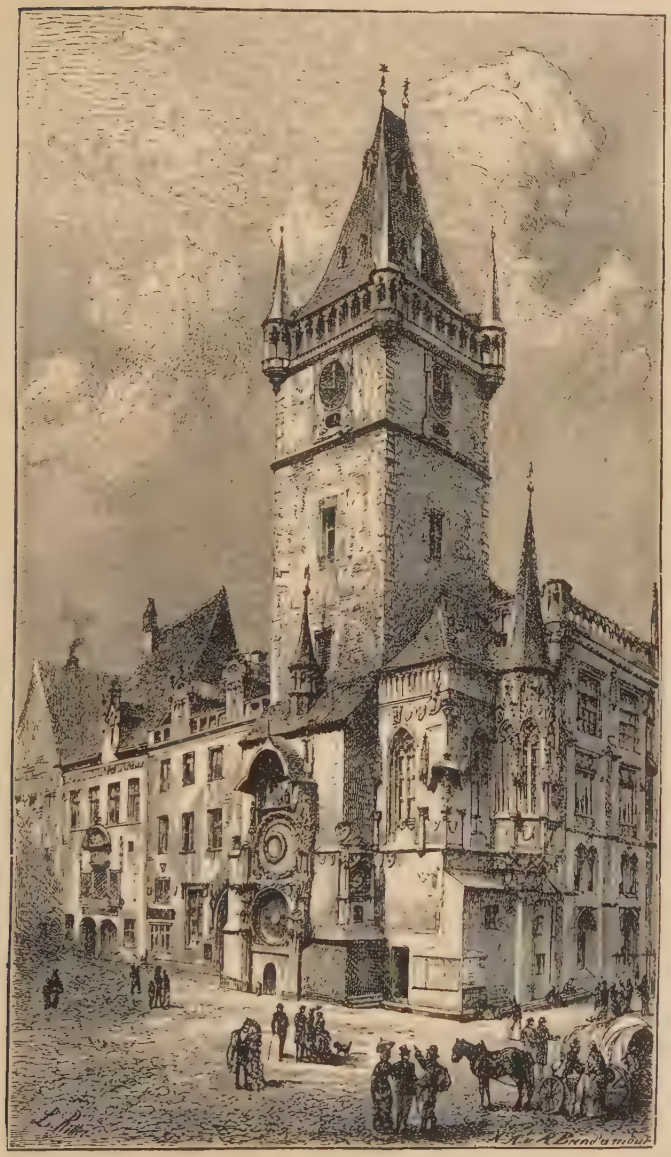
THE TEYNKIRCHE (OLD HUSSITE CHURCH), PRAGUE.

warfare. The Reformers before the Reformation made here their boldest stand. John Huss was Rector of the Prague University, and here first taught the doctrines which he had learned from Wycliffe. After his base betrayal and martyrdom at Constance,

1415, followed in the next year by that of his friend Jerome of Prague, the standard of revolt was raised here by the Hussites, under their blind leader John Ziska. He defeated the emperor beneath the walls of Prague, and bravely held his own until his death in 1424. For more than a hundred years the strife of opinions continued between the followers of Huss and the adherents of the Papacy. When the great Reformers of the sixteenth century arose, the influence of Protestantism became for a time permanent in Bohemia; but in 1620, the battle of the White Hill turned the scale in favour of the Papacy. And so it is that this noble city, that may be called the very cradle of the Reformation, became and has ever since remained among the foremost of all the continent of Europe in its adherence to Rome.

I was, however, much struck to find with what care the memorials of Huss are still preserved in the city which had thus practically disowned him. In the Library of the Bohemian Museum, among its greatest treasures, is the autograph challenge which Huss affixed to the gate of the University of Prague, offering to maintain against all comers the articles of his belief—an anticipation of Luther's "Ninety Theses" at Wittenberg. The Jesuits' College contains many of his manuscripts, and, most curious of all, preserves a Hussite Liturgy of a later period, with illuminations illustrating partly the Gospel history, partly the life of Huss himself; on one of the pages of which are three small pictures—Wycliffe striking the Light, Huss blowing the Flame, and Luther holding the blazing Torch. The college fathers point to these miniatures with a smile, perhaps a whispered *absit omen!* They may point to the city without, which, faithless to its early promise, is "wholly given" now to Popery; but there is a reality in the symbol which the world will one day prove!

As it is, the signs of the dominant faith are encountered everywhere. The great bridge contains between twenty and thirty statues and groups of saints, with a great crucifix in the centre bearing on its pedestal the inscription, *Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?* At one end of the bridge is a singular group of souls in purgatory, more grotesque than impressive. But chief among the saints commemorated here is John Nepomuk, who, it is said, was flung from this bridge into the Moldau, in 1383, for refusing to betray the secrets of the confessional. His body, it is added, floated for some time on the surface with five stars hovering over his head. To commemorate the alleged miracle, there is



CITY HALL, PRAGUE.

a marble slab on the coping of the bridge, engraven with a cross and five stars.

The old Hussite church, the *Teynkirche*, erected in the fifteenth century, and containing the tomb of Tycho Brahe, had formerly

among its most prominent ornaments a large gilded chalice, in token of the doctrine that the communion was to be administered to the laity in both kinds. There are, however, still three Protestant churches in the city; with eight Jewish synagogues; and those who care to penetrate through the narrow streets, to the Jews' quarter, on the river-side, a little way below the old bridge, will find, among the sounds and smells of a swarming population, not a little that is curious and interesting. It is said that the Jews established themselves here before the destruction of Jerusalem as slave-dealers, buying, selling, and exchanging the captives taken by the Pagans in war.

But to exhaust the points of interest which crowd this most attractive city would be well-nigh impossible, nor was it practicable to visit every scene of historic interest in the neighbourhood. An evening's stroll round the ramparts of the Old Town appropriately closed my visit to this strangely fascinating ancient city. A band was playing some wildly plaintive Bohemian airs; groups of people, released from the day's business, were wandering in the gardens beneath the ramparts; the towers of the city stood out grandly against the calm evening sky. All spoke of peace, where in times past the hottest conflicts had raged; and it was impossible not to think of the time when, without the cannon or the sword, the world's strife shall be composed, and truth's victories shall be won.

CROMWELL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

Hammer of God, smiting oppressions down,
Breaking the yoke from fettered nation's neck;
For wrath of tyrant king thou didst not reck,—
As little for his futile smile or frown—
Trampling as bauble 'neath thy feet a crown.
Stern sword of Justice, at the awful beck
Of a brave people's peril thou didst deck
Thy fame with blended curses and renown.
Greatest of England's kings, albeit uncrowned;
Mightiest moulder of a Commonweal,
Guardian of liberty forever found,
In fiery furnace-heat thou didst anneal,
The thrice-attempered weapons which shall fight
For evermore the battle of the right.

ROME.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.,
Victoria University.

THE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.

No other city embodies so much of the world's history as Rome. Its massive ruins, shattered, gray, gnawed by the slow tooth of time, have in their decay a gloomy majesty and nobility such as no brand-new creations of to-day—no Washington monument, no Eiffel Tower, no just finished cathedral, can hope to rival. There still clings about those ponderous masses of honest brick-work and squared stone something of the indomitable will, the proud self-sufficiency, the calm endurance of their builders of twenty centuries ago. But with our pleasure in the grim endurance mingles a chill thought charged with endless pathos, that build we never so solidly, of mere earthly materials, our work must decay.

The very dust of Rome's streets, the soil of her suburbs has for the reflective mind a solemn interest. That dust once lived, jested and hated, toiled and battled. Some atoms of that soil made Cicero's lips of eloquence and Cæsar's brain of power; all shrivelled and withered now into a few handfuls of wind-driven dust.

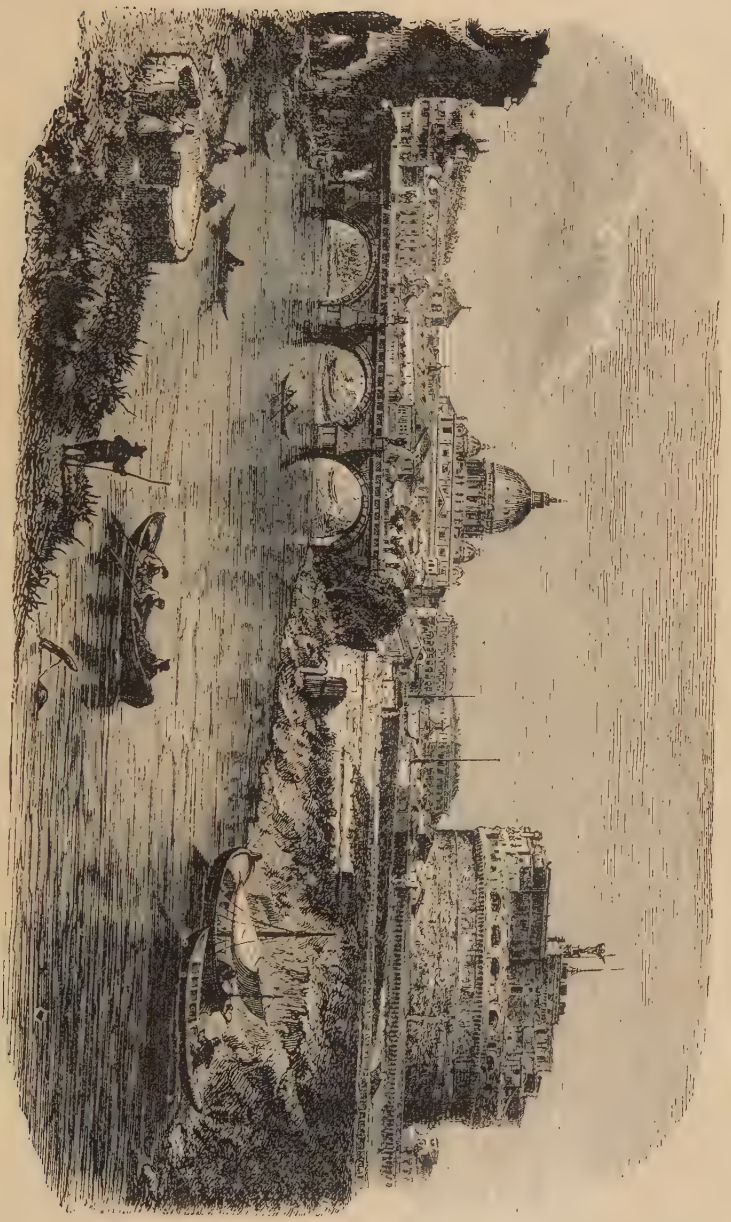
Rome was not to me a joyous place. It was too full of haunting memories. Up yonder was Cæsar's palace, where pride, and power, and cruelty looked down upon the mean city. Here are the huge pillars of temples to mighty gods, whose names are now meaningless breath. There is the tremendous ellipse of the Coliseum, in whose sanded centre fought savage beasts, and more savage men; on whose blood-soaked surface died tigers, gladiators and martyrs, while the brutal thousands applauded. Here, built into the wall, is a fragment of carved stone from some earlier building; there, in a neglected corner of a courtyard, is the earth-stained torso of a statue—to whom and for what?

I had the feeling that the dusty earth was weary and inelastic, from having been too long trodden upon; that the dirty yellow Tiber flowed moodily, dejectedly, burdened with too many secrets;

STREET SCENE IN ROME.

that the very air itself had filled too many lungs before mine, and had lost its fresh quality.

Rome seemed to me a half empty city, and yet over full. There was a brooding, hovering population of memories of crimes, of glorious deeds, of dead generations, that oppressed and humbled



ST. PETER'S AND THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

the men of the present, overwhelming them with the weight of the past.

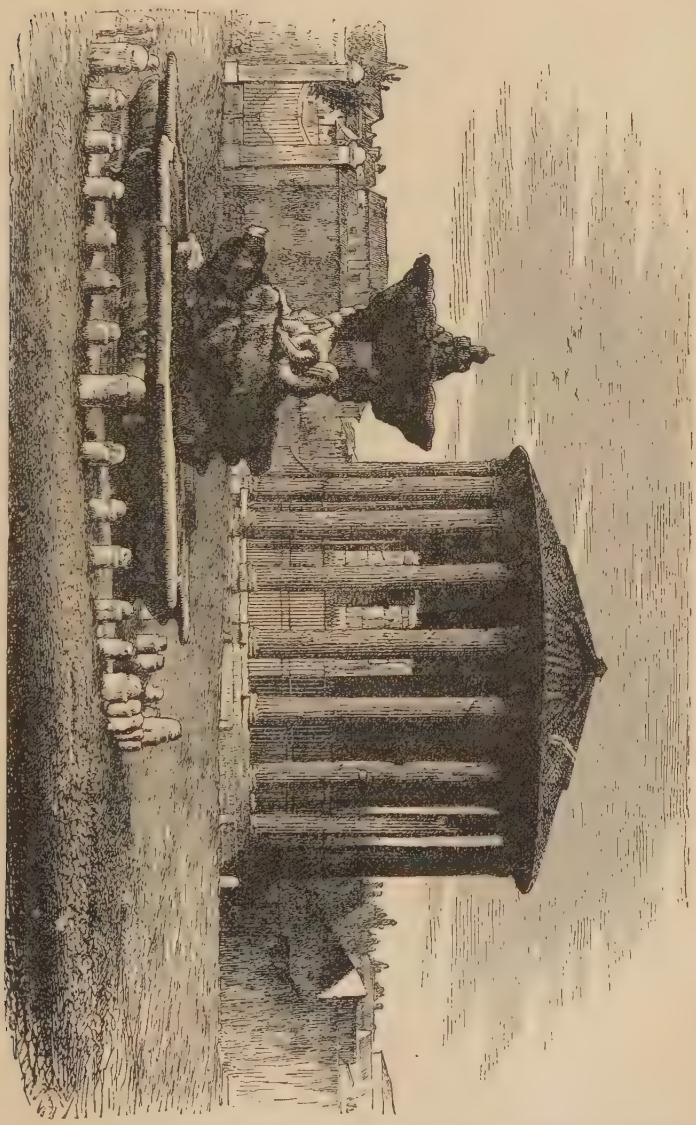
Perhaps modern Rome, once more the capital of Italy, if no longer the capital of the world, thinks little of the poverty, the meagreness of its present life, compared with the magnificence of its ancestors; and if so, it is well. Modern Italy is a young nation, and should work for the future, letting the dead past bury its

ARCH OF TITUS.

dead. There is too much to see in Rome, so much of the world's best thought and work has accumulated there from age to age. I confess that mutilated statues and mediæval pictures, black with time and bitumen, do not afford me a lively pleasure. I enjoyed more the gracefully cloaked men, the picturesquely clad painters' models that loitered in hopes of employment, all the life of the streets, including even the beggars who hastened to lift the heavy curtains that I might pass into dim churches, peopled with

dusky saints on the walls, and with gorgeous ones in the stained glass windows.

I sketched the tower of Monte St. Angelo, so well given in our



TEMPLE OF THE VESTALS, ROME.

illustration, and gazed till tired at the collections of the Vatican. To be "imprisoned" in so well stored a museum of the world's most wonderful and beautiful works of art should have its allevia-

tions, one would think, for the old man who still peevishly cries out for the temporal power which his predecessors so shamefully abused.

HERDSMAN IN THE CAMPAGNA.

Complain as he may to the faithful among the nations, the Pope is too shrewd to emerge from his imaginary imprisonment at the risk of leaving behind the art treasures of the Vatican.

The surroundings of Rome are sombre and melancholy. The Catacombs, with their touching records of early Christianity, have

a profound interest and deserve a visit. It is worth while also to take a ramble or drive over the wide, half-desert plain of the Campagna, clothed with rank grasses and weeds, and showing here and there a half-fallen tomb, or the broken line of arches of an aqueduct which has long since ceased to bear water to the thirsty city.

In spite of the miasms that make the Campagna a deadly place for strangers in the heat of summer, there are forms scattered here and there, and one meets at intervals herds of cattle, or dirty, wallowing buffaloes of villainous aspect, with a brigand-looking herdsman not far off.

In the distance rise the Alban Hills, a range of extinct volcanoes of noble outlines. On the summit of one of them stood Alba Longa, the mother-city of Rome. Surely never had puny mother so giant an offspring!

One wishes to believe the quaint legends of Rome's founding, of the lusty, wolf-suckled boys, of the nascent city wall that was so easily leaped over, and all the rest. It is a day of image-breaking, and the legendary beginnings of great cities must, I suppose, suffer like all other poetic things from the fact-hunting spirit of the age.

No iconoclasm, however, can strip Rome of her poten tcharms. She is still, and will long remain, the metropolis of a mighty spiritual kingdom, whose persistent armies threaten even far-off countries like Canada. Even if her spiritual reign were over, she would still stand august in the memories of her mighty past —the mother of empires, the giver of laws, and the owner of a literature and language that can never cease to have students among the best minds of the world.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit,
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the grand design
Which Thou hast traced; or, many skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned;
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
Let each stone by Thy master-hand of grace
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

THE MOSLEMS' GLORY AND THE JEWS' LAMENT.

X.

IN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE HARAM-ES-SHERIF.

It was on a lovely morning that we visited the Haram-es-Sherif, or Noble Sanctuary, as the Temple enclosure is called by the Moslems. A few years ago it would have been death to a Christian to make an attempt to enter it; but now, except on high festival occasions, it is easy to get permission, through one of the consuls. We went, I remember, under the ægis of the American Consul; and his *kawass*, a warlike-looking functionary, with silver-knobbed staff of office, and sword at side, accompanied us as representative of the protectorate of the United States, and on presentation of the consular permit at the guard-house, a Turkish official was also detailed to accompany us. Soon after entering

the enclosure we had a somewhat amusing proof of the insane bitterness against Christians in the actions and words of a poor old woman, who railed at us with what I suppose was a tirade of abuse, while she tried hard to scrape up stones and dirt to cast at the infidels who had been allowed to invade these sacred precincts.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

The Temple Area, for such it undoubtedly is, is a vast platform, raised in great part above immense substructions, built in the flowery days of the Jewish kingdom, to form a foundation for that superb building, level with the summit of Mount Moriah. As it exists at present, it is an irregular quadrangle, sixteen hundred and one feet long on the west, and fifteen hundred and thirty feet on the east, while on the north it measures ten hundred

and twenty-four feet, and on the south, nine hundred and twenty-two. It is entered by eight gates. The Mosque of Omar, commonly so called—its true name being Kubbet-es-Sukhrah, or Dome of the Rock—is the central object in this vast enclosure. It is an exquisitely beautiful building—one of the most beautiful in the world. It is in shape an octagon, each side being sixty-eight feet long, and is covered with tiles of richly-coloured porcelain,—a frieze of tiles emblazoned with passages from the Koran running around the whole building. It is entered by four portals, one at each point of the compass, and is surmounted by a superbly proportioned and most graceful dome. The interior, which is very dark, shows, when the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, its splendid design and material. It consists of two cloisters, separated by an octagonal course of piers and columns, and within this again another circle of piers, and twelve Corinthian columns supporting the dome. The fifty-six windows of, I think the most lovely stained glass I ever saw, glitter like precious stones. The tiled walls are covered with passages from the Koran. The dome is ninety-eight feet high, and sixty-six in diameter, and the pavement is of marble.

It was wonderfully moving to stand in the dim light under this massive dome and see, fenced off by a railing from profane touch, the base rock-summit of Moriah, some sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide, the very beauty of its surroundings heightening the effect of its natural ruggedness. For this may well be the spot where the faith of Abraham stood the supreme test; it may well be the site of that threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, where the destroying angel halted, in response to David's penitent prayer after his sin of pride in numbering the people; and it doubtless is the site of the Altar of Burnt Offering in the Temple, the centre and focus of the Jewish national and religious life. The rough rock rises in its highest part nearly five feet above the marble pavement which surrounds it, and about a foot at its lowest elevation. Beneath it, or rather cut into it, at its south-eastern side, is a cavern, not very large, and about six feet in height. It is connected with the top of the rock by a small circular opening, and in its floor is another much larger opening covered by a slab. These openings were most probably conduits in connection with the altar when the Temple covered this sacred spot.

The Moslem traditions connected with this rock are wild and fantastic enough. They show you the prints of Gabriel's fingers

on it, as the angel held it back from following Mohammed to heaven, when the prophet sprung thither from it, on his horse El-Barak; and the hole in the floor of the cavern they call the Well of Spirits, into which all spirits descend, and whence they are ultimately to be lifted by the hair of their head. But the traveller pays little heed to guide-book lore or dragoman's loquacity, as he stands beside that brown, bald hill-top, set in its gorgeous shrine—his thoughts are busy with memories of the mighty certainties of the centuries by-gone.

To the right of the Dome of the Rock, and at some distance

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

from it, stands the next most important building in the Harem area, the Mosque el Aksa. It is a large building, cruciform in shape, and divided into seven aisles by columns and piers of different styles of architecture, and different grades of workmanship, united by architraves of roughly squared timber. For the most part covered with whitewash, the interior is cold, crude and uninviting; but there are a few good windows, and some elaborate arabesque work and marble casing under the dome, while the pulpit is finely carved in wood and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Of course, the legendary places are numerous, and to Moslems doubtlessly, interesting; but the Christian visitor, as a rule, has been more than surfeited with that sort of thing,

and hurries over them with scanty appreciation and delay. The building, from its shape and appearance, was evidently at first a Christian basilica, and probably the foundations are those of that which was built on the site of the Temple by the Emperor Justinian in honour of the Virgin. Beneath the Mosque are the so-called Solomon's Stables—a vast congeries of massive and lofty arched passages, built evidently for the support of the platform on which the Temple stood, and showing the immense labour and cost employed in raising a wide enough area for that great building to the level of the top of the hill. Whether these great corridors were ever used by Solomon for his stables must remain doubtful, but unquestionably the Knights Templar did, and the rings to which they tied their horses may still be seen. There seems a wonderful contrast to the thoughtful traveller, between the mighty masonry of this underground Jerusalem, and the dingy and dilapidated debris of which her more modern buildings, for the most part, appear to consist. Truly her glory is past, and the proofs of it are buried in the stones of her foundations and under the ruins of her repeated overthrows.

The Jews of Jerusalem are, as I have before said, of mixed nationality and origin. Some are swarthy and Eastern in complexion and contour of features, but others are quite fair, and have little to distinguish them as descendants of God's ancient people in peculiarity of facial type. One thing, however, conspicuously marks out the Jew in Jerusalem from the mass of his fellow-citizens, otherwise similar to him in garb and general appearance, and that is the long lock of hair, which men and boys alike wear, in front of the ears. This long lock on each side of the face, framing it in as it were, and often wavy and ringlety, give a peculiar and sometimes almost feminine appearance to its wearers.

The Jews' Wailing Place, so often written about, is a peculiarly pathetic sight. It is a part of the original Temple wall, or rather foundation wall of the Temple, where the great stones of that mighty structure have been apparently undisturbed. Here are blocks of marble fifteen feet long and three or four deep, with a rough panelled surface and a smooth beveled edge—the "Phœnician cut"—as this peculiar style of stone-cutting is termed. There are five or six courses of these with smaller stones at the top, and the jointing splendidly fair and exact at the first, evidently is worn away in many places into deep holes.

Here, from time immemorial, the Jews have gathered, to wear

away these precious stones of their holy place with their passionate kisses, to bedew them with their bitter tears, to stretch their arms over them as though to embrace the sacred marble, to wail in pathetic lament the destruction of their Temple and the dispersion of their race; and to pray, in perfect agonies of importunate supplication, for their restoration to God's favour and their ancient well-being. Into the very holes in the stones they breathe their prayers, and writing them on slips of paper they

THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE, JERUSALEM.

push them in between the stones, and leave them there as a memorial before God—prayers for family blessings or for private help—prayers, many of them, for sick or sorrowing ones at home, or in far-away lands, who have begged to be remembered at this sacred spot.

Dr. Frankl, himself a Jew, thus describes the scene as he beheld it: "Several hundreds of Jews, in Turkish and Polish costumes, were assembled, and, with their faces turned toward the wall were bending and bowing as they offered up the evening

prayer. He who led their devotions was a young man in a Polish *talar*, who seemed to be worn out with passion and disease. The words were those of the well-known Minchu prayer, but drawled, torn, shrieked, and mumbled in such a way, that the piercing sound resembled rather the raging frenzy of chained madmen, or the roaring of a cataract, than the worship of rational beings. At a considerable distance from the men, stood about a hundred women, all in long, white robes, the folds of which covered the head and the whole figure—like white doves which, weary of flight, had perched upon the ruins. When it was their turn to offer up the usual passages of the prayer, they joined the men's tumultuous chorus, and raised their arms aloft, which, with their white robes, looked like wings with which they were about to soar aloft into the open sky; and then they struck their foreheads on the square stones of the wall of the Temple. Meanwhile, if the leader of their prayers grew weary, and leaned his head against the wall in silent tears, for a moment there was a death-like silence. I happened to be near him, and I could mark the sincerity of his agitated soul. He gave a rapid glance at me, and, without stopping short in his prayer, said to me, 'Mokam Kodesh,' *i.e.*, 'holy place,' and pointed to my covered feet. My guide had forgotten to inform me that I must take off my shoes. I now did so, and was drawn into the vortex of raging sorrow and lamentation."

Who will not echo the concluding strains of the plaintive Hebrew hymn, so often sung on this spot, and known as the Wailing Song:—

"Lord, bring back, Lord, bring back,
Bring back Thy people speedily,
O restore to their land,
To their Salem speedily.
Bring back to Thee, bring back to Thee,
To their Saviour speedily."

AFTERGLOW.

I saw the eastern sky aflame last night
With rose-like colours, gloriously clear,
While in the west the sun had sunk from sight,
And clouds hung like a pall upon a bier.

So was your face, my darling, when you died,
Bright with the glory that I could not see;
For, though with straining, tear-dimmed eyes I tried
Only grief-laden clouds appeared to me!

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

IV.

Methodism has, then, the free itinerancy of her ministry, based in theory at least, and for more than a century of her history, in actual practice with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, upon the minister's self-surrender to the work of God; upon his impetuous spirit of evangelization; upon the mutual confidence of the ministers, as an association of holy men for holy purposes, one in the other; upon the confidence of the ministers in the providence of God by their labours to spread Scriptural holiness, that these same people, discerning spirit and gifts, would vindicate the call of God, admit to the ministry only those so called, accept those so admitted and appointed to labour among them in the Lord, and cheerfully and liberally sustain them in labours for Christ's sake; upon the confidence of the people in their their ministers that they would be men of one work, that all would with equal industry instruct them in the doctrines of Holy Scripture, and that all with simplicity and fidelity would walk before God in love, and that hence no terrible wrong could be done or serious mischief ensue in the appointment of any man for a year at a time to any church; upon the confidence of these holy people and their Circuits and Official Boards, one in the other, that there should be no overreaching, prejudicing, sharp-eyed anticipating, or supplanting; but that all are brethren and should live and help as brethren; all equally interested in the maintenance and extension of the work; upon the confidence of the Circuits in the ministers, that all should hold themselves in readiness for any work to which they may be appointed, not striving one against the other or taking one the advantage of the other; upon the confidence of the ministers in the Official Boards, that they will not for popularity or excitement, for temporary gratification or foolish outcry, disparage or discount faithful and able labourers or turn their backs upon them; in confidence one with the other officially and personally throughout all those relationships that all will be true to Gospel doctrine, that none may design, plan, think, or act, so as to destroy or weaken this happy bond of far-reaching and ever-strengthening mutual confidence;

and above all, in all, and through all, confidence in God, humble trust, mighty faith, that a dispensation of the Gospel is committed to us; that even though mistakes occur, He will more than correct them, though errors be committed, He will overrule them, that the saddest error would be to be divided, contentious; that the Church is His especial care, His kingdom; that the doctrine is His; the Spirit, His; the ministers, His; the people, His; that He dwells in the midst of them, and will more richly bestow His favour, love, and power upon humble trust, brotherly submission and mutual love, than upon any schemes or arrangements of the wise, or any plans or polity of the great.

> "Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
> They lived and spake and thought the same;
> They joyfully conspired to raise
> Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
> With grace abundantly endued,
> A pure, believing multitude,
> They all were of one heart and soul
> And only love inspired the whole."

Is this mere poetic fancy? Or was it once fact? Is it fact now? Is there any safety to the Church, any vigour in the itinerancy, unless it be fact? Is there any bond to substitute here for mutual trust and love? Will learning avail in its stead, or social position, or political influence, or friendly affection, or fleshly impulse, or wealth, or power, or all of them combined? Is not the man who is doing anything to destroy this mutual confidence and respect, no matter what his plans or pretensions, tearing out the very foundation stones of our system? Is not the Circuit, the Board, the Conference, the Convention, the negotiation, the arrangement, that proceeds in disregard of this spirit of trust, helpfulness, and connexional unity "breaking down the carved work of our Zion at once with axes and hammers," a Zion in which the fathers were "famous according as they had lifted up axes upon the thick trees" on the mountains and in the wilderness; so that, though now there be ringing of hammers and clashing of axes in our strife and confusion, there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. Was there never a day in which preachers took their work with joy; and Circuits received their preachers with gratitude and delight? Was there never a day when this relationship was on both sides infinitely above a business arrangement, a commercial transaction, a financial, or social, or accidental negotiation? Was there never a day when the eye of intelligence,

piety, zeal, consecration, disinterestedness, impartiality and love ran throughout the work to provide for the spiritual wants of the people? Was there never a day when almost any Methodist preacher could manage almost any circuit, and be borne with in meekness and helpfulness for one year? Has the day gone by when even obscure men might be suffered for a little even in prominent places, coming forth like an Elijah from their closets of prayer, their baptisms of fiery trial and the discipline of their retirement? Could such a day ever be restored in our Israel? Have our people who indulge the fancy, they sit amid better things and righteously scorn the worse, ever heard these men preach? Have they ever caught the flame of their heroism and sacrifice? Have they ever come with them into the secret places of power, and gone forth with them into the privations, toils and conflicts of the high places of the field? Perhaps if they had, where there is such a delicacy of sentiment, such fastidiousness of taste, so easy inclination to murmurings and disputings, there had been keener relish of truth, greater ruggedness of discipline and valour, righteous impulses and richer possessions of power and grander achievements for man and for God.

It is not wise to say, nor is there much sympathy with the consciousness or sanctimoniousness that says, "the former days were better than these." Yet it is greatly wiser to talk with our past hours, and to ask them what record they have borne to heaven. "I have but one lamp," said Patrick Henry, speaking of matters of government and polity, "with which to guide my feet, and that is the lamp of experience." We do know there are weak and wandering men that to-day can look back with regret to the innocence, strength, and happinesss they have lost, and whose only hope is to retrace their steps and regain their early integrity. We do know that churches have apostatized in doctrine and must come back to the Word, or, like wandering stars, be swept out in night. We do know that nations must return to a primitive simplicity, or be overwhelmed in universal corruption. Dare we infer that a church might depart from primitive earnestness and honesty? And it is better to discern an error, even though we be in fault, and avoid its ruinous consequences, than in obstinacy or infatuation to be precipitated into the yawning abyss. A plain statement of a case, and an honest facing, a thorough appreciation of the facts, though they be unpleasant, is often a long step toward deliverance.

Is it true? Complaints are urged all around, and there are sometimes accusations and recriminations. The people complain. The Official Boards complain. The ministers complain. The

Conferences complain. Is the itinerancy a failure? Will people that twenty years ago thought we had the best system, adopt ours now? Suggestions to amend are coming up in flocks and crowds. Are they showers of blessing from burdened clouds of mercy? or are they chickens of ill-omen, darkening the heavens and coming home to roost? Have we prepared the nests and nurtured the mothers, so that the young vultures naturally seek their prey? Let us consider these things in time; and with God's help, be wise.

The people on their side—and, alas, sides are taken and parties formed—the people complain they are not allowed to ask, to invite, to express a preference; that if they do invite, call, they do not get the man of their choice; that the man they do not want is forced on them; that they know best the style of man they require; a revivalist, a pastor, a great preacher, an educated man; one of first-class social parts; a stirring pulpit man, even a little sensational, to draw the crowd; the young man to fascinate, delight, and gather the young people; that they do the paying, and should have their choice, get what they pay for, just as though a Methodist preacher were a hired man. The ministers have no right to station themselves, or even their brethren in the ministry, thus striking at the very root of the system; that ministers form combinations and put themselves on unwilling circuits; that some men never succeed in building up a new circuit; that some have mistaken their calling—though the Quarterly Board started them—and spoil a farmer or a mechanic to make a poor preacher; that ministers make extravagant demands for salary; that they are poor financiers; that they try to trade off circuits, and even to supplant one another; that they enter into private negotiations and understandings, forestalling and blocking official action to the detriment and disturbance of the societies, the disadvantage of brethren, and the utter obstruction of the usefulness of the man that may finally be sent; that some seek and hold power to use to their own advantage and in the interests of supporters; that few keep themselves disinterested and impartial, but the majority are grasping at the first chance; that many crowd themselves on by strange means for men of God, no matter who goes to the wall, and that ministers are looking for the salaries and high places, no odds what becomes of the people.

Is this not a terrible indictment in the court of common complaint and general opinion? Would it not be fearful if one quarter of the counts were one quarter true? Surely there is a little something wrong, or there must be an adversary abroad, an accuser of the brethren. There must be somewhere a pebble

for a foundation; or somebody is trying to erect a huge fabric on a small base. If one-tenth may be justly said, had we not better feel anxiously for the old foundations? Is it not a pity that it is a case admitting of counter-pleadings? There are some questions that should never arise; never do arise unless there is a tangle in the thread, a jar or strain or snap in the machinery. There are pleas and counterpleas that should never have been started.

Yet on the other side, ministers urge that invitations by the Quarterly Official Boards disturb the whole stationing machinery; that choosing one man is rejecting another, perhaps all others; impeding the easy operation of the stationing power, importing foreign matter, and introducing difficulties that otherwise never had appeared; that one Board's calling sets another Board upon this course in self-defence, and so in a sense hurls Board on Board throughout the entire work; that the Boards giving themselves to this practice lays them open to every kind of influence, sinister, social, secret, or selfish; and they often call, they know not why, or how, or by whom moved; that in this way some of the worthiest of the ministers are shoved aside and greatly wronged as to their reputation, their social position, the education of their families and other valuable considerations; that to say it meekly, there are *lay popes* as well as clerical popes, and sometimes one man, on strange notions or for inexplicable reasons, domineers a whole Board, will have and has his own way, rules or ruins, and perhaps both, and perverts the whole work; that, too often, private schemes and unofficial negotiations intervene to throw the regular train off the track; that younger men and cheaper men, though our ministers determine not their own salaries, are pressed for, to the detriment of tried and efficient ministers of the Church; that lovers of power gain power, and oppress and wrong their brethren; that stations are sometimes held for certain parties by make-shift appointments; that insufficient support is voted by many even able Quarterly Official Boards, thus tempting, and often even compelling, ministers with families to seek other fields; that preferential payments and gifts are made to certain qualities in men, thus too often discriminating against godliness and fidelity, and putting a premium upon pliancy and personal popularity; and that general unwillingness to aid Connexional Funds—as the Superannuation Fund and the Sustentation Fund—produces unbearable inequalities in comfort and financial condition to the very end of life, and renders the ready distribution of men implied in an effective itinerancy about impracticable.

Again, what an indictment is this! If the tenth of it were true, where would we be? If any of these things, not to say all

of them, had risen even into a well grounded suspicion, what is to become of our itinerancy? What is our duty? And if they are not true, what should be done with the suspicious man, the accuser, the calumniator?

Had we not better turn our eyes to the other side of this question? Give over fault-finding and see what we have of good, and keep it? See what we have of wrong, and correct it? all settle down to the facts, the necessities, the obligations of the case and the hour? If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?

There are good, solid considerations for ministers, considerations for people, considerations for authorities, Official Boards and Conferences that may not be lightly dealt with; but must control us if we have reason, intelligence, conscience, religion, piety, godliness, love of our Methodism, and fidelity to the work of God as entrusted to our care; must control us if we expect the future to be, as the past, in any degree abundant.

First.—Our ministers must remember, our first and final responsibility as ministers is to God. "Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel. For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me." So no matter what men do, Circuits do, Conferences do, Stationing Committees do; no matter how things go, pleasantly or unpleasantly, the man called of God to preach and teach must continue in his work till the Lord God duly discharge him.

Second.—Ministers must remember there is such a thing as the Church of God, the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and authority and government in that Church and kingdom. The doctrine is given us; the law is given, the principle and the life are given; the polity is largely of our own making. What shall we do if the very men taught by us turn upon us? What if we so illustrate charity, obedience, respect for authority, discipline, and righteousness in Conferences, Circuits, Boards, Committees, that to imitate us is to crush us; to do as we do is to break down the walls of our Zion? What shall we do if disregard of solemn decisions, violation of discipline, contempt of constitutional process and verdict, self-willed resistance and rejection of authority are in high places of the Church, and, like infidelity, filter down through all the strata of official action, and percolate and tinge the spirit of all the membership? If so, what right of complaint?

Third.—We must also bear in mind, that our one business is the instruction and spiritual government of the people in righteousness, love, brotherly submission and mutual helpfulness, and we must not get above our business, but appreciate that one clear

example is worth a score of precepts. If we fret, who should be patient? If we rebel, who should obey? If we scheme, who should have the single eye? If there is darkness about us, who should walk in the light? If we abide in love, who shall resist our doctrine? If we obey in truth, who shall deny, when we rebuke, as commanded, with all authority? Here is our business, and we must attend to it in the providence of God and under the direction of His Church, and leave issues and results with Him.

Fourth.—Be it also upon our minds, as it is plain to our eye, that the best and easiest way to do this is the easiest and best. The high function of the Gospel ministry is, as a rule, most effectually fulfilled in the mutual pleasure and profit of minister and people. Of course, there are stiff necks that must be broken, and obdurate wills that must be crushed, and vain conceits that must be humbled, and high heads that must be brought low. But Christ's way until the end is not to break a stiff neck with a stiff neck, or to crush an obdurate will with an obdurate will. That might do for mediæval Papacy, but will not do for modern Methodism. Possibly we cannot improve much even in the nineteenth century on the Pauline rule; while, on the one hand, looking upward, "Not as pleasing men but God, which trieth our hearts;" "Not with eye-service as men-pleasers;" on the other hand, through the Spirit looking out upon the world; "Giving none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God; even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved; not pleasing ourselves, but every one pleasing his neighbour for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not Himself." Stiff necks must be broken, of course; and winter's icy bonds must be dissolved. But more winter and more ice and more Arctic blasts do not, as a rule, bring in spring; nor does more stiff neck and hard heart remove stiff neck and hard heart. It is light and warmth and love. And where are these to be found if not in the life and power of Jesus, the strength and love and glow and grace of His holy ministry? So other things being equal, or nearly so; living, moving, rights being secure; the great ends of the Gospel ministry not being frustrated or weakened, there is not much use to take a year's stiff neck, two years', three years' fighting stiff neck to break somebody else's stiff neck, and thereby create more swollen neck, and sore, stiff cords than twenty years will heal. Without standing forever on the limits of asserted rights, get rights enough to work to advantage; then on with the work. We make the fields for our successors; and the ground for our successors is very much as

we leave it. If I tear a circuit to pieces, drain, misdirect, or squander its resources, throw its people at tips and points one with another, and into the very face of the preacher himself, why should not the man that follows be regarded with suspicion, taken on trial, and held at a distance till he proves his ability, spirit and merit, to be accepted into confidence, and nurtured in affection, trust and love? If my predecessor has well established and fortified the work, why should not great benefit inure to me walking in his footsteps? "And herein is that saying true: One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour. Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." So hath the Lord of the vineyard ordained that I shall reap of other men's fidelity and industry; as it is also a law they shall suffer by my idleness, greed, ignorance, self-will, and carelessness.

Fifth.—And the work of God must be preserved and extended. The young must be gathered in by godly example and holy instruction, and the aged sent shouting home from a peaceful, joyous, triumphant Church on earth to the Church triumphant in heaven. New fields must be occupied. Where is the strength, where the resources, to waste in fretting one upon the other, in contending one against the other, while millions perish? Will God hold us, Methodist preachers and people, guiltless in these matters, even inside our consecrated church?

Here is rock bottom, rock bottom enough to stand on; rock bottom from which we must not be removed, or we are in the bogs and sloughs sure enough; floundering, plunging, sinking deeper and deeper the harder we try to pull out. To recognize our responsibility to God; that it is His work, and He will guide and provide; the Church is His, and government in it is at least as important and sacred as in well ordered civil affairs; that work is so well departmentalized in this Kingdom of Grace, that we have a well allotted and sufficient share in instruction, comfort, assistance, holy example, and spiritual regulation and control; that this work is so wisely and happily arranged, that we please ourselves best and profit ourselves most by pleasing others to their good, to edification; and that so our work shall be best perpetuated, extended and enriched, and ourselves most richly rewarded here and in the eternal glory hereafter; to recognize these things, to rest on them, to feel their vigour, and work by their inspiration, ought to be portion enough for us as ministers; and if we have faith in these relationships and principles, and the God and Gospel of these relationships and principles, we should accept the fruit of our example and doctrine without much murmuring; for certainly we may not find much fault with the doctrine and power

God has given us, or the portion of His heritage, the kind of people He has committed to our care. Is there any truth in the old maxim, "Like priest, like people?" If people are discontented, rebellious, who made them so?

Then there are considerations for the people, and their Official Boards, which duly recognized, might bring them to a calmer mind, a sweeter rest, a greater power. And they are responsible as well as the ministers.

First.—The ministry in Methodism in a very emphatic sense arises out of the people, is of the people, lives with the people, rejoices and suffers with the people, is dependent on the people; is in no regard as a caste or class separated from the people, out of touch with the people, lifted above the people. They are not supported of a state or public fund, that they should be indifferent to the views of the people, the wishes of the people, and the temporal prosperity of the people. Nor do they live upon ecclesiastical preserves and foundations, that they should feel themselves independent of the people or scorn the free-will offerings of their congregations. Nor are they passing their days in celibacy so that they give no pledges to fortune, have no sympathy with the common run of human affairs, and no anxiety or care in domestic, social, political or business concerns; only that the Church be rich, though the State be poor; and that the mass be great and mighty, though the individual be but of little account. It is not to their interest to oppress a nation, to build up an ecclesiastical system; to impoverish or degrade the man, in order to magnify and exalt the institution, the machine. They marry and are given in marriage, and build up the State with sons and daughters. Yea, rather so positive are the tendencies and complications on the other side, the side of the people with the people, that the trouble often is, even on the Stationing Committee, to place the son, the brother, the brother-in-law, the son-in law; to look after the affairs of the aged parents, or secure opportunities for the education of the children; or the setting of the boys up in business, or the girls out in life. The very problems that trouble the common people trouble the Methodist preachers. And some of them are important problems, and govern the whole life, the sleepless nights, the waking thoughts, and daily unceasing toil of most of the people. To the body of the people they are primary thoughts. But to the Methodist preacher they must be all the time secondary, tertiary, comparatively indifferent, so long as he secures the welfare of others and urges on the work of God. Verily, other things being any where nearly equal, a man should have a chance, for instance, to educate his children. And the Stationing Committee often try to say Amen; and the people should be willing to say Amen.

Second.—Our Methodist ministers come emphatically out of the homes of our people; not so much out of the schools, out of institutions, and transforming discipline, perhaps, as they ought, but out of our own homes. They are our sons, brothers, fathers. They come up to the Quarterly Official Boards of the people. Their societies license them to exhort and teach; and they cannot enter the ministry of the Methodist Church except through a Board composed almost wholly of laymen. I have seen laymen vote, when I have wondered if they would like to have their vote come back on their own head. The Quarterly Official Board has very much to do with deciding the question whether the man is called of God to preach. If he is indeed called of God to preach, he is called, for that matter, to preach throughout the Church and the world; and ought to have a message for any place to which, in the providence of God and the government of the Church—which all must recognize—he may be sent. And men *are sent*—Paul to the Gentiles, Jonah to Nineveh, Elijah to Ahab, Timothy to Ephesus, Knox to Scotland, Wesley to England, Spurgeon to London, and Asbury to America. Possibly if Quarterly Boards could reconsider their vote, after they had tried their man a term or two, in subsequent years, they would conclude they had made a mistake. Or possibly, if laymen of District Meetings or Annual Conferences could settle the question of a man's continuance in the work at any stage, their verdict for some would be, "They had delivered their messsage, and the call had run out." Some of us might tremble to pass such an ordeal. Wherefore the Quarterly Board may well exercise all the greater care in the greater responsibility at the opening of the ministry.

Third.—The Circuits pay their ministers for their support what they are able, or what they please. The Methodist preacher is not a hired man. He does not come to his people on a bargain. The minute he does he degrades his office, and resigns his spiritual authority. He may then be an ecclesiastical functionary, and likely getting more pay than he earns. But where is God's man, the instructor of the people by divine authority, the recipient of what God gives him through the gratitude of the people? Religion, indeed, has a commercial value; it cannot be divested of it. But no man can pay God for religion; therefore grace will allow any salary, any offering. But the people that give, are accountable to God for their use of their means; and so is the preacher that accepts. If the preacher is the hired man, and the people pay the wages, they ought to get the Gospel they pay for: on which system some would not get much, and on which system the Gospel is often in fact coloured, distorted, reduced, enlarged; because men are going to have *what they pay for.* But the Meth-

odist preacher must declare the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, pay or no pay. That is the way most of them feel, and what likely all of them are doing. It is to be regretted that there is not greater equality in this regard of temporalities among worthy brethren. It is greatly to be regretted that many Quarterly Official Boards by no means recognize or discharge their obligations in this respect. It is to be regretted that a personally popular man, and perhaps popular because pliable, should obtain far more liberal support than possibly an abler and more faithful man. It is to be regretted that nearer equality of income, either from Circuit or Connexional Funds, should not make the work of stationing the ministers easier. But the fields are what they are, the men are what they are, the Quarterly Official Boards are what they are, and the Connexional Relief Funds are what they are. We ought, with one soul and voice, and with half a million hands, to make them better; and the work must go on. And our people, through the work, should take it well to mind and heart, that men that give up home and the comforts and advantages of settled life for the general good, and accept what the allotted field may vote as their support for the time being, say a year at a time, have especial claim not to be hoisted around by any system, no matter how sacred or authoritative, at the mere whims or notions of a congregation or some leaders in it at their desires for a favourite, or at the beck of a bargain in the apparent interest of any man. Is it any wonder Stationing Committees sometimes use their power to defend a brother? The Official Boards should remember that such men have solemn and weighty claims before God and the people; that these Boards themselves stand between God and the people, to maintain righteousness, see that justice is done, see that no wrong is put upon men, simply because they bear it for Christ's sake; see that no hindrance, so far as they can avoid it, is thrown between the Gospel minister and his work.

That Official Board that interferes with the proper work of God's minister, or obstructs it when its conditions are anywhere nearly met, assumes a tremendous responsibility. If there be any truth in the Gospel, any future state, any reward of righteous and faithful service, any punishment of evil doers, any providential government in the world, any divine direction of human affairs, those men that propose to resist regular Church action in such matters had better look well to their ground before they set out on their enterprise. Wrong, positive wrong, should be resisted, lest greater wrong ensue; but even then, while with determination, so also with tears. The itinerancy as a system has rights of its own, constructive rights. It creates rights. It institutes new relations

on new principles; so founds new claims, establishes new rights, often subversive even of national rights so far as the minister himself is concerned, and hence possibly in the case also of those with whom he may have to do. Ministers possibly should not appoint themselves to fields of labour, though it has been done for years and years in a good spirit and to common acceptance; but when they are appointed by the constituted authorities of the Church, themselves in or out, they should be received as men that have put themselves into the hands of their brethren for this very purpose. For the acceptance and the support, as well as the appointment and supply of the wants of the people, are a part of the high contract. "Contract, is it?" says one. "We made no bargain." Nor did we stipulate our side of the covenant of salvation. Covenant it is nevertheless, provided between God and Christ, and proffering its benefits to all. Contract it is betwixt Christ and God, and this Christly side is in our behalf. And a system like the Methodist itinerancy, carrying the glad evangel to all, when conducted in anything like good faith, is so far heavenly and Godlike and Christlike in its character; and certainly should be so regarded and accepted, especially in a long-established Methodist Church. Mutual good, mutual trust, mutual sustenance, mutual joy and reward.

Fourth.—What is to become of our Gospel ministry, and the proclamation of the good news of salvation to a lost world, if these ideas, that some are specially called of God and put in charge of the Gospel ministry, have especially devolved on them the responsibility for the instruction of the people and the government of the Church; that some are, of Divine authority, especially sent forth to seek and save the lost, and that they are to be accepted in confidence and love for their work's sake; what is to become of the Gospel ministry if these ideas die out among our people? If we are not to obey the admonition, "to know them who labour among us and are over us in the Lord, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake, being at peace among ourselves," and to account the elders that rule well, especially they who labour in word and doctrine, worthy of double honour, but are to be discontented if this man comes because we do not like him at the start anyway; or to be rebellious if that one comes, because we are not pleased with the way of his coming; making ourselves judge in all things, what is to become of the Gospel ministry among us? "But there are other systems—and some call by the people alone; and some appoint arbitrarily from Rome." And are we ready to give up our system of fraternal interest and control which has done so much, and has been so honoured and

blessed of God, for absolute papal appointments on the one hand, or congregational calls on the other? Besides, let it be remembered there never had been much for solid papacy or sporadic congregationalism to operate upon, had not the missionary spirit of the Churches developed some mighty, cohesive, well-directed, resistless itinerancies, in mutual co-operation and love.

Fifth.—It is quite possible that the men on whom this responsibility is devolved, this body of men specially set apart to the ministry and sensible of their obligation to God, would after all take more interest in what pertains to their own calling; better inform themselves concerning it than other men would; be more anxious and laborious for success in it, make greater sacrifices in it and for it, and generally, as happens in other lines of business, be more capable of meeting the demands of the particular calling, than other men giving their time and attention to other affairs. And it is just conceivable that even with ordinary honesty, if we leave out of consideration religious sense and special spiritual obligation, these men called of God and every hour responsible to Him, and every day brought face to face with this obligation and this judgment of themselves before Him, would deal fairly with one another, and fairly with the people committed to their care. It is just conceivable they might know as much about Church work, and be trusted as far in its management as men of secular life, not feeling themselves under this peculiar obligation and not favoured with abundant opportunities of ascertaining the requirements of the Church on other fields than their own, and in other departments than those under their own sight. We allow to mechanics to be mechanics, and judge; we allow to farmers to be farmers, and to give a decisive opinion; we allow to the legal and medical profession to be lawyers and doctors, and accept their authoritative conclusions. But ministers are by no means so far to be trusted. Anybody can preach, and anybody can govern, in the Church of God. The farmer or the lawyer does not hold himself specially called of God to that function; we accept it, concur and submit. The minister by common consent is under a Divine call, and professes to be governed by the law of conscience, religion, and the Word of God; and he will, therefore, need watching; everybody knows his business; everybody can do it and show him how to do it, and everybody has a right to complain, and take offence if the minister's and Church's business is not done up to his standard. And this, likely, is right and natural enough; for Church and minister are everybody's property. What is nearer to a man, what should be nearer to him, than his Church?

THE UNCHURCHED CLASSES.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

A REVIEW article, written by myself, in this MAGAZINE some months since, closed with the following words:

> The subject of the type of Christianty which will succeed with the masses is worthy of very special consideration ; but one thing may be said in dismissing this book. The poor labourer will easily become a Christian when Christianity has succeeded in so dividing the products of the earth that there is a more nearly equitable distribution of the comforts of life than at present. Do not divide the wealth of the world evenly, but give by some process to every family the comfort which is represented by, say, $800 or $1,000 per annum in the city of Toronto. Let this distribution prevail the world over, and the masses will be Christian in a year. We will hear no more about the English labourer resenting dogma, and remaining away from the Church because he is shrewd enough to see the absurdity of miracles. The evangelization of the masses is not a difficulty of dogmatic theology, but it is a practical question as to the proper distribution of the necessities, not to say comforts, of life.

The book under review in that article was written with the single motive of showing that the Christian Church has proved itself wholly inadequate to the work of reaching the labouring classes, and then, constructively, it presented a picture of a religion robbed of any Christ—in short, a type of Unitarianism—full of sympathy for the sufferings and necessities of the present life, and abounding in activities for the relief of them. It was simply a system of humanities, but coloured up to the highest point, so as to appear capable of doing all that Christianity has been doing in the past, and more, by so much as it promised to do what Christianity has not been able to do.

My review rejected the pretensions set up, and asserted the competency still of the Christian Church to do all that belongs to its sphere. Properly within this sphere is a constantly recurring question concerning the condition of the unchurched classes. The paragraph quoted above was written simply as a suggestion leading on to a fuller treatment of that subject. Its meaning, freely stated, plainly is that the relation of the unchurched classes to the Church is not one of efficiencies within the Church, but of hindrances without. We have to consider, not so much what the present equipments of the Church are really capable of accomplishing, as what hindrances standing in the way of its legitimate work are accountable for the so-called unchurched classes.

Now, assuredly, poverty has a claim to be considered as one of these hindrances.

But before touching this, some facts in connection with the whole subject are worthy of a preliminary consideration.

Let us first recognize the truth that this is not wholly a new subject, as seems sometimes to be imagined. A considerable portion of society has always been out of sympathy with the Church and its work. There has been no period in all the Christian ages in which there was not room for serious discussion of the question whether the Church was doing its whole duty to those without. It would be a pretty large venture to say that in Christian lands the proportion who are entirely separate from the Church is greater to-day than at former periods. Probably in some places it is larger, in others there never were so few as now who totally disregard the Church and its work.

Another important fact bearing upon the subject is that to-day the rich and poor do meet together in the Church, in common sympathy with its objects and efforts. The rich are represented there. There is a pretty general impression that if rich people belong to the Church at all, like Joseph of Arimathea, "who also himself was Jesus' disciple," they only appear there that they may bury their Lord, and we are not going to deny that a connection with the Church which makes religion only an appendage of wealthy respectability, and a decent covering for all manner of worldly indulgences, does little more than give to the Lord a decent burial inside His own Church, but persons who do thus are not the only rich people in the Church.

There are many others, who have gained the whole world and have not lost their own souls. Able to have everything which money can purchase, yet is their humble piety an example and an inspiration to all who know them. No vanity causes them to shrink from the touch of the plain labourer when they bow together at the altar of consecration, or when they meet elsewhere. Nothing in their word or bearing ever prevents the plainest person from feeling that he is their equal when they meet in the house of God. The poor, instead of shrinking from them, are affected by the stimulant of a wholesome pride in uniting in the worship of God with those who have been most distinguished among men, and most honoured of God. There are such saints, known to every pastor of a strong and influential Church; and considering how small the number always is of those who are rich, proportionately such elect characters as above described are really numerous.

And the poor—the very poor indeed—are also found among

the accredited and honoured members and regular attendants of the Church. They are able to do but little—often nothing—toward the financial support of the Church's work, but they are none the less welcome, and they know it, and show that they feel it. By sweetness instead of jealousy, by gratitude instead of envy, by dignity of character instead of fawning, by their spirit and by their works they render themselves valuable members of the body of Christ. As they do not make themselves so mean as to look for slights, they do not see them when they are not intended; and if, as all things are possible to human nature, some one should descend so far as to try to wound them, they have that quick insight and good sense which discern that he injures himself more than them, so that they are not offended. Their character is above their worldly circumstances, chiefly because of their religious culture and associations.

With these evident facts before the mind, we are better prepared to consider why any are outside the influence of the Church.

At the outset we must take into account the natural hatred of the human heart to God and religion. This is a great fact. The Ethiopian has not changed his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Human nature is what it always has been. It hates God, and in rich and poor alike it is constitutionally opposed to the teaching of the Gospel. Here we have the fundamental reason of the absence from the house of God of all who never come.

Here is the explanation of a fact worthy of being carefully weighed, but which is generally overlooked entirely when this subject is under consideration. That is that many among the rich and prosperous are wholly outside the Church. When you take into account that the poor always very greatly outnumber the rich, it can easily be admitted that, in proportion to their numbers, as many of the rich and prosperous as of the poor cut themselves off wholly from the house of God. But because of the actually greater number of the poor than of the rich among the unchurched classes these always have received the greater consideration and always will. The rich who are out of the Church are likely to be entirely overlooked.

But, to proceed to more definite specification, we must notice among the unchurched multitude those who live in vice and crime, who make it their regular business, and who intend to depend upon it for their subsistence. Now, the Church can easily acquit itself of blame in the case of these. The efforts of Christian people abound toward them. The Christian sympathy for criminals has become proverbial, and labour for the rescue of outlaws and vile persons is crowned in the Church and out of it with

peculiar merit. If this kind of effort is not sufficiently practical, it is because human genius has not been able to devise anything better, for art and wisdom have done their utmost to get down to a basis of successful labour with these classes. Whoever accuses the Church of having been either silent as to the evils of impurity, or indifferent to the condition of the fallen, is willing to libel good men and women. The Church has failed, in a large measure, in this particular field, not because of anything at fault in its spirit, but because the people on these lower moral levels want to stay there. It is not a case where poverty has anything to do with their being outside the influence of the Church, for many follow this manner of life because they can make more money than in any other way. Only the other day a woman of Toronto, well known to the police as a delicate specimen of the *demi-monde*, indicted for a grave offence against the law, promply laid down $1,000 of her own money, in lieu of two sureties to sign her bail bond, and was able to command counsel from the highest ranks of the legal profession. And the professional thieves do not all sleep in packing-cases upon the wharves, by a long way. Some are *habitués* of first-class hotels and fine mansions, and speak of their "business," as if worthy of the highest respect. To these vice and crime have been reasonably profitable; and, not poverty, but inclination, keeps them away from the Church.

Those who, walking in these paths, do not succeed so well from a financial point of view, enjoy the excitement and the chances of a life of sin, and prefer it to any other. In all such cases add a moral insensibility which renders impossible any proper appreciation of virtuous manhood and womanhood, or of the approval of God, and you have a condition lamentable indeed, but which continues perverse, not because of the poverty of the subjects of it, nor from any absence of will to help on the part of the Church, but because they themselves will not be induced to change their course of life. Nevertheless, if you ask them why they will not go to Church, of course they will blame Christian people. The Church is for the rich and the proud. They are poor and outcasts. Nobody cares for their souls. It is in harmony with the law under which sin operates that the guilty should blame others for their condition. Until this day the devil reproaches the Almighty with the blame of his fall.

Among the unchurched you must also number all Agnostics and Infidels. The first make a religion of their philosophy, and are unapproachable. Probably the Church could not run into greater folly in relation to them than to make any special effort or provision to meet them. It would magnify their sense of their

own importance, and that is the one thing with which the world is sufficiently well supplied. There is no call here for soft sentimentalism, for they will remain in their own thought immeasurably lifted up above all who are in the Church.

Then there are Infidels. A considerable number of this class lay the blame of their condition upon the Church. They complain that in a time of trouble they were neglected, or they were treated badly in some business transaction, by one who occupied a high position in the Church. Now it is quite possible that a Church official should thus wrong another man, or even that a minister should be unfair or dishonest. Granted that this worst aspect of the case was correct, then, because, when this man was in the Church, in dealing with him one man's moral integrity broke down under some strong temptation appealing to his cupidity, therefore he will himself so act the fool as to cast away his faith in God, and in a thousand good men whom he has proved many a time. Because some coarse or brutal person was unkind, or, may be unjust, or untrue, therefore, every opening in the sky is closed to this man's eye, and he will look upward no more.

But what is oftener true in these cases is that some Christian man formed a different judgment from that of this estranged individual about some business matter, and while there was a chance that either might be wholly right, or at least that there was some truth on both sides, he broke off from all agreement with God and good men, and determined that he would never again enter a Church. Now, there is something very painful and pitiable in these numerous cases, yet the only way in which they could be brought into the Church and kept there, would be to let them have their own way in everything, and never set up any judgment different from their own. It is doubtful if even a love for the souls of men requires that Christian Churches go so far as that in the spirit of sacrifice. Yet these examples help to swell up the number of the unchurched classes. There are other types of the Infidel, but they may be placed with the Agnostics in considering this subject.

Now, subtracting from the unchurched multitude all the cases we have mentioned, we will find a large remainder whose absence from Church must in some way be connected with their poverty. We are not able to say that they are cut off from the Church wholly by poverty, because we have already seen that many who are very poor are nevertheless useful and honoured members of the Church. Therefore poverty in itself does not exclude any.

But there are other considerations which bear directly upon this point, and show how far poverty may be influential in keep-

ing up the classes now under review. There is, first of all, the fact that with an equal desire to honour God and work for His cause the man who has a reasonable income has a very great advantage over him who is all the time straitened with anxiety about the necessities of the present life. For example, wealth secures deference from other people. It has always been so, and probably always will be. But the outward respect of others increases a man's respect for himself, and consequently his independence of character and action. He is more indifferent to other people's criticism of his style of dress, and living in general. Now it is exceedingly depressing to a religious life to be constrained to think much about clothes, furniture, and the externals of our living. It makes people very small and contracted in their views of everything. Prosperous people can rise above this if they wish to, but the poor cannot, hence they are at a disadvantage in the Church, from the nature of things, and which cannot be set aside by any means now known.

Then the former can act out their convictions in all things without fear. They can vote for whom their judgment approves, without being moved by the thought that the vengeance of some powerful personage may take the bread out of their children's mouths. They can express an opinion, or a strong conviction, without any fear from the same source. Along these lines, and in other ways very manifest, it is plain that to possess a reasonable share of wealth is decidedly favourable to a religious life. Here, then, we see the beginning of the effect of poverty in cutting its victims off from Churches.

But we must add the peculiarities of character in both rich and poor, which, joined to poverty, create an almost insuperable hindrance. There is, for example, the pride which in some types of character, is inseparable from poverty. It feels constantly the sting of being in an inferior position. It makes its possessor strive in all right and reasonable ways to improve his worldly condition, and when this has proved impossible and he finds himself thoroughly defeated, he will starve or die of neglect, rather than make known his necessities, or even allow others to make them known. It is a morbid development of a high virtue. An extreme sensitiveness accompanies this state of mind, and its possessor is jealous for attention, because, not receiving it, he thinks his personality is slighted on account of his poverty, while if he were prosperous he would not care for the same attentions at all. With another a sense of poverty degenerates into meanness, and the subject of it is not unwilling to receive any amount of gratuitous aid, and makes a sort of profession of his penury,

and flaunts it about as a kind of virtue, expecting to be courted on account of it. Now, it often happens that under this unnatural strain one may receive all the attention that would win a person in prosperous circumstances, and yet become moody and show resentment, as if he were slighted and trampled upon. All who stand round about such persons must constantly make more of them than they do of those who have been successful all along the race of life. As this is impracticable all the time, they turn from one place to another, and at last are found among those who never go to church, and their own report of the cause is that none but the rich and the proud can be comfortable in the church, and they are not going there to be looked down upon.

Again, others see only the worldly aspects of church-going. They do not take up their legitimate claim upon God and His people, and say that the Church is made for man, and by so much as they are poor do they need the more the ministries of religion to support them, but the worldly view of the case, from their standpoint, finds expression in the boast: "If I cannot pay my way, and appear as well as others, I will not go at all."

Now, take this type of mind with poverty, and without any positive love to God in the heart, and it is plain as the course which a straight line will pursue, that the person will, sooner or later, go over into the unchurched classes.

Add to this the supercilious pride of some very prosperous people, even among those who are in the Church. They show a sense of personal superiority, or they have not refinement enough to avoid giving offence to a poor man. They may offend by wanting the grace, when their seat is occupied, to find another without showing a sense of inconvenience. One such person in a church will be sufficient as a breaker against which large numbers of the sensitive poor may dash, and be broken so far as any usefulness in the Church is concerned.

When, then, we ask why all the rich and all the poor may not come together in the Church, as we have seen that some do? here is our answer: It is because they are not the same kind of rich persons and the same kind of poor people as those who do meet together in church. No doubt they would set a better example to mankind, they would be happier in themselves and more useful to their families, if they were such persons as can and do meet with all others on terms of equality in the worship of God; but as this is impossible both to some of the rich and many of the poor, there is an unchurched multitude. They stay from all churches, because they are not such persons as can meet together on the common ground of rich and poor in the house of the one Great Father of all.

Another matter worth considering is the effect of rented pews in keeping the poor out of the Church. We are constantly hearing this system of raising the funds necessary for the Church's support indicted as the sole cause of the separation between the Church and the masses. For example, we read in the current number of an influential newspaper, "The Church needs to be converted as truly as the world. It needs to be turned from its present attitude toward the unchurched masses into one which shall be better and more Christlike." Now, it is so easy to write in that style. "More Christlike" sounds so well; but, after all, it is very difficult for any person to define just what he means by the expression. Then in an essay on seat rents, circulated gratuitously to convert all men from the error of their way, opening with the promise that the reader shall be so convinced by its perusal that he will henceforth strenuously oppose that method of raising money, we read the following bit of elegant work: "How would it look if we could find in the writings of Paul, 'Now be careful to have the seat rents all collected, that there be no delinquents when I come.' Bah!" Yes, well you may say Bah! as the very thought is silly and absurd in the extreme. Now, such words simply reveal how strong the author's impressions are, and how incapable he is of seeing anything out of the range of his own prepossessions and prejudices. He would like to be a reformer, and imagines that his weak expressions of disgust will convince men of sense. I also might ask some questions about how modern things would have looked in practice thousands of years ago. For example, how would it look if we could find in the writings of Paul that some wealthy man had put a cheque on the Bank of Montreal into the collection made for the poor saints? There is as much sense in such an allusion as there is in the scolding the Church is constantly receiving based upon the fact that pews were not rented in Solomon's temple.

Now this system of renting seats involves a good many considerations, which cannot be disposed of by abuse.

One of these is the necessity of financial support to the work of the Church. Common sense dictates that those who attend regularly upon the services shall provide this support. The only question is the right method of distributing it. Is this end fairly attained by the rental of seats? We think it is. Then is this system wrong on other grounds? Certainly, where people's only thought of their church is to use it as a place in which to flaunt their own vanity, pew rents must be an abomination. They favour a display of ignorance and wickedness which should not be encouraged. But it is an open question whether it is not a

libel to call the place of weekly concourse to which such persons go by the name of a church at all. But where godly men and women direct the affairs of a church, any such exhibition can only be like the occasional breaking out of a disorder. There is usually as much graceful yielding of position to strangers, and to the poor who regularly attend, as we constantly see in social life. The rented pew is not regarded as a right in fee-simple, but simply as a means of doing the Lord's work.

It is a reasonable question, whether this plan is not as free from objection as any which is available? For suppose it abolished, its abolition would be followed by a corollary demanding that appeals for financial support in the congregation be also abolished, as calculated to offend the unchurched masses. Support the Church entirely by free-will offerings, and those outside would then complain that they could never go to Church without the call for money being thrust upon them. And this call would then be complained of for creating a class outside the Church. In the pew-rent system is involved the other question, whether it is right or advisable that all, even the poor, shall be asked to contribute according to their income, or is it better that the poor shall bear no part in sustaining the worship of the Lord? If we decide that it is better, then we are reduced to the necessity of raising all money for the support of religion by private application to the few very rich people, who would esteem it a privilege to do this work, and assuredly we would have a rich man's Church in earnest. The poor could not come in without a sense of being patronized. Their independence in the Church would be destroyed. Also in this subject is involved the question, not only of families sitting together, but whether the same families shall usually worship in the same place. Does any one suppose that there is anything wrong in a number of neighbours and friends uniting to build a church, and to support its services, and in attending regularly at that particular place, and then distributing the expenses among themselves by seat rents? Where churches are filled, notwithstanding their rented seats, the claim that these rents keep the poor away, implies that these families in regular attendance, who built the church, and who sustain it, should go somewhere else that their room may be occupied by others. If they are numerous enough to fill their church must they cease to attend it, that these unchurched people, Agnostics, Infidels, thieves, and vile people, rich and poor as they are, may come in when occasionally it may suit their pleasure to do so? No one thinks of such a thing. But if the room is not filled, the managers are generally glad to have any come in and occupy it. The cases are few,

even where pews are rented, where a full house is not preferred to one empty or half empty.

The question of the best method of raising Church finances is always an open one. The world may get wise enough to do much better than has ever yet been done by any method, but it will not save the unchurched multitude by teaching it that it should never give money to the work of God.

Yet another influence instrumental in keeping the poor from church is attendance upon benevolent societies. This operates in just the opposite direction from pew rents. It is claimed to be an effect of the financial methods employed in the Church, and of the necessary expense of attending upon its services. Thus it is claimed the Church drives men asunder, while the societies unite them again in helpful endeavour. No doubt many do put their society in the place of their Church. Now, nothing can be said against such combinations for helpful purposes, they are altogether praiseworthy. Their origin is due to the prevalence of the spirit inculcated by the Christian religion. They are a development of its life and work. All they accomplish could be done inside the organized Church if their members so willed. But they have not all that the Church has. They are only a part, and not the whole, of the Church. They are not a converting agency in their influence upon the world. They do not perpetuate the sacraments. Nevertheless, by so much as such societies do separate some of their members from Church connection and co-operation, it is cause for gratitude that these are still in a society which preserves some part of the teaching of Christianity.

Having now reviewed the causes which keep up an unchurched class, we return to the quotation with which this paper opens. How far is it justified by this survey? The figure mentioned as the possible annual income of the families which compose the masses—that is the supposed $800 or $1,000—would be more than double the amount enjoyed by a large majority of the labouring classes to-day even in this productive America. It would lift them into comparative affluence. It would relieve them of the constant slavery to the thought of what they shall eat and wear. It would allow of some moderate means of amusement on a holiday. It would bring one newspaper into the family, and so the parents, in the privations of their toil, and the children in their developing period, would realize some connection with the outside world, and the shop where they labour would not be the whole of their universe. It would secure books, and time for attendance at school in the earlier years of life. If any member of the family should be ill, it would give a slight change of food in convalescence. It

would enable parents and children to have a change of clothes, so that they could appear on the Sabbath-day clean and respectable, though necessarily dressed with great plainness. It would place them in a position to set apart some small portion of their earnings for religious uses, and so they would not feel in attending church that they were there in the same capacity as a charity school. Though some might give much more than they, yet, the genius of Christianity being what it is, giving what they could, they would feel that they were doing their full share and would be recognized as equal partners there. They would be able to secure such insurance against the event of sickness, or accident, or death, as would relieve the constant harrowing dread of anything happening to the bread-winner.

Now, it is perhaps too much to say that these conditions would bring all the masses into the Christian Church. If the contents of this paper are correct, that would be impossible in any case, so that the statement quoted at the beginning of this paper is too strong, unless taken figuratively. But multitudes would be relieved from the pressure under which their daily life is now passed, and which lifts many a dim eye to the sky in doubt if there be any God there, or if so, that He cares anything about the toiling many whom He has brought into being without their consent. The practical ministries of comfort and happiness, in uncovering the bright faces of well-fed children, would reveal to faith's eye all the diameter of a heaven, and all the munificence of a loving Father above, written in the songs and smiles of home, and in the possibility of progress and elevation in this world, leading on toward the certainty of a better life beyond the grave.

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM IN TORONTO, FROM 1842 TO THE UNION WITH THE CANADIAN METHODISTS IN 1848, AND OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN) FROM 1840 TO THE DISRUPTION.

BY THE HON. SENATOR J. MACDONALD.

VI.

It was a great day for Wesleyan Methodism when the foundation-stone of the Richmond Street Church was laid. Will it not be too far west? Will it not be too large? too costly? When will it be filled? were some of the questions which were freely asked, questions which seem strange in view of the developments which have taken place and with the state of things which surround us to-day. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Richey. The stone was laid on the south-east corner of the building, that is on the Temperance Street side of the church. Not many are there left who were present at that ceremony, and yet I was reminded by the Rev. Mr. Milner, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Bathurst Street Church (which must be two miles west of the old Richmond Street Church), that he was present and that he it was who went to the jewellers to bring the trowel.

I was also reminded by Mr. Edward Morphy, at the laying of the corner-stone of the New Richmond Street Church (and who, by the way, generously provided the trowel used upon that occasion), that he was present; there are others doubtless. Yet they must be few; certainly the greater part of those who were then heads of households, if not all, have gone to join the General Assembly and Church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven.

Of the building itself I must say but little. Architectural pretensions it had none. Its internal arrangements were very good, its seating capacity very great; two thousand four hundred people were counted leaving it on the occasion of Rev. Dr. Burns preaching an anniversary missionary sermon, his text being Psalm lxvii. 1, 2: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us; Selah. That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations." That this estimate is not extravagant will be apparent, for Dr. Duff has this entry concerning it: "At seven p.m., the meeting in the biggest church in Toronto, crammed to suffocation with

three thousand people, obliged to speak in a stifling, exhausted atmosphere for nearly three hours to an audience whose attention never for a moment flagged." The great lecture-room in the basement, where I have seen often one thousand people; the large vestry on the left-hand side as one entered the basement, where were held the quarterly meetings for so many years, until the new erection was added fronting on Temperance Street, which quarterly meetings represented the work of the British Wesleyans in the entire city; where also Rev. Dr. Alder met the Quarterly Board to lay before them the articles of Union which he had been deputed to carry out; then came three class-rooms, the one at the south end of the building being utilized for the library of the Sabbath-school. How many memories cluster around the old building which has just been hid from view by the erections which now stand to the north and south. How many well-known faces, how many well-known voices, rise before the mind and break upon the ear as I write these lines—the venerated forms which have filled its pulpit; the noble men who ministered to its people, the great assemblies which have gathered within its walls, the songs of praise which from thousands of voices blended into one great harmonious offering ascending to heaven, then

> "The silent awe that dare not move,
> And all the heaven of love."

As these all pass before me, and as I look around me for the actors, and feel that I am among but a few that remain, a feeling not of unspeakble sadness only, but despair, would take possession of me, were it not for those life-giving words:

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." (1 Pet. i. 3-5).

The church was opened for divine service in 1845; Rev. Mr. Richey preached the opening sermon. He took for the Old Testament lesson the sublime prayer offered by Solomon at the dedication of the temple (2 Chronicles vi.). How impressively was each petition offered. I fancy I see him as he read the closing verses:

"Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be opened, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou, and the ark of

Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thine Anointed: remember the mercies of David Thy servant."

His text was Ephesians v. 25-27:

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

How wonderfully was this prayer answered; very speedily was the church filled; every seat in the great lecture-room filled by the scholars of the Sabbath-school. The church became the great centre for joint evangelistic gatherings; here were held the meetings of the Bible Society, the Tract Society, and kindred gatherings. The best minds in the Connexion were found ministering to the great congregations which crowded it from Sabbath to Sabbath.

I have spoken of the great congregations which assembled to listen to Rev. Dr. Burns, his own congregation closing their church and worshipping with the Richmond Street congregation.

I have spoken of the wonderful assembly which gathered to hear the great Dr. Duff deliver a missionary address, such as had never before or since been listened to in Toronto; such an address for fervour, eloquence, and so filled with startling facts and burning truths, as perhaps never has been surpassed in any land. Here it was where the great revival services were held by Rev. Mr. Caughey, begun with the intention of extending over six weeks, continued for as many months, as the result of which many hundreds were added to the Church. Here it was where the matter of opening the mission to Japan was first announced and the first offer of aid was made for that purpose, this being on the occasion of the opening of Japan to American commerce at the instance of Commodore Perry in 1856 or 1857. Here it was where Rev. Dr. Punshon first preached before a Toronto audience, and made that wonderful address never to be forgotten on the departure of the Rev. Geo. Young (now Dr. Young) and his colleagues. Some reader who may have been there will possibly remember his reference. The preceding speaker had spoken not of the difficulties only, but of the dangers of the way; of the dangers not to health only, but to life. The country was really unknown, the dangers did not seem exaggerated, as Dr. Punshon himself subsequently realized when, in order to reach Winnipeg to meet the missionaries in the field, including those from the North-West, fourteen days were needed, this including the perils of

shipwreck on Lake Superior. The force of these utterances was felt by all, nor did any seem to lessen their gravity when Dr. Punshon rose and said, "We have been talking about perils, and I do not underestimate them, yet let me call your attention to one incident:

"'Jesus went into a ship with His disciples, and He said unto them, Let us go over unto the other side of the lake, and they launched forth. But as they sailed He fell asleep, and there came down a storm of wind on the lake and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy, and they came to Him and awoke Him, saying: Master, Master, we perish; then He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water: and they ceased and there was a calm. And He said unto them, Where is your faith? and they being afraid wondered, saying, one to another, What manner of man is this! for He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him.'

"Be assured, dear friends, if God has said unto us," he said, "'Let us go over unto the other side,' and if in obedience to that command these dear brethren are about to launch forth, He will not suffer them to sink in the middle."

It is somewhat singular that the great St. James' Street Church, Montreal—the model, as to internal arrangements, precisely similar to the Richmond Street Church—was opened the following week by the Rev. Mr. Richey, who read the same lessons and preached the same sermon; that I should have been present at both services; that both, after having done noble work, have at the end of forty-three years been dismantled, both however to be continued as Church property, the difference of time between the dismantling being as near as possible what the difference was between the opening. I very well remember the late Hon. Mr. Ferrier, then Mayor of the city, meeting Lord Metcalfe, the Governor-General, at the church door, and conducting him to his pew. He had upon his cheek a black plaster, indicating the existence of the disease which not long after terminated his life; he placed a cheque on the plate for £10.

The ministers stationed in Toronto in connection with the British Wesleyans for 1845 were: Revs. W. M. Harvard, Robert Cooney, and John Bredin. Mr. Harvard was one of the band of men who accompanied Rev. Dr. Coke for the purpose of founding a mission in Ceylon, their names being William Ault, James Lynch, George Erskine, William Martin Harvard, Thomas Hall Squance, Benjamin Clough, and John McKenny. Dr. Coke had originally intended that the number should be twelve. The Connexion had then many important and extensive missions in other parts of the world, and the financial difficulties which then embarrassed their Missionary department seemed to forbid as

unjustifiably sanguine the immediate prospect of supporting twelve additional missionaries in a new and expensive field of labour. Dr. Coke was not only aware of this difficulty but was prepared to meet it, for when it was urged, he nobly offered to defray the whole of the introductory expenses of the mission from his own private fortune. He was not permitted to see the establishment of the mission upon which his heart was set. On the morning of May 3, 1814, the servant on going to call him at 5.30, his usual hour, found him lying upon the cabin floor dead. His remains were committed to the deep in about eight degrees south latitude and thirty-nine degrees east longitude.

Mr. Harvard, removed from St. Ormond, being from 1839 to 1844 Chairman of the Canada East District. He was a tall, handsome man, with a singularly benevolent countenance; he was in every sense of the word a Christian gentleman, original as a preacher, but not eloquent; long accustomed to preach through an interpreter, he was somewhat hesitating in his manner, but always interesting and instructive. He was incapable of unkindness; he would not, indeed he could not, wound the feelings of any one; he was as greatly loved as he was respected. He began his ministry by preaching from 2 Tim. ii. 20, 21:

"But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

I find also the following among his texts:

Neh. ix. 17: "But Thou art a God ready to pardon." Est. iv. 14: "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Ps. xxiii. 4, 5: "For Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," etc. Ps. cix. 4: "But I give myself unto prayer." Isa. xxvii. 9: "By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin; when he maketh all the stones of the altar as chalkstones," etc. Luke xvi. 7: "And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore." John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world," etc. Acts xiv. 9: "Perceiving that he had faith to be healed." Acts xvi. 2: "Do thyself no harm." Rom. v. 6-8: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," etc. Heb. ii. 10: "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things," etc. 1 Pet. v. 7: "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." 1 John iii. 17: "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

In the village of Thornhill the Canadian Methodists occupied

the ground. It was felt on the one hand that there was an opening for the British Wesleyans in the village and that a church should be erected. This was accomplished chiefly through the efforts of the late Wm. T. Mason, assisted as he was by Mr. Josiah Purkiss, both of whom were in the employment of the late Mr. John Bunskill, who was the "man of the place." A great deal of embittered feeling was manifested in the articles which appeared at the time in the *Guardian*. In due time the building was opened for worship by Rev. Mr. Harvard; it was crammed to the doors; his text upon the occasion being Acts xvi. 10: "Assuredly gathering that the Lord hath called us to preach the Gospel unto them."

Shortly after a missionary meeting was held, of which I find the following memorandum:—"Missionary meeting at Thornhill; Mr. Score in the chair. Rev. Mr. Harvard added much to the interest and spirituality of the meeting. He had several gods, a Cingalese book, specimens of needlework of girls in India. He repeated the vowels and consonants in the Cingalese language, which much amused the audience; he repeated the Lord's Prayer and the first verse of the first hymn in the Portuguese language. Collection, £1 17s. 2d."

Rev. Robert Cooney was in many respects very different from Mr. Harvard. Mr. Harvard, as I have stated, was very tall, over six feet; Mr. Cooney was very short, certainly not over five feet four He had a small stand in the pulpit, which he found necessary to give him a suitable position to address the congregation. He had been educated for the Romish priesthood, and retained very much of the appearance of a priest. He read the Scriptures with great accuracy, as he did the hymns, and both with feeling; he had a well-stored mind and was a good preacher; attracted large congregations; enjoyed, as he deserved to do, the confidence and esteem of his people. I find the following among his texts:—

Gen. xlix. 1, 2: "And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days," etc. Ex. xv. 23: "And when they came to Marah they could not drink," etc. 2 Kings v. 12: "Are not Abana and Pharpar," etc. Matt. x. 32: "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men," etc. Matt. xxii. 42: "What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The Son of David." Luke xvi. 9: "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves of the mammon of unrighteousness," etc. Luke xvi. 22-24: "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels," etc. Luke xix. 41-44: "And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it," etc. John vi. 67: "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?" John xii. 21: "Sir, we would see Jesus." John xix. 34:

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side," etc. Acts xvi. 25, 26: "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed," etc. Acts xvii. 30, 31: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at," etc. Rom. ix. 21-24: "Hath not the potter power?" etc. Eph. vi. 11: "Put on the whole armour of God," etc. Rev. xiv. 6: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel," etc.

Of the Rev. Mr. Bredin, we have already spoken, and are glad to know that, although superannuated, he is still able and still willing to render effective work. At the quarterly meetings the officials of the entire city were regularly gathered together. The quarterly meeting was a great occasion; the quarterly fast was announced for Friday, with prayer-meeting at noon; the fast was kept and the prayer-meeting was largely attended. On the Monday the Quarterly Board dined together at noon; after dinner the financial part of the business was undertaken, every leader paying in the amount of his class money, good old Mr. Purkiss, always keeping the money of his class distinct, and presenting it, as he said, "as his quarterage and his weekerage."

After this part of the work had been completed the local preachers' meeting took place; the local preachers and exhorters being examined one by one, the following questions being asked in reference to each:—"Is there anything against the moral and religious character of ——?" "Does he believe and preach our doctrines?" "Is he faithful in the discharge of his appointments?"

At six the Board took tea together, including usually one or two invited guests, after which all adjourned to the large vestry; the devotional services occupied some time, several of the brethren engaging in prayer, the remainder of the evening being spent in considering "in what way the work of God could be best promoted." What wondrous gatherings were these, degenerated, I fear, in too many cases in our day, into a gathering of brethren to discuss matters merely of dollars and cents.

The plan in those days of arranging the ministers' salaries (one I am free to confess I am quite out of sympathy with) was to take each item of expenditure—rent, fuel, board, salary for the minister, his wife and his children. The writer occupied no position which would have given him a voice in such matters; nor would it, from his age, have been seemly that he should have tendered his counsel, but he is glad that that habit at last has passed away.

Speaking of this habit, he ventured not long since to say to one of our ministers, "You never passed through that experience." "I did," he said, "and only within the last few years. My quar-

terly meeting," he added, "began with the article of fuel, and spent an hour with a view of saving upon that item, two dollars and fifty cents, but after wasting that valuable time, concluded to let it stand. The next item was for my horse, 'that item,' they said, 'can be considerably reduced. Oats are now selling at twenty-three cents per bushel.' I am glad to learn that," said the preacher; "for here is your bill," he said, addressing one of the members of the Board, "for oats furnished a few days ago at thirty-five cents per bushel. 'We will make that right,' said the brother, but he never did." The next item was for board. One of his members had asked him a few days before if he did not want a quarter of beef; that he had just killed a very fine animal, and that the price by the quarter would be only six cents per pound. The minister took it, only to be asked by a trader in the village the next day if he did not want some very fine beef (who had bought the remainder of the animal from the same man); the price by the quarter would be four cents, and this, let it be noted, including the trader's profit. I earnestly hope that the members of that quarterly meeting, wherever it was, may meet with these lines and feel as they ought to feel—thoroughly ashamed of their conduct.

The only change in the appointments for the following year was that of the Rev. John Hunt, who succeeded Rev. John Bredin. Mr. Hunt, we are happy to be able to say, is still able to afford valuable assistance to the Church.

I have spoken of the local preachers' meeting in connection with the quarterly meetings. We sometimes speak of the "lost arts;" is there not a great danger that this is fast becoming among the Methodists a lost agency? At the Œcumenical Council I heard the eminent Queen's Counsel, Samuel Waddy, say, "I have been a local preacher for —— years, and, thank God, I have three sons who are local preachers." In which of the city churches are there local preachers' meetings? In which of them are there young men being taken on trial and placed on the plan? In which of them is there a plan? Is it because there is nothing for them to do? Look at the suburbs of this city, and where is there such a field? Is it because we have no young men who have gifts and graces? No minister, I fancy, will be willing to make that admission in reference to his charge.

Why is it then? Simply that in this respect we are drifting away lamentably from Methodistic usage; that we are ignoring an agency which God has wonderfully honoured, and that if we are wise we will get back without delay to what was at one time not a distinctive feature of Methodism only, but in a very remarkable manner, its glory and its power. Just in proportion

as we are drifting away from this useful and honoured agency, other Churches are taking it up, notably the Church of England; and in this city there are honoured brethren in that Communion who willingly and frequently occupy the pulpits of our own and sister Churches to the great delight and edification of the congregations—a large and noble band of workers. There were Richard Woodsworth, John Sterling, R. Simpson, the two Stephens, Henry and James; Mr. Moat, Mr. Hill, John Rogers, J. Booth, T. Storm, James Gooderham, T. S. Keough, Wm. T. Mason, being among the number. Others there were in the country, among whom was Mr. Hunt, of Toronto township—a grand old man, the father of the Rev. John Hunt.

Some idea may be had of the work they performed when the following appointments were filled by them every Sabbath:—1st. An appointment with three services, first at Johnson's at ten a.m.; this service was twelve miles from the City Hall, up Yonge Street ten miles, then two and a half miles east. (2) At Milligan's Corners, Markham township, six miles distant from the former, at three p.m. (3) At Thornhill, six miles distant from Milligan's Corners, at six p.m. The preacher when reaching home would thus have had three services and would have travelled forty miles. 2nd. The Highland Creek, distant sixteen miles down Kingston Road. 3rd. Toll gate, east of Cooksville, service at three, service at ten being in the Hunt's neighbourhood, Toronto township, distance twenty miles; this appointment meant travel of forty miles and two services. 4th. An appointment called on the plan Conlin's and Needham's; the former, service at ten a.m.; the latter at two p.m.; the latter was on the Vaughan plank road, and meant two services and fourteen miles' travel. 5th. An appointment at Helliwell's Mills, now Taylor's Mills. 6th. An appointment called Cooper's, on Dundas Street, West Toronto. 7th. Beside these, an appointment east of the Don, one near Gooderham's distillery, one at Berkeley Street, one on the Garrison Common, one at the Asylum, as well as ministering occasionally in the city churches.

The present cause at Elm Street originated by a few families removing to that neighbourhood, who were then worshipping at Richmond Street, meeting for worship in the school-house, for which the consent of the late Bishop Strachan had to be received, which place was sustained entirely by the labours of the local preachers. So in like manner every one of the early churches were dependent upon them for frequent supply, and many of the churches in the city to-day owe their existence to their labours.

Many notable gatherings had been held in the large vestry, but none had ever equalled in importance that one in which Rev. Dr.

Alder, as the representative of the British Conference, laid before the officials of the Church the articles upon which it was proposed a union should be consummated between the British and Canadian branches of Methodism. Rev. Mr. Harvard was in the chair; some few there may be who may still remember Rev. Dr. Alder, the British representative. He was about medium size, stout; florid, thoughtful face, large head, great profusion of hair, impressive appearance and manner; in addition to his being an excellent preacher he was a skilled diplomat. In the public Sabbath services which followed he took no part beyond reading the hymns and the Scriptures, both of which he did faultlessly. His message was delivered to a hostile company, and he knew it; admirably did he do his part of the work.

One incident among the many of the class which marked the entire discussion of the evening, viz., that of unqualified disapproval of the union, grew out of some remarks made with great warmth by the late Samuel Shaw, as to the course which the Church would pursue if forced into a union which was not desired and would not be accepted. Dr. Alder, with great calmness and with wonderful powers of memory—for he had neither seen nor heard Mr. Shaw for many, many years, and without turning round (for Mr. Shaw sat behind him) said, "I think I recognize in the last speaker my old and valued friend, Mr. Shaw, whose voice it is so great a pleasure for me to hear once more;" and, proceeding, put his points so clearly and so forcibly, he had completely disarmed Mr. Shaw from further attacks.

But it was not Mr. Shaw alone in that great company of officials. Dr. Alder had not one friendly hearer, not one who was in sympathy with the movement, not one who desired it The meeting was protracted to a late hour. Many threats were made. Rather than go into the union they would form an independent Church, they would join the Primitive Methodists; and I think negotiations were opened with a view of carrying out this arrangement. One thing was clear, no Canadian Methodist would be allowed to preach in the Richmond Street Church; they would lock the doors, they would forcibly prevent any minister of that Church from occupying the pulpit.

Meantime much writing had to be got through, the proceedings of the evening had to be put in shape ready for the next meeting. Who was to do it? One had no time, another had no inclination, another gave a flat denial. The writer undertook to do the needed work, strongly urged as he was not to do so. It was done, the meeting held, the act consummated. It was proposed that Rev. John R—— should preach on the first Sabbath,

that was declared to be impossible and had to be abandoned; his place was filled by Rev. Lachlan Taylor, and in reference to this I find the following note: "Gen. xix. 17, 'Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.' Powerful sermon preached on the first Sabbath of the union of the Canadian and British Wesleyans, 1848."

In reference to the following Sabbath I find the following note: "Psalm cxxxiii. 1, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' Carroll preached at the Adelaide Street Chapel, Toronto, the Sabbath following the union of the two bodies." Who that remembers the gentle, loving, Christ-like spirit of Rev. Dr. Carroll can doubt that every utterance breathed any other feeling than that of "peace on earth and good-will to men."

The first Sabbath came and went, as did the second and following Sabbaths. No doors were locked, no ministers ejected from pulpits, no independent congregations formed, no further negotiations carried on for a union with the Primitive Methodist Church. The union was of God, was crowned with His blessing, was the first step toward that larger movement which has eventuated in consolidating every branch of the Methodist family into one united and powerful Church, whose healthful influences are felt from Newfoundland to Japan, never, let us hope, to be again dismembered by trifling differences, but to go on baptized from on high, and filled by the consecration of its wealth, its influence, and, above all, by the devotion of its people, to do its share side by side with the great army of the living God, as found in the other Churches, in the evangelization of the world.

It was deemed best that for all who had borne any part in the trouble of bygone days suitable appointments should be found in other parts of the work. Rev. Dr. Harvard removed to England, and became the Governor of the Richmond College. There it was my pleasure to see him and to enjoy his hospitality.

The Rev. Dr. Cooney removed to New Brunswick and was stationed at Carleton, where shortly after it was my honour to be the guest of himself and his excellent wife. The Rev. Dr. Evans also removed to New Brunswick, and arrangements were made by which Rev. Enoch Wood and Rev. S. D. Rice were removed to Upper Canada. How faithfully they laboured, how gladly they were welcomed, how much they had to do with the initiation of many of the great enterprises of the Church for so many years, how greatly and deservedly they were honoured by their brethren, and how full of years and full of honours they finished

their course, are matters of history. Into the incidents connected with their career, or to the period in which their work is embraced, it is not my purpose to enter.

My object has been to bring these recollections down to the accomplishment of the union, and to leave to others who may have more time and more ability, the work of taking up the thread where I leave it, and lovingly weaving it into the tapestry of our Methodist history. How honoured names come up to one's memory, whose voices have so often been heard in connection with the old Church, but are to be heard no more: Samuel D. Rice, William Squire, John Douse, Henry Wilkinson, John Borland, James H. Bishop; and those of the living, going no further than 1860, Ephraim Evans, George H. Davis, E. B Harper, Charles Lavell, John Learoyd, William R. Parker, William Scott, Charles Fish and James Elliott.

What memories of the Sabbath-school! What memories of the great revival! What a wealth of material for some one to weave together a story which should be had in everlasting remembrance! But what of those whose differences at one time were so great that they could not worship together? They are sleeping in the quiet churchyard side by side; the flowers which spring unfolds on the resting-place of the one, diffuse their fragrance over the turf of the other; and autumn, with yet greater endearment, throws her leafy mantle of loveliness and beauty over them, of sufficient amplitude to embrace them all, and in quiet, undisturbed repose, which is alike ignorant of warring passions and ambitious designs, they sleep the sleep of the just until the morning of the resurrection.

In these reminiscences we have seen the day of small things. What do we see to-day? What do we see, for example, in Toronto alone? As we began to write we told of a time when the churches of the British Wesleyans in Toronto were three, and the value of them not more than $6,000, and the seating capacity not more than seven hundred; to-day there must be little short of thirty within the city and its suburbs, some of these having a seating capacity of two thousand and over; many of them would be regarded as ornamental and architecturally faultless in any city on the Continent; some of them among the very finest of Methodist Church properties in the world.

But not in Toronto, not in the cities of the Dominion alone. In every hamlet, almost at every cross-road, the spires of temples, beautiful and commodious, point heavenwards and are with those of other denominations at once the glory and the bulwarks of our land; while the parsonages, schools, colleges, and university afford abundant evidence of the zeal and liberality of the Church.

We have dwelt on the old method of appropriating the ministers' salaries. And how insignificant, even when most liberal, this amount must have been; we find to-day in the Toronto District alone the amount raised for ministerial support for 1887-8, to be $40,712.94, and in the Toronto Conference for the same purpose, $118,599.92. We have seen the humble amount contributed for missionary purposes, and we find contributed to-day in the Toronto Conference alone the sum of $23,996.59, while the total income of the Church for missionary purposes falls little short of a quarter of a million, the actual figures being $219,480; the whole of this amount having been directly contributed by the Methodist people, with the exception of $8,875.58 from the Indian Department. We find the amount contributed to the support of the aged ministers from the Toronto District alone to be $4,116.29. From the Toronto Conference, $10,046.64, and from the Church, including interest on its investments, excepting the Maritime Provinces, the sum of $77,241.63; and all this in addition to the other funds of the Church—the Sustentation Fund, the Union Church Relief Fund, the Contingent Fund, the Educational Fund, the General Conference Fund and the Woman's Missionary Fund—the latter, an agency the power and influence of which in stimulating the great Missionary enterprise of the Church it is simply impossible for the most sanguine of our people to estimate. Composed as it is of earnest and devoted ladies, whose hearts, warmed with God's love, go out in a very special manner toward those of their own sex in every land, the blessed work which they have already been able to accomplish affords the best evidence of what this long-lost and missing link is, in God's good providence, destined to accomplish. As we look back at these wonderful results—as we look at the Church to-day compared with the day of which we have undertaken to write—may we not exclaim at once in the language of astonishment as well as of praise, What hath God wrought!

It cannot be but that in these hastily-written records—written surrounded by the busy work of every day, written from memory—that some names are forgotten which ought to have been mentioned, that some incidents in connection with some names are not recorded. Will those who make the discovery, kindly accept the assurance that the omissions are not intentional, and will they, for the sake of the writer as well as for their own, kindly furnish them to that willing contributor who will be found ready to take up and continue the story of the "Recollections of Toronto Methodism?"

Oaklands, 1888.

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

BY SAXE HOLM.

I.

Draxy and the Elder were married in the little village church, on the first Sunday in September.

"O Draxy! let it be on a communion Sunday," the Elder had said, with an expression on his face which Draxy could not quite fathom; "I can't tell you what it 'ud be to me to promise myself over again to the Blessed Saviour, the same hour I promise to you, I'm so afraid of loving Him less. I don't see how I can remember anything about heaven, after I've got you, Draxy," and tears stood in the Elder's eyes.

Draxy looked at him wonderingly and with a little pain in her face. To her serene nature, heaven and earth, this life and all the others which may follow it, had so long seemed one—love and happiness and duty had become so blended in one sweet atmosphere of living in daily nearness to God, that she could not comprehend the Elder's words.

"Why, Mr. Kinney, it's all Christ," she said, slowly and hesitatingly, slipping her hand into his, and looking up at him lovingly.

"Darling," he whispered, "would you feel so if I were to die and leave you alone?"

"Yes, I think so," said Draxy, still more slowly, and turning very pale. "You never can really leave me, and no human being can be really alone; it would still be all Christ, and it would be living His life and God's still;" and tears rolled down her cheeks, and she began to sob.

"Oh, forgive me, Draxy," exclaimed the Elder, wrung to the heart by the sight of her grief. "I'm nothing but a great brute to say that to you just now; but, Draxy, you don't know much about a man's heart yet; you're such a saint yourself, you can't understand how it makes a man feel as if this earth was enough, and he didn't want any heaven, when he loves a woman as I love you," and the Elder threw himself on the ground at Draxy's feet, and laid his face down reverently on the hem of her gown. His love for Draxy kindled and transformed his whole consciousness of himself and of life; it was no wonder that he felt terrors; that he asked himself many times a day what had become of the simple-minded, earnest, contented worker he used to be. He was full of vague and restless yearnings; he longed to do, to be, to become, he knew not what, but something that should be more of kin to this beautiful nature—something that should give her great joy—something in which she could feel great pride.

Draxy said, "But Mr. Kinney, I never heard of anybody's being married on Sunday—did you?"

"No," said the Elder, "I never did, but I've always thought it was the only day a man ought to be married on; I mean the most beautiful, the sweetest day."

"Yes," replied Draxy, a solemn and tender light spreading over her whole face, "it certainly is. I wonder why nobody has ever thought so before. But perhaps many people have," she added, with a merrier smile; "we don't know everybody."

Presently she looked up anxiously, and said:

"But do you think the people would like it? Wouldn't they think it very strange?"

The Elder hesitated. He, too, had thought of this.

"Well, I tell you, Draxy, it's just this way: I have tried more than once to get some of them to come and be married on a Sunday in church, and they wouldn't, just because they never heard of it before; and I'd like to have them see that I was in true earnest about it, and I can't help believing it will do them good all their lives by making them think more how solemn a thing a marriage ought to be, if they take it as I think they will; and I do think I know them well enough to be pretty sure."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place after the morning sermon, immediately before the communion service. When Reuben was told of this, his face expressed such absolute amazement that Draxy laughed outright, in spite of the deep solemnity of her feeling in regard to it.

"Why, father," she said, "you couldn't look more surprised if I had told you I was not to be married at all."

"But Draxy, Draxy," Reuben gasped, "who ever heard of such a thing? What will folks say?"

"I don't know that anybody ever heard of such a thing, father, dear," answered Draxy; "but I am not afraid what the people will say. They love Mr. Kinney, and he has always told them that Sunday was the day to be married on. I shouldn't wonder if every young man and young woman in the parish looked on it in a new and much holier light after this. I know I began to as soon as the Elder talked about it, and it wouldn't seem right to me now to be married on any other day," and Draxy stooped and kissed her father's forehead very tenderly. A sentiment of love, which had almost reverence in it, grew up toward her in the hearts of the people. A certain touch of sadness, of misgiving, mingled with it.

"I'm afraid she ain't long for this world; she's got such a look o' heaven in her face," was said more than once, in grieving tones, when the Elder's approaching marriage was talked of. But old Ike was farther sighted, in his simplicity, than the rest. "'Tain't that," he said, "that woman's got in her face. It's the kind o' heaven that God sends down to stay 'n this world, to help make us fit for the next. Shouldn't wonder ef she outlived th' Elder a long day," and Ike wiped his old eyes slyly with the back of his

hand. The day of the marriage was one of those shining September days which only mountain regions know, when Draxy walked up the aisle leaning on her father's arm, wearing the same white dress she had worn all summer; it cannot be denied that there were sighs of disappointment in some of the pews. The people had hoped for something more. As she entered the pew and sat down by the side of her mother, slanting sunbeams from the southern windows fell upon her head, lighting up the bright hair till it looked like a saintly halo. Elder Kinney sat in the pulpit, with his best loved friend, Elder Williams, who was to preach that day and perform the marriage ceremony. When Draxy and her father entered the door, Elder Kinney rose and remained standing until they reached their pew. As Draxy sat down and the golden sunbeams flickered around her, the Elder sank back into his seat and covered his eyes with his hand. He did not change his posture until the prayers and the hymns and the sermon were over, and Elder Williams said in a low voice:—

"The ceremony of marriage will now be performed." Then he rose, his countenance glowing like that of one who had come from some Mount of Transfiguration. With a dignity and grace of bearing, such as royal ambassadors might envy, Elder Kinney walked slowly down to Reuben Miller's pew, and, with his head reverently bent, received Draxy from her father's hands.

Passionate love and close contact with Draxy's exquisite nature were developing, in this comparatively untrained man, a peculiar courteousness and grace, which added a subtle charm to the simplicity of his manners. As he walked up the aisle with Draxy clinging to his arm, his tall figure looked majestic in its strength, but his face was still bent forward, turned toward her with a look of reverence, of love unspeakable.

The whole congregation rose, moved by one impulse, and the silence was almost too solemn. When the short and simple ceremony was over, the Elder led Draxy to his own pew and sat down by her side.

After the little children had been baptized, the usual announcement of the Lord's Supper was made, and the usual invitation given. Tears came in many eyes as their beloved Elder took the cup of wine from Deacon Plummer's trembling hands and passed it to Draxy, and many hearts which had never before longed for the right to partake of the sacred emblems longed for it then.

After the services were ended, just as Elder Williams was about to pronounce the benediction, Elder Kinney rose from his seat, and walking rapidly to the communion table said:—

"My dear friends, I know you don't look for any words from me to-day; but there are some of you I never before saw at this blessed feast of our Lord, and I must say one word to you from Him." Then pausing, he looked round upon them all, and with an unutterable yearning in the gesture, stretched out both his arms and said: "O my people, my people! like as a hen gather-

eth her chickens under her wings, He would have gathered you long ago, but ye would not." Then, still holding out his arms toward them, he pronounced the benediction.

Silently and solemnly the little congregation dispersed. A few lingered, and looked lovingly at Draxy, as if they would go back and speak to her. But she stood with her eyes fixed on the Elder's face, utterly unconscious of the presence of any other human being. Even her father dared not break the spell of holy beatitude which rested on her countenance.

"No, no, ma," he said to Jane, who proposed that they should go back to the pew and walk home with her. "This ain't like any other wedding that was ever seen on this earth, unless, maybe, that one in Cana. And I don't believe that the Lord was any nearer to that bridegroom than He is to this one."

So Jane and Reuben walked home from church alone, for the first time since they came to Clairvend, and Draxy and her husband followed slowly behind. The village people who watched them were bewildered by their manner, and interpreted it variously according to their own temperaments.

"You'd ha' thought now they'd been married years an' years to look at 'em," said Eben Hill; "they didn't speak a word, nor look at each other any more 'n old Deacon Plummer 'n his wife, who was joggin' along jest afore 'em."

Old Ike—poor, ignorant, loving old Ike, whose tender instinct was like the wistful sagacity of a faithful dog—read their faces better. He had hurried out of church, and hid himself in the edge of a little pine grove which the Elder and Draxy must pass.

"I'd jest like to see 'em a little longer," he said to himself, half apologetically. As they walked silently by, old Ike's face saddened, and at last became convulsed with grief. Creeping out from beneath the pines, he slowly followed them up the hill, muttering to himself, in the fashion which had grown upon him in his solitary life:

"O Lord! O Lord! No such looks as them is long for this earth. O Lord! which is it ye're goin' to take? I reckon it's the Elder. I reckon 'tis. That woman's goin' to have her heart broke. O Lord! I can't bear the sight on't!" and he leaped a fence and struck off across the fields toward his house. He did not shut his eyes that night, but tossed and groaned aloud. Toward morning he formed a resolution which calmed him somewhat.

"Ef I kin only be right close to 'em till it comes, p'raps I can be of a little use. Leastways it 'ud be some comfort to try," he said.

As the Elder and Draxy were sitting at breakfast the next day, they caught sight of the old man's bent figure walking up and down outside the gate, and stopping now and then irresolutely, as if he would come in, but dared not.

"Why, there's old Ike," exclaimed the Elder. "What on earth can he want at this time of day?"

Draxy looked up with a tender smile, and said: "I shouldn't

wonder if he wanted just to see how happy you look, Mr. Kinney. Nobody in this world loves you so well as old Ike does."

"Oh, Draxy!" said the Elder, reproachfully.

"No, dear, not even I. Old Ike never dreams of receiving any love in return. I have seen his eyes follow you with just such a look as dogs' eyes have. I wish we could do something for him."

"We will, dear; we will go and see him often. I own it smites me to the soul sometimes to think how humble he is, and so glad to see me when I haven't been near him for six months, maybe."

At this moment Hannah put her head into the door, and said, in no pleasant voice:—

"Here's that Ike Sanborn wantin' to speak to ye, sir; but I telled him"—

"Let him come right in here, Hannah," said Draxy. "Mr. Kinney and I will be very glad to see him this morning." Hannah's face relaxed in spite of herself, in answer to Draxy's smile, but she could not forgive Ike for what seemed to her a most unwarrantable intrusion, and she was grimmer than ever when she returned to him, saying:—

"They'll see ye; but I must say, I sh'd ha' thought ye'd know better'n to be comin' round here this mornin' of all mornin's. Ain't they to have a minute's peace to theirselves?"

Ike looked up appealingly at the hard Indian face. "I wa'n't goin' to keep 'em a minute," he said; "I won't go in now. I'll come agin, ef you say so, Hannah."

"No, no—go in, now ye're here; ye've interrupted 'em, and ye may's well take the good on't now," replied the vengeful Hannah, pushing Ike along toward the sitting-room door.

"Come in, come in, Ike," said the Elder; "you're the first one of the parish to pay your respects to Mrs. Kinney." Draxy rose from her seat smiling, and went toward him and said: "And Mrs. Kinney is very glad to see you, Ike."

This was too much for the loving old heart. He dropped his hat on the floor, and began to speak so rapidly and incoherently, that both Draxy and the Elder were almost frightened.

"O Elder! O Miss Kinney!—I have been a thinkin' that p'r'aps you'd let me come an' live with you, an' do all yer chores. I'd bring my two cows, an' my keepin' wouldn't be very much; an'—oh, sir, ef ye'll only let me, I'll bless ye all the days o' my life," and Ike began to cry.

So did Draxy, for that matter, and the Elder was not very far from it. Draxy spoke first.

"Why, Ike, do you really want so much to live with us?"

Ike's first answer was a look. Then he said, very simply, "I've laid awake all night, ma'am, tryin' to get bold enough to come and ask ye."

Draxy looked at her husband, and said in a low voice, "You know what I told you just now, Mr. Kinney?"

The Elder saw that Draxy was on Ike's side.

"Well, well, Ike," he said, "you shall certainly come and try it. Perhaps you won't like it as well as you think. But don't say anything about it to any one else till you hear from us. You shall come very soon."

Ike turned to go, but lingered, and finally stammered: "I hope, sir, ye don't take it that I'm askin' a charity; I make bold to believe that I could be worth to ye's much's my keepin'; I'm considerable handy 'bout a good many things, an' I can do a day's mowin' yet with any man in the parish, I don't care who he is. It's only because—because"—Ike's voice broke, and it was very nearly with a sob that he added, "because I love ye, sir," and he hurried away. Draxy sprang after him.

"I know that very well, Ike, and so does Mr. Kinney, and you will be a great help to us. You are making us the most valuable wedding present we've had yet, Ike," and Draxy held out her hand.

Ike looked at the hand, but he did not touch it.

"Maybe God'll let me thank ye yet, ma'am," he said, and was gone.

The little household settled down for the winter: Draxy and the Elder happy, serene, exalted more than they knew, by their perfect love for each other, and their childlike love of God, blending in one earnest purpose of work for souls; Hannah and Ike anything but serene, and yet happy after their own odd fashions, and held together much more closely than they knew by the common bond of their devotion to the Elder and his wife.

In the other side of the house were also two very thankful and contented hearts. Reuben and Jane were old people now; Reuben's hair was snowy white, and Jane was sadly bent; but the comfort and peace which had come so late into their lives had still come early enough to make the sunset a bright one. It was a sight to do all hearts good to see the two sitting together on the piazza of the house, in the warm afternoons, and gazing in delight at the eastern mountain ranges turning rose-pink, and then fading through shades of purple to dark gray.

"It's a good deal like our life, ma," Reuben said sometimes; "our sun's pretty low—most down, I reckon; it's all rosy-light, just these days; but we shall have to lie down in the shadow presently; but it's all beautiful, beautiful."

Jane did not understand him. She never did. But she loved the sound of his voice best when he said the things which were too subtle for her.

The two households lived separately as before. The Elder had proposed making one family, and Reuben had wistfully seconded it. But Draxy had firmly said "No."

"I shall be able to do more for you, father, dear, if we do not. It will not seem so at first, but I know I am right," she said, and it was a rare wisdom in her sweet soul which led to the decision.

Happy years leave slender records; but for suffering and sin there would not be history. The winter came, and the spring

came, and the summer and the autumn, and no face in the quiet little parsonage looked a shade older for the year that had gone; no incident had taken place which could make a salient point in a story, and not one of the peaceful hearts could believe that a twelvemonth had flown. Elder Kinney's pathetic fears lest he might love his Saviour less by reason of his new happiness, had melted like frost in early sunlight, in the sweet presence of Draxy's child-like religion.

"O Draxy!" he said again and again, "seems to me I never half loved all these souls we are working for, before I had you. I don't see how I could have been so afraid about it before we were married."

"Do I really help you, Mr. Kinney?" Draxy would reply, with a lingering emphasis on the "really," which made her husband draw her closer to him and forget to speak: "It seems very strange to me that I can. I feel so ignorant about souls. It frightens me to answer the smallest question the people ask me. I never do, in any way except to tell them if I have ever felt so myself, and how God seemed to help me out."

Blessed Draxy! that was the secret of her influence from first to last; the magnetic sympathy of a pure and upright soul, to whose rare strength had been added still rarer simplicity and loving-ness. Old and young, men as well as women, came to her with unhesitating confidence. With all the loyalty and directness which had made her, as a little girl, champion and counsellor and comfort to her father, she now set her hand to the work of helping her husband do good to the people whom he called his children.

"If they are yours, they must be mine, too, Mr. Kinney," she would say, with a smile half arch, half solemn. "I hope I shan't undo on week-days what you do on Sundays."

"What I do on Sundays is more'n half your work, too, Draxy," the Elder would make reply; and it was very true. Draxy's quicker brain and finer sense, and in some ways superior culture, were fast moulding the Elder's habits of thought and speech to an extent of which she never dreamed. Reuben's income was now far in advance of their simple wants, and newspapers, magazines, and new books continually found their way to the parsonage. Draxy had only to mention anything she desired to see, and Reuben forthwith ordered it. So that it insensibly came to pass that the daily life of the little household was really an intelligent one, and Elder Kinney's original and vigorous mind expanded fast in the congenial atmosphere. Yet he lost none of his old quaintness and simplicity of phrase, none of his fervour. The people listened to his sermons with wondering interest, and were not slow to ascribe some of the credit of the new unction to Draxy.

"Th' Elder's getting more'n more like Mis' Kinney every day o' his life," they said: "there's some o' her sayin's in every sermon he writes."

"And no wonder," would be added by some more enthusiastic worshipper of Draxy's. "I guess she's got sense enough to know that she's got more real book-learning in her head than he has, twice over. I shouldn't wonder if she got to writin' some of his sermons for him out'n out, before long."

Dear Draxy's reverent wifehood would have been grieved and dismayed if she had known that her efforts to second her husband's appeals to his people were sometimes so eloquent as to make the Elder's words forgotten. But he never dreamed of such a thing; she was too simple-hearted and humble.

In the early days of the second winter came the Angel of the Annunciation, bearing a white lily to Draxy. Her joy and gratitude were unspeakable, and the exquisite purity and elevation of her nature shone out transcendent in the new experience.

It was just two years from Draxy's wedding day, when she stood again in the aisle of the little village church, dressed in pure white, with the southern sunlight resting on her beautiful hair. Her husband stood by her side, holding their infant son in his arms. The child had clear, calm blue eyes, like Draxy's, and an expression of serenity and radiant joy on his tiny face, which made the people wonder.

"Reuben Miller Kinney" was his name; and though the parish had hoped that the child would be named for his father, when they looked at Reuben Miller's sweet, patient, noble face, and saw its intense happiness as the words were spoken, they felt that it was better so.

Again swift months rolled on, and peace and joy brooded over the parsonage. Draxy's life with her child was something too beautiful to be told in words; her wifehood was lovely, was intense; but her motherhood was greater. Day and night her love for her boy protected and guided him, like pillar of cloud, like pillar of fire. She knew no weariness, no feebleness; she grew constantly stronger and more beautiful, and the child grew stronger and more beautiful, with a likeness to her and a oneness with her which were marvellous. There was but one drawback on Draxy's felicity now. She was afraid of her love for her boy.

"O Seth!" she said—after little Reuben's birth she for the first time called her husband by this name; before that, she had never found courage to call him Seth—"O Seth!" she said, "I feel now as you did about me before we were married. I can't make myself think about anything but Reuby. O darling! you don't think God would take him away from you to punish me, do you?" The Elder could not comfort her when she was in this frame of mind; in fact, he himself was sometimes afraid, seeing her utter absorption in the child. Yet it never for one instant warped her firmness or judiciousness of control. Draxy could not have comprehended that type of love which can lose sight for one instant of the best good of the loved one.

"Draxy," said Reuben to her one day, "you never tell Reuby to do anything without giving him a reason for it. He's the best boy

that ever lived, I do believe, but 'taint just my idea of obedience for all that."

Draxy smiled. "I never said a word to him about obeying me in his life; I never shall. I can't explain it, father, dear, but you must let me do my way. I shall tell him all I know about right, and he will decide for himself more and more. I am not afraid."

She need not have been. Before Reuby was seven years old his gentle manliness of behaviour was the marvel of the village. "It beats all how Mis' Kinney brought that boy o' hern up," was said in the sewing circle one day. "She told me herself that she's never so much's said a sharp word to him; and as for whippin', she thinks it a deadly sin."

"So do I," spoke up young Mrs. Plummer, "I never did believe in that; I don't believe in it, even for hosses; it only gets 'em to go a few rods, and then they're lazier'n ever. My father's broke more colts than any man in this county, an' he'd never let 'em be struck a blow. He said one blow spiled 'em, and I guess ye've got more to work on in a boy than ye have in a colt."

These discussions often ran high and waxed warm. But Draxy's adherents were a large majority. But she was to do more yet for these men and women. Slowly, noiselessly, in the procession of these beautiful and peaceful days, was drawing near a day which should anoint Draxy with a new baptism, and set her apart to a holier work.

It came, as the great consecrations of life are apt to come, suddenly, without warning. While we are patiently and faithfully keeping sheep in the wilderness, the messenger is journeying toward us with the vial of sacred oil, to make us kings.

It was on a September morning. Draxy sat at the eastward bay-window of her sitting-room, reading to Reuby. The child seemed strangely restless, and slipped from her lap again and again, running to the window to look out. At last Draxy said, "What is it, Reuby? Don't you want to hear mamma read any longer?"

"Where is papa?" replied Reuby. "I want to go and find papa."

"Papa has gone way down to the Lower Mills, darling; he won't come home till dinner," said Draxy, looking perplexedly at Reuby's face. She had never known him to ask for his father in this way before. Still his restlessness continued, and finally, clasping his mother's hand, he said, earnestly,—

"Come and find papa"

"We can't find him, dear," she replied; "it is too far for Reuby to walk, but we will go out on the same road papa has gone, and wait for papa to come;" so saying, she led the child out of the house, and rambled slowly along the road on which the Elder would return. In a few moments she saw moving in the distance a large black object she could not define. As it came nearer she saw that it was several men, walking slowly and apparently bearing something heavy between them.

Little Reuby pulled her hand and began to run faster. "Come

and find papa," he said again, in a tone which struck terror to Draxy's heart. At that instant the men halted. She hurried on. Presently she saw one man leave the rest and run rapidly toward her. It was old Ike. The rest still remained motionless and gathered closer around what they were carrying.

"O Reuby!" groaned Draxy. "Come quicker, find papa," he replied, impatiently; but old Ike had reached them, and wringing his hands, burst into tears. "O Mis' Kinney, yer must go back; they can't bring him along, an' you'n' the boy standing here. O Mis' Kinney come right back!" And Ike took hold of her shoulder and of her gown and almost turned her around.

"Is Mr. Kinney hurt?" said Draxy, in a strange voice, high-pitched and metallic. "I shall not go back. Tell the men to hurry. How dare they lose time so?" and Draxy tried to run toward them. Old Ike held her by main force. Sobs choked his voice, but he stammered out: "O Mis' Kinney, ef ye love Mr. Kinney, go back. He'd tell ye so himself. He won't know ye; the men won't never move a step till they see you'n' Reuby goin' first."

Draxy turned instantly and walked toward the house so swiftly that little Reuby could not keep up with her. He followed her, crying aloud, but she did not heed him. She flew rather than ran into the house, into the Elder's study, and dragged a lounge to the very threshold of the door. There she stood, whiter than any marble, and as still, awaiting the slow, toiling steps of the overburdened men. Little Reuben stumbled on the steps, and she did not help him. As he came close, clutching her dress in his pain and terror, she said in a low whisper, "Reuby, it will trouble papa if he sees us cry. Mamma isn't going to cry." The child stopped instantly and stood by her side, as calm as she, for a moment, then bursting out again into screams, said: "O mamma, I can't help crying, I can't; but I'll run away. Don't tell papa I cried." And he ran upstairs. Draxy did not see which way he went. Her eyes were fixed on the doorway which Ike had that moment reached; the men bearing the Elder's body were just behind him.

"O Mis' Kinney!" can't yer go away jest while we lay him down?" gasped Ike. "Seem's ef 'twouldn't be so hard."

Draxy looked past him as not hearing a word.

"Bring him in here and lay him on this lounge," she said in tones so clear and calm, they sent both courage and anguish into every heart.

Panting, and with grief-stricken faces, the men staggered in and laid the tall, majestic figure down. As they lifted the head tenderly and propped it by pillows, Draxy saw the pale, dead face with the sunken eyes and set lips, and gave one low cry. Then she clasped both hands tight over her heart and looked up as if she would pierce the very skies whither her husband had gone.

"We sent for the doctor right off; he'll be here's soon's he can get here."

"He never spoke a word arter we lifted him up. He couldn't ha' suffered any, Mis' Kinney."

"P'raps, Mis' Kinney, it'd be a good plan to ondo his clothes afore the doctor gits here," came in confused and trembling tones from one after another of the men who stood almost paralyzed in presence of Draxy's terrible silence.

"O Mis' Kinney, jest speak a word, can't ye? O she'll die if she don't. Where's Reuby? I'll fetch him," exclaimed Ike, and left the room; the men followed him irresolutely, looking back at Draxy, who still stood motionless, gazing down into the Elder's face.

"Do not look for Reuby—he has hid," came in a slow, measured whisper from her lips. "And leave me alone. Yes, I know. You need not be afraid. I understand that Mr. Kinney is dead," she added, as the men hesitated and looked bewildered in her face. "I will stay alone with him till the doctor comes," and Draxy gently closed the door and locked it. In a short time the little hall and door-yard were crowded with sobbing men and women. There was little to be told, but that little was told over and over. The Elder had walked down to the village store with old Ike, and had just given him some parcels to carry home, saying, "Tell Mrs. Kinney,"—when a runaway horse had come dashing furiously down the street, drawing a waggon in which clung, rather than sat, a woman holding a baby in her arms. The Elder had sprung into the middle of the road, and caught the horse by the bridle as he swerved a little to one side; but the horse was too strong and too much frightened to be held by any man's strength. Rearing high, he had freed his head, and plunging forward had knocked the Elder down in such a way that both waggon-wheels had run over his neck, breaking it instantly.

That Draxy should be all this time alone with her husband's body seemed dreadful to these sympathizing, simple-hearted people. No sound came from the room, though the windows were all wide open.

"O Mr. Miller! don't ye think some on us had better try to git in to her," said the women; "she don't make no noise."

"No," replied Reuben, feebly. He, too, was prostrated like Ike, by the fearful blow, and looked years older within the hour. "No: Draxy knows what's best for her. She's spoke to me once through the door. She hasn't fainted."

"When the doctor came, Reuben called to Draxy:—

"Daughter, the doctor's come."

The door opened instantly, but closed as soon as the doctor had entered. In a few moments it opened again, and the doctor handed a slip of paper to Reuben. He unfolded it and read it aloud:—

"Father, dear, please thank all the people for me, and ask them to go home now. There is nothing they can do. Tell them it grieves me to hear them cry, and Mr. Kinney would not wish it."

Slowly and reluctantly the people went, and a silence sadder

than the sobs and grieving voices settled down on the house. Reuben sat on the stairs, his head leaning against the study-door. Presently he heard a light step coming down. It was young Mrs. Plummer. She whispered, "I've found Reuby. He's asleep on the garret floor. He'd thrown himself down on some old carpet, way out in the darkest corner, under the eaves. I've covered him up, an' I'm goin' to sit by him till he wakes up. The longer he sleeps the better. You tell her where he is."

Reuben nodded; his dull senses hardly heard the words. When the study-door next opened, Draxy herself came out, walking with a slow, measured step which transformed her whole bearing. Her face was perfectly calm, but colourless as white stone. At sight of her father her lips quivered, and she stretched out both hands to him; but she only said, "Where is Reuby?" And as soon as she heard, she went quickly up the stairs, adding, "Do not follow me, father dear; ye cannot help me."

Mrs. Plummer sat in the dark garret, leaning her head against the dusty rafters, as near as she could get to poor little Reuby. Her eyes were shut, and tears stood on her cheeks. Suddenly she was startled by Draxy's low voice, saying:—

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Plummer; it was very kind in you to stay here and not wake him up. I will sit by him now."

Mrs. Plummer poured forth incoherent words of sympathy and sorrow, but Draxy hardly seemed to hear her. She stood quietly, making no reply, waiting for her to go.

"O Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney, do cry a little, can't ye?" exclaimed the warm-hearted woman; "it scares us to death to see ye this way."

Draxy smiled. "No, my dear friend. I cannot cry now. I suppose I shall sometime, because I am very selfish, and I shall be so lonely; but just now, I am only thinking how happy he is in these first hours in heaven." The tears stood in her eyes, but her look was as of one who gazed rapturously inside the pearly gates. Mrs. Plummer stole softly away, overawed and afraid. As she went out of the house, she said to Reuben: "Mis' Kinney ain't no mortal woman. She hain't shed a tear yet, and she jest looks as glorified as the Elder can this minute in sight o' God's very throne itself. O Mr. Miller, I'm afraid she'll break down. This kind o' grief is what kills folks."

"No," said Reuben, "you don't know Draxy. She won't break down. She'll take care on us all jest the same, but ye won't never see again the same face you used to see. Oh, I can't be reconciled, I can't!" And Reuben groaned aloud.

The next morning, when Draxy came out of the study, her hair was white as snow. As her father first caught sight of her, he stared wildly for a moment as at some stranger; then crying out, "O Draxy!" he tottered and would have fallen if she had not caught him and led him to a chair.

"O father, dear," she exclaimed, "don't feel so! I wouldn't call him back this minute if I could," and she smiled piteously.

"O Draxy—'tain't that," gasped Reuben. "O daughter! you're dyin' and never lettin' us know it. Your hair's as white's mine." Draxy gave a startled glance at the mirror, and said, in a much more natural tone than she had hitherto spoken in: "I don't think that strange. It's happened before to people in great trouble. I've read of it: you'll get used to it very soon, father, dear. I'm glad of it; I'll be all in white now," she added in a lower tone, speaking dreamily, as if to herself,—"they walk in white; they walk in white."

Then Reuben noticed that she was dressed in white. He touched her gown, and looked inquiringly. "Yes, father dear," she said, "always."

On the day of the funeral, when Draxy entered the church leading little Reuby by the hand, a visible shudder ran through the congregation. The news had run like wildfire through the parish, on the morning after the Elder's death, that Mrs. Kinney's hair had all turned gray in the night. But nobody was in the least prepared for the effect. It was not gray—it was silvery white; and as it retained all the silken gloss which had made it so beautiful, the shining of it was marvellous. It kindled her beauty into something superhuman. The colour had left her cheeks also, but in its place was a clear soft tint which had no pallor in it. She was dressed in pure white, so also was little Reuby; but for this the parish were prepared. Very well they knew Draxy's deep-rooted belief that to associate gloom with the memory of the dead was disloyal alike to them and to Christ; and so warmly had she imbued most of the people with her sentiment that the dismal black garb of so-called mourning was rarely seen in the village.

Bareheaded, Draxy and her little son walked from the church to the grave; their faces the calmest, their steps the steadiest there. Reuben and Jane walked behind them, bent over and sobbing, and half the congregation were weeping uncontrollably; but the widowed woman and the fatherless boy walked with uplifted glances, as if they saw angel-forms in the air by their side.

"'Tain't nateral; 'tain't noways nateral; thet woman hain't got any nateral feelin' in her," said Eben Hill, leaning against a grave-stone, and idly chewing a spray of golden-rod. George Thayer turned upon him like a blazing sword.

"Hev ye got any nateral feelin' yourself, Eben Hill, to say that, standin' here an' lookin' at that woman's white hair an' cheeks, 'n' only last Sunday she was 's handsome a pictur's ye ever see, her hair a twinklin' in the sun like a brown beech-tree, an' her cheeks jest like roses? Nateral feelin's! It's enough to make the Elder rise up afore ye, to hear ye say sech a thing, Eben Hill; 'n' ef 'twasn't jest the funeral that 'tis, I b'lieve I'd thrash ye right an' left, here'n sight o' yer own mother's tombstone, ye miserable, sneakin' fool. Ef there was ever a woman that was carryin' a hull town straight into the Lord's heaven on her own

shoulders, it's Mis' Kinney, an' that blessed boy o' her'n 's goin' to be jest like her. Look at him now, a workin' his poor little mouth an' lookin' up to her and tryin' not to cry."

Poor little Reuby! when the first shovelful of earth fell on the coffin, his child's heart gave way, and he broke into loud crying, which made the roughest men there hide their eyes. Draxy caught him up in her arms and whispered something which quieted him instantly. Then she set him down, and he stood till the end, looking away from the grave with almost a smile on his face. He told some one the next day that he kept saying over to himself all that time, "Beautiful gates of precious stones and angels with harps. That's the city, you know, where my papa has gone. It's not half so far off as we think; and papa is so happy there, he don't even miss us, though he can see us every minute. And mamma and I are going there pretty soon; next summer, perhaps."

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Beautiful hand—not small, nor white,
Nor satiny soft for love's delight;
'Twas brown and seamed in many a place
With daily labour's rugged trace;
But fellow-toilers in the land
Knew the aid of that helpful hand.

Beautiful eyes—not large, nor bright,
But soft with love's own holy light;
Where sympathy in tears would start,
Or beam its gladness from the heart,
Till other hearts would own their sway
And bless the loving, cheering ray.

Beautiful face, that seemed to say
An inward hope my soul doth stay;
Where patient love and tender thought
Together mute expression sought;
Yet as the face of one who knows
The heaviness of others' woes.

Beautiful life—'twas lived for God;
The willing feet His pathway trod;
Life's thorns might wound, they could not mar
The radiant soul that bore their scar.
Ah, were there more such lives, we'd show
Half Heaven's beauties here below.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

I AM dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams :
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,
Far exceeds my fondest dreams.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light ?
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghost of doubts and fears.

I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide,
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden *light* appear.

Oh, the cross has wondrous glory,
Oft I've proved this to be true ;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through.

Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Broken vows and disappointments,
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honours all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

Oh, how sweetly Jesus whispers,
Take the cross thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near !

The Higher Life.

"HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?"

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IV.

In endeavouring to ascertain the precise meaning of the question proposed by the apostle to the Ephesian disciples, and of the promise made by our Lord to His followers, from whom His personal presence was about to be withdrawn, when He said, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence," our first source of information is found in the terms of that promise in the various forms in which it occurs in the discourses of our Lord, especially in that one which was delivered immediately before His crucifixion. From these terms we learn that what the infant Church was to wait for was the revelation of the personal presence of the Holy Spirit. The proof of this has already been adduced in part. Pronominal forms of speech are applied to Him who was to come which are only applicable to a person, and in the passages in which these occur acts are ascribed to Him which could only be performed by a person. This argument might easily be elaborated and expanded, but probably the outline which has been presented will be accepted by the candid reader as sufficient.

Another thing that we learn from the terms of the promises and predictions which refer to the coming of the Holy Spirit, is that He was to take the place and carry on the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was to come in Christ's Name, and in such a way that in His presence Christ should Himself be virtually present. It is remarkable, that in referring to the *Paraclete*, He does not hesitate to say: "I will come unto you." As He had come in His Father's name, and had so faithfully represented Him, that He claimed that they that had seen Him had seen the Father, so by the presence and agency of the Holy Spirit He was Himself to be made visible to the souls of men. "Yet a little while and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me; because I live ye shall live also." The living Christ, though invisible to the world, was to be seen by the living souls of men, quickened and spiritualized by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

What the Second Person in the Divine Trinity had been to His disciples in the dispensation which was then closing, the Third Person was to be to them in that which was about to be inaugurated. As the Godhead had been manifested in the past by the former of these, in the future it was to be made known by the latter. Hitherto the statement had been true, that "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him;" henceforth no man was to see the Son at any time, in the sense of the passage which has just been quoted; but the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son was

to reveal Him. As the Son had taken of the things of the Father and showed them unto men, so the Holy Spirit was to take of the things of the Son and show them to them, only by a different mode of manifestation. The former of these Divine Persons had revealed the Father in His own person, through the medium of His humanity ; the latter was to reveal by the Son, by direct contact and purely spiritual communication with the souls of men. And thus was the way to be prepared in what is described by our Lord as the coming of the *Paraclete*, for a purer and more perfect, because a more spiritual, revelation of God to man, than any that had preceded it.

That the inauguration of the Dispensation of the Spirit was to mark a distinct and advanced stage in the progress of revelation is evident from the fact that our Lord distinctly intimates that He had communications to make for which even His carefully instructed disciples, including the apostles, were not yet prepared. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He had still to speak unto them as babes, feeding them with milk, because they were not yet capable of digesting and assimilating the strong meat with which He was prepared to feed them. He had to adapt His teaching to their low state of spiritual development. He had, therefore, to leave the completion of this part of His work to the Holy Ghost, who by a divine process of interior illumination, would put His redeemed people in possession of truths which were too spiritual to be conveyed in any form of human speech which even the great Teacher, who spake as never man spake, could command.

It is remarkable that in this very discourse in which our Lord utters these wonderful things concerning the Holy Spirit, into whose hands He was about to commit His Church, for which He was in a few hours to lay down His life, He utters some of the most wonderful things that He ever uttered concerning Himself. One of these was a saying which it has required all the intervening ages, between the time of its utterance and the present, to enable the Church to acquire even a tolerable comprehension of its import. The profound truth which He uttered when He said, "I am the Truth," is better understood now than it ever was before; but how few even now appear to have grasped it fully. In Him, indeed, are "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," but without the supernatural divine illumination of the Spirit they are, as the apostle says (Col. ii. 3), "hidden" in Him. He was unknown, and knew that He was unknown, except in the crudest and shallowest manner, even by those who had been brought into the closest and most intimate fellowship with Him during His earthly ministry, and that it was by the ministry of the Divine *Paraclete*, who should testify of Him, and take the things that belong to Him and show them unto men, that He should be made known.

It is in view of this fact, that the Comforter whom the Father, in answer to the mediatorial prayer of His Son, was about to give to His disconsolate and bereaved Church, which was so soon to be reduced to a state of utter desolation by the withdrawal of His personal presence, is called "the Spirit of Truth." Our Lord invests Him with His own attribute, and yet with a difference corresponding with the different character of His ministry and mode of His operation. The Lord Jesus Christ was the Truth embodied, manifested to the senses, the understanding, the reason of men, in their own

nature, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, sharing all the innocent infirmities that belong to humanity, and tempted in all points like unto His brethren. Great, indeed, is the mystery of Godliness. "God was manifested in the flesh." This revelation of God in the perfect humanity of His incarnate Son, was a stupendous advance on all former modes of Divine revelation; but it was of the same nature, it proceeded along the same line with that which preceded it. God, who had been virtually incarnated in human thought and in human speech, was now actually incarnated in the person of a living man. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father) full of grace and truth."

In this stupendous act of condescension on the part of the Deity, this form of external revelation reached its highest possible development. It was impossible that a revelation to man from without could be carried to any higher point. If any further advancement was to be made in the disclosure of the Divine to man, it is evident that it must be made from within. It must be made, not by the Truth embodied, speaking to man through his senses and his intellectual nature, but by the Truth in its pure spiritual essence, touching him on the higher, the Godward side of his being. Even the intellect of man, marvellous and even Godlike as it is, is not the highest part of his nature. It is his moral and spiritual being that is the divine thing in him. It is this that allies him to the Deity. It is this which constitutes the point of direct contact between him and his Maker.

Here, then, is the difference between the ministry of Christ and the ministry of the Holy Spirit, by which it was to be superseded. The ministry of Christ was from without, that of the Holy Spirit is from within. The former was necessarily sensuous, addressing itself primarily to the eye and the ear, and through these making its way to the understanding and the heart. The latter appeals directly to the highest thing in man, accomplishing its work by the direct contact and communication of a purely spiritual agent. And this more perfect, because more spiritual, ministry, to which all former divine communications to man were preparatory, and the foundation for which was laid in the incarnation and redemptive work of the Son of God, is to continue forever.

Of course, there can be no antagonism or inconsistency between the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ and the ministry of the Holy Spirit. The essential unity of the Godhead makes this impossible. Nor was the latter of these ministries to be independent of the former. There was to be the most perfect harmony and co-operation between them. As the ministry of the Holy Spirit would have been impossible without the ministry of Christ, which had preceded it, so the ministry of Christ could never have reached its highest consummation without the ministry of the Spirit. The latter was, according to our Lord's conception of it, to stand in the relation of a fulfilment to the former. As in the person and personal work of the Messiah there had been the filling up, the rounding out and completion, of all those disclosures of the character and will of God which had been made to man in former dispensations, the work of the Holy Spirit was to fill out this more perfect revelation which God had made in the person of His Son. Thus while the Holy Ghost was to perform the part of a Teacher, He was at the same time to act as a Remembrancer, teaching His

Church all things and bringing to its remembrance that which had been taught by the Lord Jesus Christ: "These things have I spoken unto you, being *yet* present present with you. But the Comforter, *which is* the Holy Ghost, whom the Father shall send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have spoken unto you."

Truth is never inconsistent with itself. That which pertains to the highest dispensation can never be in conflict with even that which belongs to the lowest. Truth is of God, and, like everything else that is divine, it is immutable and eternal. It is not in the essence, but in the form and expression of truth, that it is susceptible of modification and change. It is not in its substance, but in its accidents that it is capable of improvement. The evolution or development of the truth revealed in the person of the Lord Jesus, and in His words and acts, is a subjective process; it is a change wrought in us, not in the truth, by which our crude and unworthy conceptions of it are exchanged for those that are purer and more worthy. What additions may be made to the sum of truth by the ministry of the Spirit during the progress of the ages, we cannot, of course, even guess; but of this we may be assured, that they will never, that they can never, exceed what is in Christ; in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. It is into these hidden treasures that it is the mission of the Comforter to lead us. *

But here, in order to avoid error, we must distinguish between Christ and the verbal utterances of Christ. Precious as are the latter, they are not to be compared with the former. Wonderful, indeed, are both the words and works of Christ; but Christ Himself infinitely transcends all that He said and did. It is not merely His acts and sayings which it is the work of the Spirit to interpret, so as to make the full depth of their divine meaning accessible to the supernaturally quickened and illuminated souls of men. It is an error to suppose that His divine ministry is to be confined to the mere iteration and exposition of the words of Jesus uttered during His personal ministry on earth. No doubt, bearing these sayings in upon the soul and applying them to the heart and conscience is a part, and a very important part, of His work. But it is only a part of it. Taken in its breadth and fulness, it vastly transcends any such narrow limits. It is not into the spoken or written Word, but into the living spiritual Divine Word; not merely into truth as embodied in even the most perfect forms of speech, but into the living, essential, personal Truth, which infinitely

* Since this article was in type, the writer has met with the following in the Bampton Lectures for 1888:—"In Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden. They are hidden that we may search them out, that we may expect ever fresh light and fresh knowledge to break forth from Him. 'I am verily persuaded,' said the Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, as they embarked in the *Mayflower*, 'I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth to be brought forth out of His Word.' 'It is not incredible,' says Bishop Butler, 'that a book that has been so long in the possession of mankind should contain many truths as yet undiscovered.' 'O send forth Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me' should be the prayer, as of each Christian man, so of the Church at large. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"—"*Letter and Spirit*," *by Robert Edward Bartlett, M.A.*, p. 150.

transcends the possibility of expression, that it is the mission of the Comforter to lead us.

The correctness of this view will become apparent in proportion to the critical care with which John xvi. 13–15 is studied. The Authorized Version, in consequence of the omission of a word, scarcely brings out the full meaning and force of the original. It makes the office of the Holy Spirit in His teaching function to guide believers into all truth, whereas the Greek represents it as being to guide them into all *the* truth. This is the rendering given in the Revised Version. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ, as the Eternal Word, which was in the beginning, was with God, and was God, is the Truth. And that this is the Truth, into a full acquaintance with whom it is the mission of the Comforter to guide those who are led by Him, is evident from what follows. This Divine Agent, in the execution of His office, "shall not speak of," literally *from*, "himself"; but shall act in such complete harmony and co-operation with the other Persons in the Godhead that His communications, while, in the strictest sense, His own, shall at the same time be the communications of the Father and the Son. "Whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak."

Of course, what is said of a purely spiritual being must be understood in a purely spiritual sense. Neither speaking nor hearing can be attributed to such except by a figure of speech. We cannot understand how spirits can communicate with one another without the intervention of material organs, and least of all can we understand how the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead carry on their Divine counsels and operations so that there is such absolute unity of thought of purpose and of action, that whatever is thought or willed or done by either of them is properly attributable to all. But we can apprehend the fact, though we cannot comprehend its *rationale*. In this respect, though the mystery involved in it transcends all others, it differs not from a great many other things that we know as facts, but of which we can give no rational account. In a universe which is full of mysteries, the greatest of all of which is that of its own being, it ought not to be a matter of marvel to us that the Great Being, in which this universe had its beginning, and by whom it is perpetuated and governed, should be Himself the sum of all mysteries.

The truth expressed by our Lord in the passage under consideration, however, is, when stripped of all figure of speech, that the Holy Spirit makes no communications to the souls of men which are not in perfect harmony with the character, the thoughts and purposes of the Father and the Son; and that on account of this absolute harmony, the manifestation of Himself is, in fact, the manifestation of the whole Trinity. As the Son is the effulgence of the glory of the Father, the Holy Ghost is the outshining of the glory of the Son. But as the glory of the Father and the Son are the same, in glorifying the Son He is at the same time glorifying the Father. "All things whatsoever the Father hath is mine; therefore said I, that he taketh of Mine and shall declare it unto you." It will be readily seen that in this saying of our Lord there is something implied which is not expressed. It is implied that the work of the Spirit is to reveal the things of the Father, but that as all things that belong to the Father belong to the Son, in revealing or declaring the things of the Father, He is by the very act uncovering and displaying the things of the Son. And this process of self-

manifestation by the agency of the Holy Ghost is to project itself into the whole future of the Church and the race.

Because the external revelation, the record of which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is completed, it does not follow that no further Divine communication will be made to man. If we have read aright the utterances of our Lord in respect to this matter, humanity was to be brought, in this dispensation, into closer relationship and more intimate communion with God than it ever had been before. God was not only to dwell among men, but to be in them. It was in exposition of the transcendent privilege of the new dispensation that our Lord said (John xiv. 23), "If any man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love Him, and We will come and make Our abode with him." That is, in this new and spiritual dispensation, under the quickening and illumination of the Holy Ghost, both the Father and the Son shall become continuously and permanently the supreme objects of thought, of affection, and of consciousness to the loving and obedient soul.

Coming or going, departing from, or abiding in or with particular places, or individuals, are things which can only be affirmed of a Divine Person in an accommodated sense. Absolutely God is in every place. There is not a spot in the universe from which either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost has been or can ever be absent for a moment. And notwithstanding what is sometimes said about a special presence of God, there is not a spot where these divine Persons are present in any higher sense than in any other. And the movement of such a Being from one point in space to another is manifestly impossible. There is no room for such movement on the part of a Being who is Omnipresent. All those passages of Scripture in which such phrases occur as imply the localizing of the Divine Presence must be understood as referring not to the absolute or essential, but to the manifested, presence of God. It is in this sense that we are to understand all those passages which refer to the *coming* of the Comforter, and this one in which He promises that He and His Father will come to the loving and obedient and make Their abode with them. The meaning is that They will come permanently into the thoughts, the affections, the consciousness of such, so that they shall no longer be apprehended as intellectual abstractions, or Beings at an awful distance, concerning whose very being we have only dim and indistinct notions, but living realities ever present to the consciousness.

Now, this was to be the experience, according to the comforting words addressed by our Lord to His disciples when He was on His way to the Cross, of all such as received the Holy Ghost in the new dispensation in His fulness. His indwelling was to be a matter of consciousness, and it was not only to make itself known, but to reveal the presence of the Father and the Son. He was, in fact, to annihilate the sense of distance between the soul and God, to bring them, as a matter of consciousness, face to face, by bringing them into vital and loving communion. And what progress in divine knowledge may be made when the soul is thus brought into personal and direct communication with the living truth itself who can tell! So far as we can learn from the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is absolutely no limit to the revelation of God to man, but in the capacity of the soul to receive it; and how far this capacity may be enlarged, under

the quickening, illuminating, and sanctifying influence and power of the Holy Ghost, we have no means of knowing.

There will not, indeed, be any revelation made to man which will supersede that system of truth which constitutes the historical basis of Christianity. Startlingly original as the teaching of our Lord must have appeared to those who heard Him, He never failed to put honour upon the Scriptures. In this respect we cannot be too careful to follow His example. If we would avoid error, however, and not shut out the progressive illumination which the words of the Lord Jesus warrant us in expecting in this the perfection and crowning glory of all the dispensations, we must not confound the spirit with the letter. We must learn to distinguish between the truth embodied, represented in symbols, and in forms of speech, which however perfect, owing to the defectiveness of the recipient, can never of themselves convey to the soul a complete representation of such a subtle essence as the truth of God, and the living Spirit of God, which is essential Truth itself, operating upon the human spirit by the written Word, by the facts of nature and Providence, by the progress of human development and the peculiar forms of intellectual activity which distinguish the successive ages of human history, by the state of the affections, and by the aspirations, and the conflicts and struggles of the soul in its efforts to obtain a more complete comprehension of the mystery of being, and a more perfect acquaintance with God. All these constitute a divinely-appointed system of means for the development and perfecting of human nature; and in all these, through all these, and by all these, is the Holy Ghost continuously working, not only through the entire life-time of individual men, but through the whole progress of the ages, guiding those who love God and keep His commandments into all the Truth. Such is the mission of the Comforter, in its broadest and most comprehensive aspect, if we read aright the promises and predictions of our Lord respecting it.

MY HEART WAS HEAVY.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place,
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded o'er a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
One common sorrow like a mighty wave
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

—*Whittier.*

NOT A WILDERNESS STATE.

THERE are very erroneous views prevalent in regard to Justification. There are those who are disposed to draw an analogy between the state of the Jews in the wilderness and Christians in a state of justification. Such representations are very wrong and misleading.

The Jews in the wilderness were full of unbelief, murmurers against God and against Moses, and guilty of the foulest idolatry. God had to inflict upon them sore judgments, and the great mass of them failed to enter Canaan—their bones were left to bleach in the wilderness, a fearful example of God's indignation against unbelievers.

How different the state of the justified Christian under the light and influence of the New Testament dispensation! He is a true believer, having appropriated to himself the infinite merit of the atoning blood. All his past transgressions are freely and fully forgiven. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath God removed his transgressions from him. Hence, all guilt arising from the acts of personal rebellion is removed, and he is accounted righteous before God, just as much as though he had never sinned. Guilt being removed, there is no sense of condemnation remaining; but on the contrary, a comfortable assurance of God's favour. This change of spiritual relation is a witnessed one. The spirit of adoption is given, whereby the individual cries *"Abba, Father!"* He is now a child and an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ—heir to all that God *is* in Himself, and to all that He *has*, in the length and breadth of His kingdom. Moreover, in connection with this pardon of sin, and the adoption into the Divine family, there is the work of *moral regeneration*, so that he is renewed in the spirit of his mind, all his powers being set heavenward instead of earthward. He has within him the principle of *spiritual life*, and the graces of true holiness are all implanted in infantile degree, so that all such are called *"saints."* This is no *wilderness state*—it is glorious, and there is only one step from this to entire sanctification.—*Guide to Holiness.*

WHEN endless day dispels the strife
Which blinds and darkens now,
Perchance the brightest crown of life
Shall deck some lowly brow.
Then learn, despite thy boding fears,
From seed with sorrow sown,
In lone obscurity and tears,
The richest sheaves are grown.

Current Topics.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

That was a very notable convention which met in Association Hall in the month of April. The meeting of leading men of light and learning of the different Churches gathered for friendly consultation as to points of agreement in Christian faith and practice, and for devising means for promoting Christian unity and co-operation in Christian work, cannot fail to be greatly helpful in bringing those Churches nearer together, even if it do not lead to organic union. It is said that no similar convention has been held since the Reformation. It is no small honour to our country that here, where the most conspicuous examples of Christian unity in the consolidation of the several branches of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches have taken place, this further effort at union of Christendom should be attempted.

There are few notes to which the great heart of Christendom so strongly responds as to that of Christian unity. In all evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a yearning to repair the breaches and heal the strifes of the past. The liberalizing spirit of the age is breaking down the barriers which have kept Christian Churches and Christian people apart. As more of the spirit of the Master abounds in the heart, more love will abound to our brethren of other sections of Christ's Church. Too long have the Churches been estranged from one another, often persecuting one another—"at one time with the sword of the State, at another time with the more cruel swords of pen and tongue."

It behooves all earnest Christians—all who desire to see the complete and final victory of Christ's kingdom over the kingdom of Satan and sin—to labour and pray for this spirit of unity and co-operation in the work of bringing the world to the feet of Jesus. In the words of the common creed of Christendom, "we believe in the Holy Catholic Church,"—the whole body of true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet how often have wrath, strife, envy, and all uncharitableness marked the conduct toward each other of the different sections of that Catholic Church? Thank God that a brighter day is dawning, that the hearts of Christians in the different Churches are yearning toward each other, and that they are stretching out hands of brotherly greeting over the barriers which so long have kept them apart. May the time soon come when everywhere shall be realized the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

We do not ask, Is an intimate organic union, exhibiting complete oneness of doctrine, and discipline, and mode of worship—such as that which, under the blessing of God, has put an end to the divisions by which Canadian Methodism has been rent during half a century—we do not ask, we say, Is such a union as this possible? But, Is a Christian union, which—while recognizing diverging schools of thought, and traditional or national modes of worship, or even varying ecclesiastical politics—shall bind with the bonds of a common love, and common zeal, and common work *all*—by whatever name they are named—who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth? We not only believe that this is possible, but that it is as sure as the never-failing Word of God. "Yes," is the answer that Faith must give, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

We rejoice that the centrifugal repulsions which have so long divided and weakened the moral forces of

Christendom are yielding to the centripetal attractions which are bringing together and strengthening the hearts of earnest men in all the Churches who are yearning to unite in common Christian endeavour. The following utterances of the Hon. Edward Blake, of the Church of England, express, we believe, the convictions of many thoughtful minds:—"There is, I think," he said, "no more hopeful sign than the degree of charity following the unity which exists in these latter days amongst the Christian Churches, and though I believe there are points of difference between us and sister Churches, we are falling more and more into the spirit of the Gospel, and there is a tendency to dwell more upon those points on which we agree than on those on which we agree to differ." While this spirit is growing among the laity of all the Churches, may we not hope that their religious teachers and guides shall foster the same generous spirit, and be their leaders in this great movement toward Christian unity and co-operation?

How Shall Christian Unity be Promoted?

In the first place by cultivating more and more the crowning grace of Christian charity—the divine and heavenly principle of love—love toward God and love toward the brethren—that charity that suffereth long and is kind; that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Let us recognize the excellences in each other. Let us broaden our horizon, enlarge our sympathies, and dwell more and more on the blessed thought of the true fellowship of saints and their spiritual unity in the great essentials of saving faith and holy lives. Let us dwell less upon our mutual differences, and more upon our common agreements.

We can surely find much to admire in those great historic Churches which have been for centuries the conservators of truth and bulwarks against popery, infidelity, ignorance and sin? May we not admire in the Anglican Church that comely and pious liturgy, from which Methodism the world over has so largely borrowed; and those prayers which sustained the hearts of the martyrs amid the fires of Smithfield? In the grand old Presbyterian Church—heroic daughter of the Reformation—can we not, forgetting the Five Points of Calvinism, be touched to reverence by the sublime definitions of Christian doctrine in the Westminster Confession?

Why should we cut ourselves off from the historic past? Through all the ages God has been building up His spiritual Church—the great "City of God," of which Augustine wrote. Its citizens are the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church throughout all the world. That Church—the type on earth of the Church of the redeemed in heaven—is a grander, wider, nobler thing than any of the many isms into which it is divided.

That, therefore, the Church on earth may become more like the Church in heaven, let us hail with joy every sign of its approaching unification; let us reciprocate heartily every overture toward Christian unity. "The time for controversy," says Bishop Coxe, "is past, the time for conferences has come." Let us hear what our brethren of other Churches, who earnestly desire Christian union, have to suggest. It is no proof of strength of conviction to refuse to listen to the convictions of others. "Strike, but hear me!" said the Grecian sage; and it is only just to hear what an adversary has to say before prejudging and condemning him. And let us hear with candour, without attributing motives other than those which are expressed, or reading into his utterances a meaning other than that which is avowed, or affixing a stigma which may not only be uncharitable but unjust.

Methodism can well afford to hold out the olive branch to other Churches. Almost alone of the

Churches of Christendom it has originated, as Prof. Goldwin Smith has remarked, not in strife and controversy, but in a religious revival. Let the maxim of Wesley be ours: "The friends of all, the enemies of none." Let us seek to inherit the beatitude pronounced by the Author of love and concord, on those who follow after the things which make for peace.

The best way, it seems to us, to promote Christian union is, to seek more and more, in all the Churches, the baptism of the Spirit of love, of brotherhood, of Christianity. Let every Christian be in communion with every other Christian, and be ready to accept and acknowledge all others who stand in the Apostles' fellowship and doctrine.

Much may be done by Christian intercourse and courtesy. We have before us the address to their brethren in Christ of all the Churches, of the Christian Unity Society, formed for this purpose. Bishop Coxe urges the formation of a Christian Alliance of all the Churches—something possessing more dynamic energy than the Evangelical Alliance, with its occasional handshaking and "agreeing to differ." "It is time," he says, "to speak out and to see what can be hoped for in behalf of united Christian efforts to preserve and to augment the Christian forces on which American civilization must depend. Let anybody reflect on the monstrous social evils which are everywhere at work to destroy and overthrow where our forefathers have built wisely and well, and I think he must feel that the scattering of Christian energies, where every duty calls us to combine, is madness. Evil masses its forces against us; but millions who are practically one as to fundamental principles of Christian society are impotent to make their mighty energies felt in national morals and in behalf of social order, because a persistent individualism resolves them into a rope of sand."

"After so many ages of controversy," says Dr. Strong, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "Christians are at last coming to understand better not only their own faith and its relations, but also one another's views of it; and thus what may be styled an *anti-polemical* spirit is springing up, which augurs well for the dawn of the millennial day of the Prince of the Peace."

Let this spirit be cultivated more and more, and in the near future Christians of the different Churches will discover, with a glad surprise, as they drink more deeply of the spirit of the Master, how near together and how much alike they are. Let all who name the name of Christ, join with heart and hand in a solemn league and covenant, first of Christian concord and friendship, and then of united effort to promote the glory of God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to men.

God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death

for us to spend a moment of time or a spark of energy in unchristian strife and antagonism.

As we stand a-nigh His cross,
And behold His grief and shame,
Trifling differences as dross,
Live but in their trifling name,
Hate and spite and party fall
Dead, when CHRIST is all in all.

THE dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

—*Whittier.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Two volumes which have been published describing the position of Methodism in the agricultural districts of England, show that services are held in seven thousand English villages, in three thousand five hundred of which there is no other Nonconformist services, but there are still seven thousand five hundred villages untouched by Wesleyan agencies. The lay-preachers for the most part supply the village pulpits. There are fifteen thousand five hundred lay-preachers, and the value of the village church property is two millions and a quarter sterling.

Strenuous efforts have been put forth to reduce the heavy debt on the Foreign Missionary Society, but while a great reduction has been made, there are still $47,000 on the debit side. The income of the past year exceeded the expenditure by $38,000. The annual meeting in Exeter Hall was more than usually enthusiastic. Rev. E. R. Young, of Canada, was the hero of the meeting. No address produced a more profound impression than that which he delivered respecting his missionary career in the North-West.

It is contemplated to employ more lay-agents in connection with the missions, both at home and abroad. A new hall has been opened at Paris, in the midst of a dense population, in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary restaurant. The hall is one of the most commodious of the many now open for mission agencies in Paris.

Lady McArthur, at whose death the $250,000 left by Sir William to the Wesleyan Church were to be paid, recently passed away. Lady McArthur was distinguished for many Christian virtues, though for several years she lived secluded from society.

Under the inspiration and guidance of Dr. Dallinger, the Wesleyan Scientific Society of England contains three hundred members. It has only been three years in existence.

Primitive Methodist.

The two London districts are uniting in a strong appeal to the approaching Conference for a more earnest Connexional effort to extend the denomination in the Metropolis.

A valedictory service was recently held in Surrey Chapel, London, to bid farewell to three young men, who were designated to open a new mission somewhere in the Zambesi region, Central Africa. The cost of the new mission will amount to some thousands of pounds, but the enthusiasm manifested by the Churches has justified the Committee in undertaking the enterprise.

Methodist Episcopal.

The Deaconness' Home in New York has been opened. Bishop Andrews and other celebrities took part in the dedicatory service. The Home will be under the auspices of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. Great hopes are entertained respecting the future welfare of the Home. There will be accommodation for twenty-five deaconnesses.

William Taylor, the African Bishop, has preached the Gospel on every continent and on many of the isles of the sea, fulfilling in a more literal sense than most preachers the conditions of the great commission. He is reported to have said that though he is sixty-seven years of age, if he

had his choice he would rather spend the next twenty years among the savages in Africa than in heaven among the angels.

In the territory which was embraced in the Stamford Circuit, one hundred years ago, and which was in reality the whole of what was then embraced by Methodism in New England, where Jesse Lee planted the Methodist standard, it is proposed to erect a large statue on the site of the old apple tree, where he preached the first Methodist sermon. There are now two hundred and seventy-five Methodist ministers labouring.

Buffalo Methodists are lively. They already have several good things, and are now reaching out for a theological seminary. They think that there is a demand for a school to accommodate Methodism in Central and Western New York and parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Buffalo *Advocate* thinks that its city is one of the most desirable sites in the nation for such a school of the prophets, and the fulness of time has come for its inauguration.

At the late commencement of Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey, twenty-six young men graduated. The trustees resolved to raise $100,000 in addition to the endowment fund and to erect a new dormitory. The seminary is in a prosperous condition.

The Year-Book of the Methodist Boston University for 1889 contains nearly two hundred pages, and reports eight hundred and seventy-five students in all departments, amongst them being representatives from eighteen foreign countries.

A good work is being done in Honolulu among the Japanese by the Methodist Church. *The Friend*, a religious paper published in the island, ascribes it to the patient preparation of the ground by former workers, and the zeal and devoted labour of the present minister, the Rev. Mr. Miyama, a man of magnetic power, who thus bids fair to revolutionize the lives of his countrymen in Honolulu. During the last three months of last year he baptized eighty-four new converts, reclaimed many erring members of the flock, and put new life into the Church. Among his converts were the Japanese Consul and his wife.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church celebrates this year its threescore years and ten. In that time it has disbursed more than $20,000,000, or about twice last year's receipts by all the missionary societies, American and European.

The Methodist ladies in Chicago are labouring earnestly on behalf of the "Wesley Hospital," which in five weeks has made a record which amply pays for the work of five years. There are a dozen beds, and all are filling up. It is hoped that there will soon be fifty beds.

African News is the name of a magazine just started in Philadelphia. Bishop Taylor is the editor, and it is published in the interest of his African work.

A Deaconess' Home has been started in Calcutta. Mrs. Bishop Thoburn is in charge of it, and there are already inmates busy with plans and preparatory work.

Since the above statistics were compiled, land has been selected at Ogden, Utah, for a university. The citizens of Ogden have subscribed $50,000 in cash, and an equal sum in land. Ogden is right in the heart of the Mormon territory.

The Japanese translation of the Old Testament has been completed, and the New Testament published at one penny is, by order of the Government, to be read in all the State schools.

Dr. Harrison, of the *Southern Methodist Review*, writes respecting Romanism in England, and says, that one hundred years ago the Protestants numbered twelve millions, and Roman Catholics one hundred and fifty millions; but to-day Romanism has less than she had a century ago in her household, while Protestants have increased to one hundred and forty-three millions.

Father O'Connor, the converted priest, has been the means of the conversion of 800 Catholics during the past five years.

The Hon. John Bright, who has just gone to his reward, wrote some time ago to General Clinton B. Fish, and said: "There is nothing that is going to give such stability to this Government as the religious instruction of our children in the Protestant Sunday-schools of the realm, and I have read all about them in your country, and your people are going to be safe if you only stand by your Sunday-school men, and train up your children in the way of the Lord.

The Pope is reported to be uneasy about the anti-Jesuit agitation in Canada. It is said that he fears that if a bitter feeling should arise it might cause serious complications.

Dr. Lavartha, of Chicago, is at work in England and the United States organizing a movement for the settlement of Palestine, and a scheme for the development of the great Euphrates valley, which is capable of sustaining one million people, and of being the centre of the world's activities.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The annual meeting of the Publishing House was held in May. The total business from all departments is $300,644.20. The profits $56,334.56; of which $12,500 was appropriated to the Conference claimants—superannuates.

The income of the Woman's Missionary Society during the past year amounted to $70,000. Ten additional missionaries have been accepted, and assigned to various parts of the mission field.

Methodist New Connexion.

A bazaar was lately held at Halifax, when the magnificent sum of $6,511 was announced as the result of four days' sale.

A fortnight's mission was recently held in one of the London churches, one principle feature of which was the singing and speaking of Mrs. Dawson, an evangelist. A band of music missioned the streets every night and also played several pieces in the church. Much good was done.

The Evangelistic Union in Leeds and Halifax districts have held a successful convention at Bradford. The services were held morning, afternoon and evening. The evening service was crowded. A great impetus was given to the work of personal holiness.

The Methodist Church.

While these notes are in course of preparation, the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, General Missionary Secretary, is on his way to Japan, and will doubtless form a Canada Methodist Conference before he returns.

The Japan District Meeting was held in March, sixteen unordained preachers, fifteen ordained ministers and thirteen laymen, making forty-five in all, were present. Three were admitted on trial for the ministry. There are also thirteen evangelists employed, and ten young men were admitted into the theological school. The membership has increased three hundred and thirty-one, giving a total of one thousand six hundred. The financial exhibit was eighty per cent. in advance of the previous year. Three Methodist Episcopal ministers were present as fraternal delegates.

A new church was dedicated at Shitaya by Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Eby preached the sermon. Several Japanese and foreign pastors took part.

A journal states that a course of lectures was recently delivered before the students and Faculty of the Imperial University, by different persons, among others our own missionary, Dr. Eby, who is thus described: "Dr. Eby enjoys the distinction of having by invitation delivered a course of lectures on 'Right Basis of Ethics.' He is recognized as a man of broad learning and thorough Japanese scholarship."

Mr. Tom Chew is a native of China, but was converted to God in British Columbia, under the Rev. C. Watson. Mr. Chew is studying hard, and intends to devote himself to missionary work in China. He is now being cared for by some ladies in connection with the Metropolitan

Church, Toronto. There is a Chinese class of sixteen persons in the Sunday-school of the Metropolitan, and a class of Italians is being formed.

The Methodists first began their French mission in Canada in 1817, when the Rev. John de Putron was sent to begin the work. Had it been faithfully prosecuted, no doubt there would now have been less dense darkness in the Province of Quebec.

The following may illustrate the difficulties to be encountered in the French work. At Acton Vale and St. Theodore a young woman recently died, fully trusting in the Saviour and with no fear as to her eternal happiness. Yet the Roman Catholic priest on the Sabbath after her death declared from the pulpit that she had gone to the lowest depths of hell, and, of course, forbade the congregation to attend her funeral.

The Rev. J. M. Wilkinson, pastor of Agnes Street Church, Toronto, wishes to build a central tabernacle for public services. We hope he may succeed. Both Toronto District meetings approve the scheme.

As we are preparing these notes, Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, is being dedicated. Dr. Stone, Chairman of the District, preached the first sermon. Bishop Vincent, Drs. Douglas, Potts, Briggs, and Stafford preached the other sermons.

The closing exercises of Victoria University were deeply interesting, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances now surrounding that venerable seat of learning. The young ladies and gentlemen who received their respective diplomas and prizes acquitted themselves very creditably. A number of brethren received higher honours than they have hitherto enjoyed. The following received the degree of D.D.: Revs. E. A. Stafford, M.A., LL.D.; Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D.; D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., and T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., of the Children's Home, London. Professor Reynar also received the degree of LL.D.

[We congratulate our friend, Bro. Barrass, on also receiving from another University the degree of D.D.—Ed.]

It was a subject of universal regret that Professor Haanel's connection with Victoria University has now ceased. He has accepted a Professorship in Syracuse University, and will remove hither at an early day. Dr. Haanel is an enthusiast in science, and infuses a good deal of enthusiasm into all who sit at his feet. Hundreds will pray that he may have a successful career in the University to which he is going.

The Rev. J. W. Wadman, of British Columbia Conference, has offered himself for mission work in Japan.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun, of Desoronto, Ontario, has contributed $10,000 to the Jubilee Fund of Queen's College, Kingston.

The Canada Presbyterian Church.

Forty-six student catechists are being employed this summer in the various mission fields in the Maritime Provinces.

The French Evangelization Society has purchased the Ottawa Ladies' College, which they will open in September, under a French lady principal and a staff of efficient teachers of pronounced Christian character and missionary spirit.

Items.

Six Protestant Journals are published in Mexico, by the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Friends. Protestant influence is extending to every part of the Republic, and the journals in question have been one of the chief factors in promoting this work.

The African Methodist Church—which has not a single white man among its members, reports a membership of four hundred and sixty thousand; it has one thousand two hundred places of worship, numbers ten thousand ministers, has fifteen thousand Sabbath-schools; supports its own denominational papers; has missions in the West Indies, Mexico, and Africa; and its reported contributions foot up more than $2,000,000 annually for the support of Church work.

There are eighteen churches of

coloured people in Richmond, Va., which have an aggregate membership of twelve thousand seven hundred and forty-three. One of these churches, the first African, reports three thousand two hundred and seventy members, another reports two thousand four hundred. Two others report over one thousand five hundred members each. About one-half of the adult coloured population of the city "belong to the Church."

Within the past two years over fifty ladies have gone from Toronto and neighbouring towns to foreign mission fields. Others have since been sent, one of whom was Miss Crosswaite, of Agnes Street Methodist Church, Toronto, who, with a young lady from Hamilton, went to China. The present writer witnessed their departure from the Union Station, where a memorable religious service was held. It was a season never to be forgotten by those who were present.

The young people of Cowansville Congregational Church, Que., presented the Rev. Wilberforce Lee with $58 towards purchasing an organ to take with him to Africa. This is only one out of many tokens of appreciation made by this Church to their late pastor.

There are two thousand Icelanders in the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and a Presbyterian mission has been formed under the care of a converted Icelander. An Icelandic hymn-book has been printed, and there are two Icelandic newspapers.

A colporteur in the Algoma District reports that during the past year he distributed one thousand Scriptures and Scriptural books, printed in fourteen languages, and fifty religious services were held.

Zion Church, Toronto, which has long been without a pastor, has at last been supplied by the Rev. Mr. Sandwell from England.

The World's Sunday-school Convention will assemble in London early in July. It is expected that six hundred and fifty delegates will be sent from America, several of whom will be from Canada.

It is said that there are some fifty thousand persons who were formerly Free Thinkers, that are now under the influence of the McAll Mission in France.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Marmaduke Miller, long the foremost minister of the United Methodist Free Church in England, has finished his course. He was an earnest advocate for the unification of Methodism. A few years ago he refused the offer of a pastorate which promised a salary $5,000, though he was not receiving a quarter of this amount.

Father Damien, widely known as the leper priest of Molakai, died at Kalawa, Hawaii, April 10. For the last sixteen years his labours were confined to the leper settlement of Molakai, where he contracted the dread disease which cost him his life.

Miss Whateley, daughter of the well-known Archbishop of Dublin, was a successful missionary in Egypt more than thirty years. She was a lady of great culture, but laboured solely for others. Her mission was carried on at her own expense. She established schools, a hospital, a Bible Mission and itinerancy among the villages on the banks of the Nile.

The Methodist Church in Newfoundland has lost a valuable member in the death of the Hon. Charles R. Ayre. He was a native of Exeter, England, but about half a century ago he left his native land, and became a successful merchant in his adopted country. He was formerly a member of the Legislative Assembly, and at the time of his death was a member of the Legislative Council in the colony. For nearly half a century he was a member of the Methodist Church, in which he occupied important offices. He loved the Church of his choice, and liberally sustained all its interests. His last act was to found a Methodist Orphanage. He was beloved by all classes. His funeral was an imposing one; such as was seldom, if ever before, seen in Newfoundland.

Book Notices.

The Last Voyage to India and Australia, in the "Sunbeam." By the late Lady Brassey. 8vo. Pp. xxiv.-490. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price $7.35.

"The Last Voyage" possesses a pathetic interest, as indeed the last work of Lady Brassey's graceful pen, which slipped from her fingers ere her task was completed. The book is marked by the same fascinating interest which made her former volumes read with such keen zest—alike in the cottage of the poor and in the abodes of wealth and culture, by Bismarck in his palace and by the backwoodsman in his hut—and which have been translated into nearly all the languages of the civilized world.

Lady Brassey had a widely sympathetic nature, which she manifested by the active interest she took in all classes, especially in the poor and lowly. It is characteristic of this sympathy that the very last words she penned had reference to the establishment of an Ambulance Association, of which organization she was for several years an active and bountiful patron.

The volume before us is marked by even more than the sumptuousness of illustration of the former products of her pen. Indeed, it is one of the most magnificent specimens of book-making we have seen. No expense has been spared in its preparation, and it is in some sense a beautiful monument to the graceful writer and the noble-hearted woman, whose last work it enshrines. The monotone engravings and headings of many of the chapters are printed by E. Nister, of Nuremberg, and the wood cuts are in the highest style of the art.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter of Lord Brassey, entitled, "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words, "Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We hope to give at an early date an ampler sketch of this beautiful life. We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him

everywhere the *entree* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. This last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train and with troops of elephants and camels, etc., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well. We hope to give a somewhat detailed account of those last journeyings, which we are sure our readers will follow with no less avidity than those we have previously described in these pages.

Literary Notes.

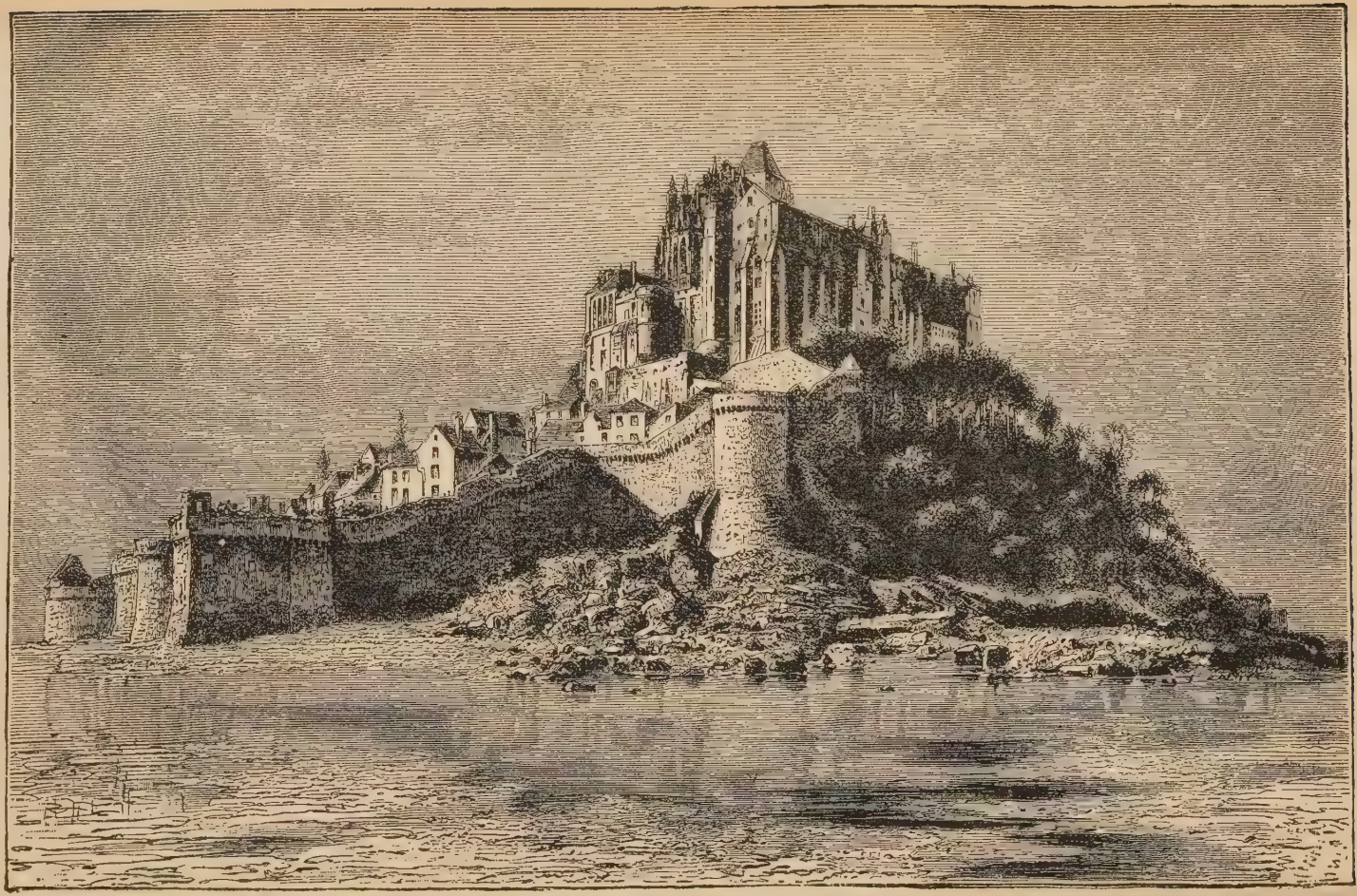
The second number of the *Methodist Quarterly* sustains the reputation gained by its initial number. Chancellor Burwash concludes his admirable study of "The Perfect Christian Character." Prof. Shaw contributes an able and conservative article on "The Inspiration of Bible Writers," and Prof. Stewart an inspiring paper on recent Missionary Progress. The Managing Editor, A. M. Phillips, concludes his able discussion of the august theme "Who is God? What is God?" The Rev. J. Scott, writes on the "Supernatural in Revelation and Modern Thought." The Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., gives a judicious paper on "Faith Healing." The legal studies of Dr. Donald Sutherland enable him to write with authority on the Criminal Code of the Jews. We congratulate the Church on its new periodical of higher Christian literature, and on the deserved success which has already attended this enterprise.

The literary activity of our Maritime neighbours is continually evidenced by new issues from the press of conspicuous merit. One of these is a clever study of "Haliburton; the Man and the Writer," by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., in which he claims that the author of "Sam Slick" is the most prominent man of letters yet produced in any existing province of British North America, and gives a thoroughly appreciative study of his writings.

Miss Sophie M. Almon issues a dainty little volume of Sonnets and Rondeaux, which evince marked poetical ability. The tender, touching story of Eurydice is treated in a fine poem.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through William Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the Magazine in which the book was noticed.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things
To pay for doing right;
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.



THE
Methodist Magazine.

AUGUST, 1889.

THROUGH NORMANDY.*

II.

TURRET IN BISHOP'S PALACE, EVREUX.

WHERE the waters of the Orbec flow into the Touques, nestles the peaceful old town of Lisieux. Amidst verdurous heights and the grassy, orchard-covered slopes, thickly grown with fruit trees, and gemmed, in due season, with the plump, cider-making apples of Normandy, rise the gray towers of its venerable church of St. Pierre; and under the shadow of these watchful sentries cluster together its wondrous timber houses, black with age and weather-stained, yet sturdy and "strongly-built," as were the houses of Grand Pré.

Lisieux, indeed, to most persons is a memory of strange, timber-fronted buildings. Yet those who remember but its old houses, wot not of its sweeter attractions—the beautiful woodland walks,

* Part of this paper and the smaller cuts are borrowed from an interesting article on this subject by R. Owen Allsop, in the December number of Macmillan's "Illustrated English Magazine," with engravings by Herbert Railton.

shady dells, and breezy prospects that encompass this most charming of the greater towns of Normandy. For around Lisieux are many thick woods with pretty walks through leafy glades, and over murmuring brooks; from the level of the river rise up great rolling hills covered with luxuriant verdure, and high up along the side of these noble hills there runs to the village of Pont l'Evêque, a broad highway that affords one many glorious peeps into the green valley of the glistening Touques. Above soar the wooded hills, and below stretch the rich pastures, dotted with cattle, and liberally shaded with trees, whilst out of the valley there comes cheery music from the military station, so far below that the sound of the bugle-blast is never anything but soft and mellow.

SKY-LINE, LISIEUX.

The Lisieux garden is certainly a very pretty place to stroll in when one is weary of exploring the quaint courts, and hunting for picturesque "bits" on the river, and when one feels *blasé* of old black-timbered house-fronts.

Fine, solid-looking pieces of workmanship are these Lisieux houses,

> "—— with frames of oak and of chestnut,
> Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

Glorious opportunities do these old houses afford to the artist's pencil. Broken into a chaos are their sky-lines; quaint and grotesque to a vice are their carvings. Ends of beams are sculptured to represent human and animal monstrosities; great "cills" and "heads" are elaborately moulded, with "stops" of a most piquant description, the mouldings, perhaps, vanishing into the gaping jaws of grotesque.

The great charm of these buildings lies in their solidity of con-

struction. Timbers are heavy and solid, and not mean and "skrimpy," as is unfortunately so often the case with our modern attempts at what is technically known as half-timbered work. How true this is, may be seen by comparing the modern imitations of the Lisieux houses on the sea-front at Trouville. There, it is but too painfully evident, they have spared the baulk and spoiled the building.

From Trouville to Caen is a very interesting railway journey. By the side of the river Touques the train runs for some distance, allowing one an opportunity to note the many patient disciples of Izaak Walton that line its banks. Now, the engine pants up a steep "bank," and anon, the train rushes down a sharp incline, and winds about like a snake. Past a station or two, and then, in a very charming manner, we run right along the edge of the sea, before, even, the houses on its front — a pretty peep on a bright evening, when the sun is low down on the horizon: the sea, a cool gray, and serpentine pools of tide-left water reflecting the golden rays, whilst the wet sands assume the deepest purple tones, and masses of olive-brown rock, dark on the glowing water, relieve the monotony of the picture. Soon, we catch a glimpse of the distant city of Caen, with its maze of towers and spires, prominent among which are those of the abbey-churches of William and Matilda.

IN COUTANCE.

To the English historian, Caen is one of the most interesting towns in Normandy. It is impossible to stand within the walls of the magnificent Abbaye aux Hommes, without becoming doubly interested in the life of the great Conqueror and in the period of his greatest achievement. "The whole story of the Conquest," says Mr. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, "stands written in the stately vault of the minster at Caen." Certainly, the towr is well placed, for as we approach it from the sea the sight of the towering churches of William and

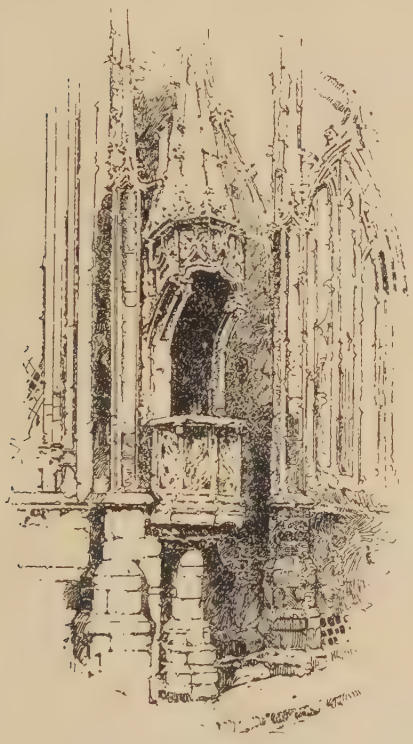
Matilda are most impressive; beautiful, too, are the ecclesiastical buildings, though some are now but shadows of their former glorious selves. Even in mediæval times Caen appears to have been looked up to, as quite superior to other towns of Normandy, and as having "rich citizens, noble dames and damsels, and fine churches." It would be difficult indeed for the most unarchitectural mind not to notice the abundance of very fine churches at Caen. For there are many splendid buildings besides the two noble minsters around which so much interest centres. On the outskirts of the town is old St. Nicholas, having a comical-looking stone pinnacle, drooping all on one side like a candle in the summer heat.

OLD COURT-YARD AT CAEN.

A halo of romance surrounds the abbey churches of St. Etienne and Sainte Trinité. By a decree of the Pope, William and Matilda were enjoined to erect each a house to the glory of God, as an atonement for the irregularity of their marriage. Caen was a favourite dwelling-place of the Conqueror and his wife, and the town was chosen as a site for the erection of the two magnificent structures we now behold in a perfect condition, and seemingly destined to last for all time. At the head of the list of abbesses, of the Ladies' Abbey, stands Cicely, the Conqueror's eldest daughter, devoted by her parents to this holy office upon the day of the dedication of the convent. "As a part of that great ceremony," says Mr. Freeman, "the ducal pair offered on the altar of

God an offering more costly than lands or buildings or jewelled ornaments. In a milder sense than that in which the words were used by the ancient prophet, they gave their first-born for their transgressions, the fruit of their bodies for the sin of their souls."

Caen forms an admirable centre for the leisurely exploration of a district of Normandy, rich in old architectural remains and historical reminiscences. *Guillaume le Conquérant* is naturally the one dominant personage who confronts us in spirit, either directly or through the medium of some dependent or vassal. His birthplace—the Castle of Falaise—may be readily visited from Caen. Standing on the old walls crowning an eminence above the green valley of the Ante, we may look down on to a scene, much as he who seems to have been at once *le Diable* and *le Magnifique* contemplated in days gone by; though perhaps we might have to gaze long before we beheld a compeer of the fair Arlette kneeling at the washing-boards on the grassy banks and displaying feet "whiter than the snow and lilies."



OUT-OF-DOOR PULPIT AT CAEN.

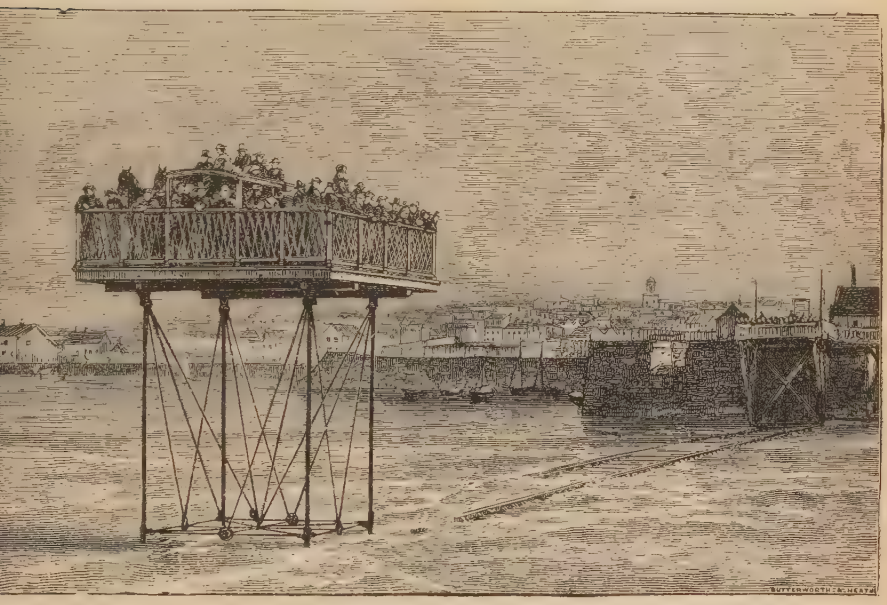
The engraving on page 102 shows one of the quaint old streets in Quimper—like a page out of the Middle Ages—with its odd costumes, the clumsy wooden shoes, the ox team, the woman in the Norman cap with the yard-long loaf of bread under her arm—the Old World aspect of everything.

St. Malo is not in Normandy, but in the adjacent province of Brittany, which has so many intimate historic relations with the Britain across the narrow sea. It has for us in Canada especial interest, as being the port from which sailed Jacques Cartier on several of his voyages to Canada. On this theme D'Arcy McGee

STREET IN QUIMPER,—TWILIGHT.

has written a splendid ballad. The old fortified town is situated on the rocky peninsula of Aron, near the mouth of the river Rance. It is a sleepy old place, with a population of about 12,000, chiefly fisher folk and sailors, who carry on an active trade with Eng-

land. The tide rises to the height of forty-five feet, while at low water much of the port is dry. A causeway connects the town with the mainland over which runs the ingenious kind of elevated tram car, shown in our cut, so that at all stages of the tide passengers may be high and dry above the water. It is a very odd-looking but convenient arrangement. Among the distinguished men born here, besides Jacques Cartier, are Lamenais and Chateaubriand. The tomb of the latter is on a little rocky island in the harbour.



RATS' BRIDGE OF ST. MALO.

The picturesque abbey of Mont St. Michael is thus described by a recent tourist:

We started early one morning for Mont St. Michael. After a while we reached the River Sélune, crossed it, and drove on beside the river. Soon we came in sight of the sea—the bay, with Mont St. Michael in its midst, now a wide, desolate expanse of sand, and behind this a wide stretch of very distant hills—shown in the frontispiece.

All around us were the moving, shifting sands, "so full of deadly treachery that a track which may be firm over night will suck in an unsuspecting traveller next morning." The Mont

seems to recede as we advanced; it looked darker and yet more awful under a gloomy, unbroken gray sky. As we drew nearer, we saw that the huge conical mass of granite rock was circled near its base by ramparts and towers. Above was a village of clustered houses, and above these a solid wall of granite rock, on which appeared, first, the fortress, then the abbey buildings, and, poised above all, the church.

Tradition says that Mont St. Michael was once united to the continent, and closely surrounded by forests; and there is an amount of petrified wood dug up from time to time which gives colour to this legend.

In the eighth century, St. Aubert founded here a monastery of Benedictines. At the Revolution the monastery was suppressed, and the convention turned it into a prison for three hundred Breton and Norman priests. In 1863 the abbey was restored to its original destination, and ten priests of the order of St. Edme were established there. As we get nearer, the Mont takes a grander and severer aspect. There is something almost savage in the ruggedness of its tawny, moss-grown walls, so built on the rock itself, that one seems a part of the other. Around its base is a wall with round towers at intervals, machicolated all round the top. Above these walls, houses cluster among trees, and from them rises the bare tremendous rock, on which is built the abbey fortress, crowned by the stone church. It seems as if a bare mass of granite had been suddenly transformed into a lofty church. The two points which fix the eye are the church, as it were in the air above, and the marvellous buttressed wall, upwards of two hundred and forty-five feet long, and one hundred and eight feet high.

The entrance to the abbey is very sombre and mysterious-looking, and leads up some steps into the guard-room. Here, formerly, the vassals of the monastery assembled on solemn occasions. From there we went along a gloomy passage, till we reached an immense crypt, upwards of two hundred and forty-five feet long, by about forty feet broad.

It is difficult to describe the effect of the cloister just after emerging from the sepulchral gloom of the crypt. The name "Palace of Angels," given to the abbey by its monks, seems well applied here. We came out suddenly into full daylight in a square court, quite three hundred feet above the sands, surrounded on all sides by a triple row of more than two hundred columns. It is impossible to overpraise the charming lightness and beauty

of these arcades. One fancies the delight the monks must have taken in these cloisters, and in the view from the windows over the "grève." The world looks so small at this distance.

Our guide went into the Chapel of St. Martin, and unlocked a door, inside which was a spiral staircase. He told us to mount as quickly as possible. At the first halt of these giddy, winding steps we came into the open air on a staircase thrown across, bridge-fashion, to the roof of the choir. From here we mounted to the parapet of the tower, called "La Petite Tour des Fous," because, although it is very giddy work to walk all round this platform, still it is a less foolish attempt than to walk round the Grande Tour des Fous, still higher up. But the view from this last platform, at such a fearfully giddy height—four hundred feet above the sands—is worth climbing to see.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

BY LORD LYTTON.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is *life*—there are no dead.

NAPLES.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.,

Victoria University.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

"See Naples and die," is a proverb that finds a home in more than one language. If it were permitted to modify so sacred a thing as a proverb, I should write this: "See Naples and live!" No other city so impressed me with a sense of teeming, joyous life as Naples; with her crowds of gay, careless inhabitants; living almost literally in the streets, cooking, eating, sleeping, thronging the narrow pavements; buying and selling there, discussing all sorts of subjects, from love to politics, in the open air. It struck me as easier to live there than anywhere else. In the public gardens and along the piers one sees the *lazzaroni* sprawling upon some bench or the pavement, in broad sunshine, if the day be not warm, otherwise in the shade. Ragged, with the brown skin displayed over half the body, reckless, lazy, improvident children of the generous south, they come very close to fulfilment of the injunction to "take no thought for the morrow." Even the sparrows that quarrel in the streets beside them, and the geckos (small lizards) that sun themselves on the top of the sea-wall seem less careless of the future. A pound or two of maccaroni, its slimy tubes eaten with the fingers, a long drink at some public fountain, and the day's necessities are met. What

more does one want to be happy under that glorious southern sky? This careless, out-door habit of life, so frank and apparently happy, was to me one of the most interesting things in Naples.

One of my shoes needed a little repairing, after a rough tramp over the lava fields of Vesuvius. I stopped at a cobbler's stand, in a narrow street, to have the work done. He hammered away on the flagstones in front, while I sat in the shadow of his dingy little shop to hide my shoeless foot. I could watch from the door the cooking operations of a jolly, brown-skinned mother near by. She stewed some indescribable dish over a mere handful of burn-

A NEAPOLITAN VETTURINO.

ing charcoal, while her youngest child sprawled on the ground, almost as naked as a papoose in our own North-West. The mess that was cooking had a savoury smell, but of its ingredients I can say nothing. Beyond her I could look through open doors into a dark room, where a candle burned dimly before a shrine to the Virgin.

In the morning the milkman comes round, not with cans in a cart, but driving his cows or goats before him. You hand out your vessel and he milks it full before your eyes. He will even drive his goats up an outside staircase for a tenant of some upper flat. This method has the advantage of assuring one that the fluid distributed is fresh and of nature's own concoction. The morning

irruption, into the crowded city streets, of droves of goats and cows comes as a surprise to a stranger.

The markets of Naples are immensely interesting, both for the picturesque buyers and sellers, and the strange commodities for sale. Pyramids and mountains of semi-tropical fruit, and heaps of slimy products of the sea, are perhaps the most characteristic points to the foreigner. The sea-urchins, snails, and squirming, many-armed cuttle-fish or sepias, do not seem attractive morsels, but sell readily.

Another feature that attracts a stranger is found in the men who go about, crying "*Aqua, aqua,*" dispensing cups of vile-

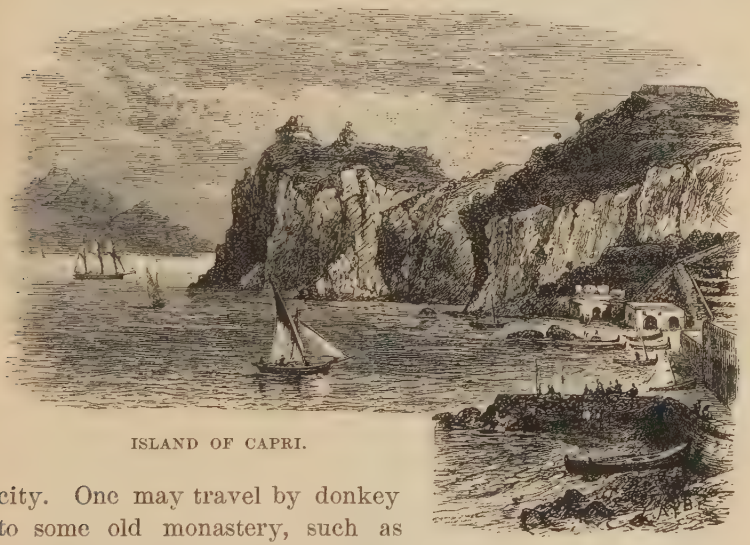
CAPE MISENUM, NEAR NAPLES.

smelling sulphur-water from the jars they carry. Not less interesting, and much more pretty, are the deft, neatly-dressed, flower-girls, who loiter upon the promenades in the evening, and, unceremoniously, pin a button-hole bouquet to your coat, without asking permission, and then hold out a pretty hand for the small coin that is to repay the service. I must admit that I was quite taken aback when, for the first time, a graceful girl presented herself with a bow and decorated me in the way described.

Naples is a city of great contrasts. A short distance from the open streets and splendid buildings of the modern quarter, you may find yourself in a tangle of narrow alleys, dark, foul-smelling; sometimes completely arched over so as to pierce like tunnels through the densely inhabited tenements of the poor. It is

in such localities as these that cholera finds its hundreds of victims, when it creeps stealthily out of the far East to make an onslaught upon Europe.

The surroundings of Naples are perhaps the loveliest and most interesting of any city in the world. Seated along the shores of a wide-curving bay, and backed by the smoking cone of Vesuvius, and the more distant blue Apennines, all flooded with the light and colour of a southern Italian sky, Naples could not help but be beautiful. Many excursions can be made to points near by, any one of which has charm enough to make the fame of another



ISLAND OF CAPRI.

city. One may travel by donkey to some old monastery, such as Camaldoli, perched on a neighbouring hill, and comforted with the cool breezes of the height, and the shadow of the spreading stone pine, drink in the marvellous scene!

There lies the wide bay, a greenish-blue, suggesting limpid gems in its intensity. Picturesque boats, with lateen-sails, graceful as seagulls' wings, drift over its surface. Mediterranean steamers, bound for Genoa, or Sicily, or the Levant, leave long streams of smoke behind them; and most beautiful of all are the islands—Capri, Ischia, and the rest—noble in form, and nestling softly in robes of purple haze.

An expedition to Capri is one to be remembered. Before the steamer sets out, half-naked, brown-skinned boys, shout and dive for cents thrown into the water, coming up spluttering like por-

poises with the coin between their teeth. A picturesquely-clad mountaineer comes out in his boat, playing a wheezy bagpipe, that fortunately lacks something of the aggressiveness of its Scotch relative. A small boy, and a still smaller girl, dance to the music. The little girl has a bewitching dimpled-face, and smiles up to us, sure of a harvest of coppers when the dance is over.

STONE STAIRS AT CAPRI.

Now we steam out against the refreshing breeze. We pass the grim mediæval castle that frowns over the quays and the shipping; a castle whose dungeons have hidden the cries and sufferings of more than one unfortunate, who left hope behind when plunged into their slimy darkness. As we advance Capri, changes from melting haze into solid rock of rugged shapes. Behind us we see the white buildings of Naples and its suburbs, like a string of pearls, bounding the blue water. The mountains behind rise more prominently.

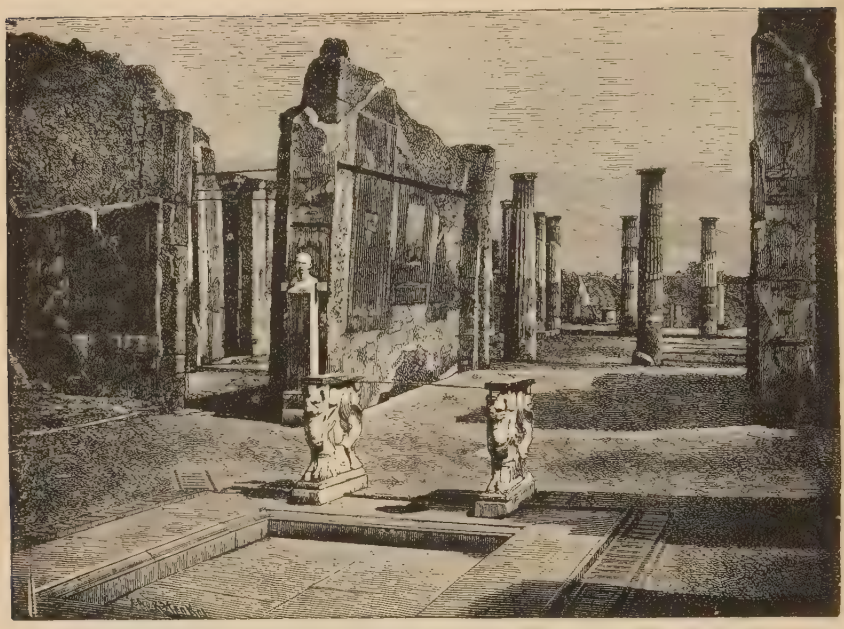
There is no time for a description of Capri, loved of artists, with its precipitous cliffs, its strange sea-caves, its stone stairs, its dark, but comely daughters, who beseech us to buy bracelets and necklaces of the red coral their fathers and brothers have gathered from the Mediterranean.

Then there is the almost extinct volcanic region to be visited, the choking solfatara and the grotto, on whose floor collects deadly carbonic acid, poisoning the unlucky dog, brought by the guide for the purpose, while we breathe wholesome air above. There is Vesuvius to be climbed. The operation has lost some of

its picturesqueness, since the inclined railway has replaced scrambling ponies and donkeys. And at the foot of the volcano

CLIMBING VESUVIUS.

are its victims, on which it still frowns, and which it now and then threatens to engulf a second time. Pompeii has been so



POMPEII.

often described, that its pointed walls, its ruined dwellings and temples, its lava pavements, deeply worn by the chariot wheels of gay Romans, contemporaries of Christ, are familiar to all, and need scarcely be mentioned.

By all means see Naples, and live over some strange episodes in the world's history, enjoy its rare beauty, its soft winter climate, and the hundred charming points its careless life presents to the stranger from the north.

IN SAFE-KEEPING.

Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,
Who, girt with His immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades—
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

XI.

JERUSALEM.—THE KIDRON VALLEY.

STREET IN JERUSALEM.

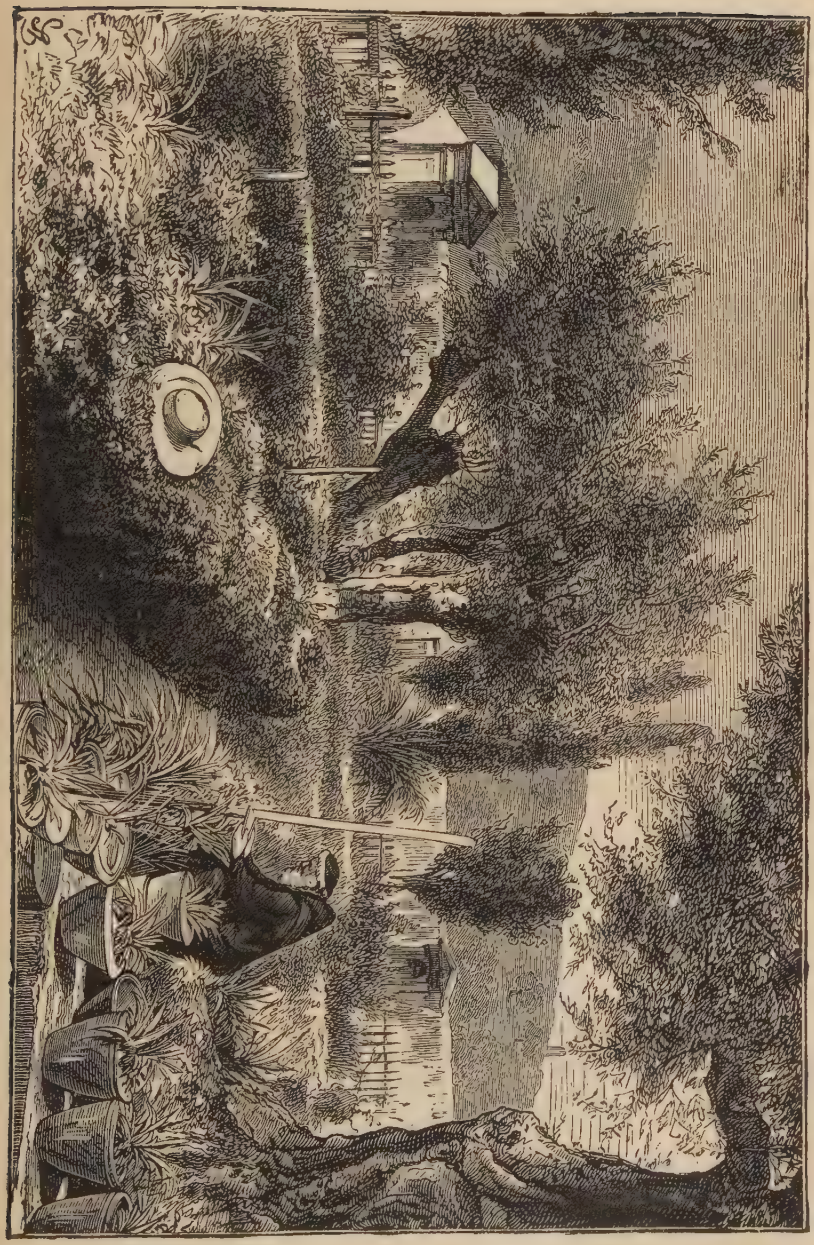
It is but a short walk from the hotel, on Mount Zion, by the Jaffa Gate, right through the city to St. Stephen's Gate. Down the steep and crowded street of David for a hundred yards, then by a sharp turn into Christian Street, with its rows of small shops, filled with a varied assortment of commodities, curious or useful; this, traversed to its end, leading into another thoroughfare, the Street of the Palace, which crosses it at right angles.

This, followed, leads into the Via Dolorosa, so-called as the traditional way by which our Lord passed from the pretorium of Pilate to the place of crucifixion. At intervals along it are tablets, affixed to the walls of the houses, with inscriptions, as the stations where "Our Lord fell under the weight of His cross;" where "the Virgin met Him;" where "St. Veronica wiped His face with her handkerchief;" and other equally apocryphal incidents. Here, in one part, the narrow street is spanned by what is known as the Arch of the Ecce Homo, and close by, in the

ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

Church of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, is shown an old Roman arch, said to have formed part of the pretorium where the Lord of Hosts stood as a prisoner at a human tribunal.

Still farther on, the street approaches the enclosure of the Harem, and one of its principal portals, but, keeping to the left, it brings you to a low gate in the city wall, called by the native Christians, "The Gate of the Lady Mary," but by foreigners generally, St Stephen's Gate, from the tradition that just outside it the first martyr was stoned. It is a plain portal with lions sculptured over it. As you pass the gate, the Mount of Olives is right in front. From your feet a steep path winds down, over

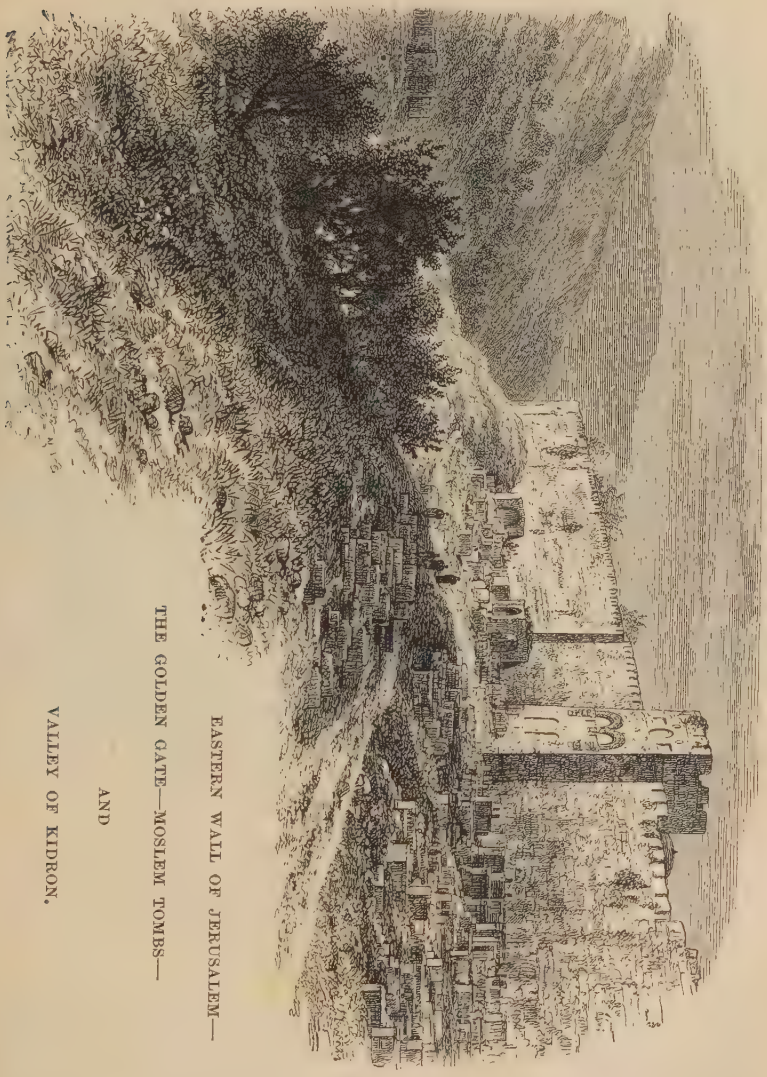


masses of *debris*, to the Valley of the Kidron, which it crosses, and then trends up the slopes of Olivet. You are now, indeed, on a Via Dolorosa, for this is the way the Saviour must have taken on the night of His betrayal, when He went with His disciples to the garden. The traditional Gethsemane lies on the slope of the hill—a primly-kept walled inclosure, laid out in the usual monkish bad taste, with flower-plots and paling-fenced divisions, which do much to spoil the effect of the three or four noble and venerable olive-trees which form its chief attraction. Of course, these are not only affirmed to be the very trees under which the Saviour suffered the agony of those hours of anticipation and infinite loneliness with which the name of Gethsemane is inseparably associated; but the locations of the different scenes of that awful night are connected with them. All this takes away from the influence of the scene upon a thoughtful visitor's mind, and yet, standing beneath the gnarled and ancient trees, with their multitudinous leaves whispering in the air above him, and the walls of Jerusalem crowning the ridge on the farther side of the valley, filling the horizon as he looked toward them, it would be a callous mind, indeed, that would not feel something of the spell of the solemn and sacred memories of a spot connected so closely with the supreme suffering of the world's Saviour, which must, at all events, have been endured somewhere close by.

At some distance to the right of St. Stephen's Gate is a tower which marks the angle of the Harem area, and yet farther on, a walled-up gateway, with a double portal, which is the most famous of all the gates of Jerusalem. It is the Golden Gate, or, as the Moslems call it, Bab-el-Dahariyeh—the Eternal Gate—and is said to occupy the site of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, at which the impotent man was sitting when Peter and John, in response to his appeal for alms, gave him of such as they had, and in the name of Jesus bade him arise and walk. There is, however, some doubt as to the sites being identical, and it has been by some supposed to occupy the site of the gate Shushan mentioned by Josephus. In support, however, of its being identical with the Beautiful Gate, it is said that the Latin word *aurea* golden—as applied to it, is a corruption of the Greek word *oraia*—beautiful, which it formerly bore. Tradition affirms, if I remember rightly, that this was the gate through which our Lord made His triumphal entry into the city, and it is said that some day a Christian conqueror will again enter Jerusalem through this very portal. On this account the Moslems have walled it up

for the last six hundred years. It is the most ancient of the gates, the others are all Saracenic in their work, this is debased Grecian.

The neighbourhood of the Golden Gate, and the western slopes



EASTERN WALL OF JERUSALEM—
THE GOLDEN GATE—MOSLEM TOMBS—
AND
VALLEY OF KIDRON.

of the valley are literally covered with Moslem tombs, as close to the city wall as they can be placed. It is one vast rubbish-heap, formed of the ruins of the ancient city all along the east wall, and forming, or rather covering and burying, the western slope

TOMBS NEAR JERUSALEM.

of the Kidron Valley. Far down below it are the ancient foundations and first courses of the wall, and Sir Charles Warren, in his explorations to investigate and determine these, had to tunnel under these crowding tombs, at the imminent peril of an outbreak of fierce and murderous fanaticism, should his tunnel disturb or break down any of these sacred depositories of true believers' dust.

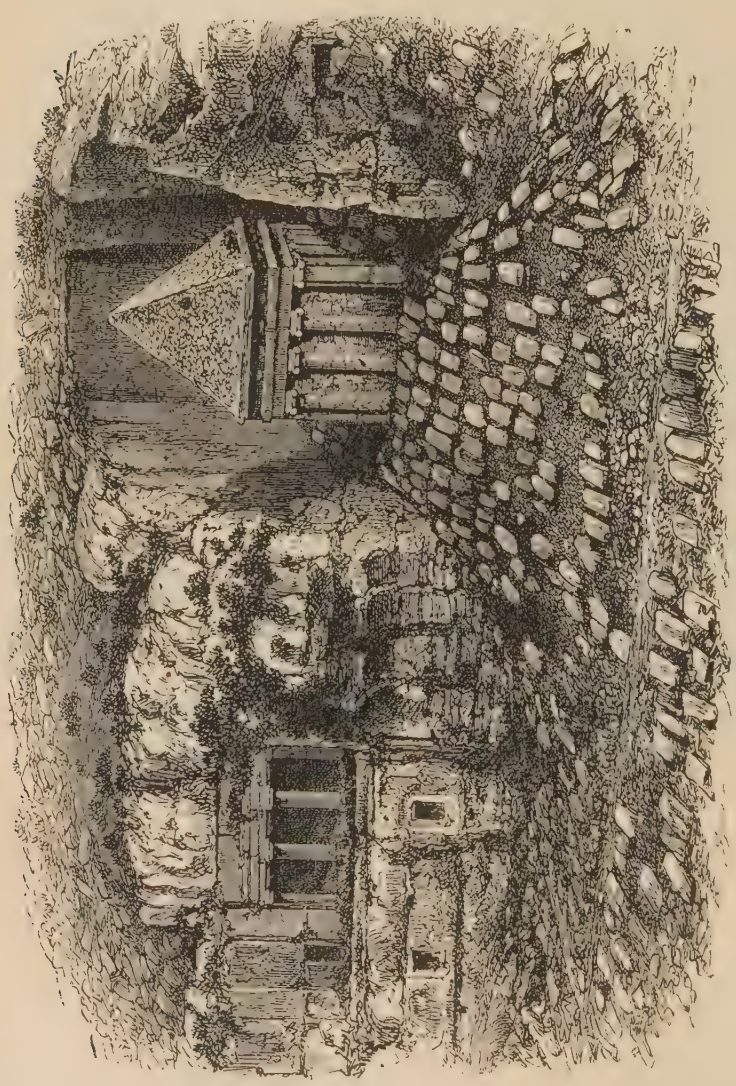
On the opposite side of the valley, on the lower slopes of Olivet, as the road winds around the foot of Moriah and Ophel towards Siloam, lie the Jewish dead, their grave-stones literally paving the hillside for a considerable space. It is the longing of the devout Jew to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and thus the graves lie thick along the rocky foot-hills of Olivet, so thick and so shallow, that there are hideous stories of the birds and dogs holding high carnival over the scantily covered corpses of the poor Jews, outcast in their very death by the soil that was once so indisputably their own.

There are three or four ancient and most striking tombs in the

TOMB OF ST. JAMES, VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

Valley of Jehoshaphat. The first, as one travels up the glen to the south, is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, which, perphaps, gives the valley its name, and of which a richly ornamented pediment is now all that is visible above the accumulations of rubbish. A little farther on is the most celebrated, the so-called Pillar of Absalom. It is hewn out of the solid rock of the hill, which here has been quarried away till it rises in a sheer escarpment along the road. The tomb consists of a rectangular base adorned with pilasters and heavily corniced, terminating in a peculiarly shaped dome with a finish in the form of an opening flower. It is about forty feet high. A hole has been broken through it, into what appears to have been a sepulchral chamber, and into it the Jews spit and cast stones, in execration of the rebellious son.

A little to the south of this structure is the tomb of St. James, which consists of four short Doric columns supporting an architrave, all cut in the face of the rock. This elaborate pseudo-portal



TOMB OF ST. JAMES. VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT. TOMB OF ZECHARIAH.

is not, however, an entrance to the tomb, which is found a little farther south, and leads into a cave, some forty or fifty feet in the rock behind. Here the Apostle James is said to have spent the interval between our Lord's crucifixion and His resurrection,

having declared that he would neither eat nor drink till His Master had risen from the dead.

Yet farther on is the tomb of Zechariah—a cubic block of about twenty feet on each side, surmounted by a pyramid ten feet in height, all hewn completely out of the rock, which has been cut away so as to leave it entirely detached. The sides are finished in two columns, and two demi-columns, with Ionic capitals. This is the tomb, so tradition affirms, of that Zechariah the priest who was slain between the temple and the altar; and the Jews hold it in high veneration. Their great ambition is to be buried as close to it as possible, and the whole vicinity is covered with the flat grave-stones.

The traditionary titles of these tombs are, of course, of no authenticity. The architecture is not Jewish, but Grecian, and points unmistakably enough to their origin in the times of Roman supremacy, or, at least, in the times when Greek and Roman ideas and art were in influential vogue in the country. Possibly enough, however, as Thompson observes, these old tombs may possess the unique interest of being the only buildings now extant, on which the Saviour's eyes rested during His sojourn in and around the Holy City.

WYCLIFFE.

Obiit December 31st, 1384.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

Bright morning star upon the front of time
Glad herald of the dawn of glorious day,
Gleams, after age-long waiting, thy bright ray,
From mirkest gloom of midnight's deep abime.
O lambent light of dawn, still higher climb!
Wrapt in that weft of deepest darkness lay
All the glad hopes and joys for which men pray,
Who wait the coming of day's golden prime.

Wycliffe's great gift all other gifts outshone—
The oracles of God in English speech
The charter of a nation's liberty,
A gift beyond or gem or precious stone,
The Book of God, each English child to teach
And bless the far-off ages yet to be.

MY FRIEND THE TRAMP.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

He was a tramp. There could be no mistake in assigning him to that class. He did not profess in words the character of the veritable tramp, but he acted it out perfectly and never resented it if you called him by the name.

He was the most interesting tramp it has been my privilege to know well. Yes, I mean what I say. I count it one of the privileges of life to study my kind under every phase of existence; and as no civilization has yet made all men rich, or clean, or elegant, I feel that I would miss something if I shut myself up beyond the reach of even tramps.

Do you care for photographs? Then look at this. He was fully six feet high, with a frame built for service rather than for enjoyment. That means his bones were large and his muscles well developed, with little of the cushioning matter provided by nature to luxurious persons. His florid complexion, its colour heightened by irregular habits, especially with regard to drinking of spirits, ran down under a long reddish beard that, uncut, flowed well over his breast. When particularly pleased, a deep, noiseless laugh made his generally dull eyes radiant, and his whole body to vibrate vigorously. When he wished to be very touching he winked rapidly, but in my sight no tear ever responded to this bit of pantomime, while a sort of artificial gurgle worked its way up from his throat instead of sobs. He had cultivated the walk of an old man, justified neither by rheumatism nor years, for he was but little past fifty, if so old, and of all his complaints he never mentioned rheumatism; but his walk was a part of his art, which, as we shall see, he had cultivated to the highest degree.

He called upon me for the first time a few weeks after I was installed as pastor of the Metropolitan Church. It was about ten o'clock at night; and, as I met him in the hall, he stepped forward with extended hand, with the air of one who had come to sell me a book, but intended to lead me rather than that I should lead him. It proved, however, to be only another case of the poor beggar, who was kept waiting in the kitchen of a certain house a long time. He thought too long, so, the mistress passing through the kitchen, he started up with some clamour,

"Come now, ain't you going to wait upon me pretty soon? If

you don't I will go away, and then where will you get another beggar?"

So with my friend the tramp. What would good people do without beggars? Is it not a privilege to give?

On this first occasion he took my hand in his, and held it effusively, and looked at me with a glance that was intended to conquer on the first assault. After gripping my hand like a vice, then loosing and closing again upon it, and repeating this over and over again, he began,

"And you are Mr. Stafford?"

I replied that, if he should speak forever, he could not improve that statement in correctness. It was wholly true.

"And you have come to Toronto?"

"Among facts," I said, "that also stands beyond contradiction."

"And you are in the Metropolitan?"

Now I regard the Metropolitan as an exquisite creation of the architect's skill. It is in fact large and impressive, but it never rose up in such towering splendour before my eye as when, having according to his art led up to this climax, the tramp pronounced the word "Metropolitan." How did he do it? I don't know, but he made it look big and grand. If ever I was in danger of being unduly exalted on account of my worldly estate it was in that minute. Then, if ever, I would have gone down had the devil tempted me as he did our Lord with the offer of the world. Neither before nor since has any artist made the Metropolitan appear a pinnacle so exalted.

Nevertheless, not being a seraph, I began to feel a little impatience at his manifest attempt to win his way with me by flattering me, so, perhaps a little sharply, I asked him what he wanted.

"Well, now, I don't want anything at all," he replied.

"An errand more pleasing to me than to a shopkeeper," I said.

"No, I don't want anything; but, you see, I am hungry."

"Oh, is that it, come with me back to the kitchen, and I'll see what I can turn up."

"No, that won't do. You can't give me what I need."

"Well," I said, properly humbled, "we don't pride ourselves on our kitchen as a refectory; but I did think if a man was really suffering for food, we could produce what would save him from either stealing or starving."

"Ah, but you see this is a peculiar case. Do you know what I need? I'll tell you. It's a plate of soup. That's what will set me up. And you haven't anything of that kind at this hour. There seems to be no way but for you to give me five cents, so I can go out and buy it."

My wife and daughter, one floor above us, had heard this conversation, and enjoyed, as I learned about a month later, beyond measure, the artistic way in which he had risen to this climax; but while I perceived the genius of the man, in harmony with a rule I followed, never to give anything to a person who causes me to suspect that it will be spent for drink, I dismissed him without aid, rewarding his tact with the self-gratulatory remark, that his wit should be devoted to nobler ends.

But my door was not closed upon him by this interview. It was only a beginning. He found courage to come again and again, for a long time receiving nothing, for I listened to his tale of woes with a good deal of incredulity. He represented himself as closely related to a highly respected and influential minister of our Church, and had his own way of explaining his descent from great respectability and competency. He would often abandon all the arts of his trade, and talk with me in the greatest apparent candour. He had purposes and plans waiting only an opportunity to put them into practice, and soon rise again; at other times he felt so weak, his case seemed without any hope—he was quite in despair. Sometimes, but not often, he would return to his cunning.

For example, one day in the forenoon he came in, and with much pathos told of recent disappointments and present need. If I had a pair of pants and some shoes that I could spare, he would be a man again. I glanced at his apparel. It happened to be better than I had ever before seen upon him. Though of cheap material, each garment except the coat and hat was whole, and not much worn, appearing strong and clean, therefore I expressed surprise at his request.

"Why," I said, "those pantaloons are better than mine at this minute. They are whole, and but little worn, and that is not true of mine."

He glanced down upon me, and at once perceived his mistake. How would he scramble out of it? He simply put a hand in each side pocket, and drawing up the offending garment from his shoes said with inimitable disgust, and offended taste,

"There's *no set* to them!"

This refined sensibility quite won me. I could not replace the offending trousers with better, but I brought a soft felt hat, from beneath which I had but recently looked out upon the beauty and the poverty of Ireland, the grandeur of Scotland, and the teeming wealth of England, and gave it, with all its associations, to my friend the tramp; and he said, in receiving it, that after all it had seen he would be the next thing to a

crowned head. I also had a coat with, to me, a very interesting history. It was built by a Toronto tailor, who advertised his "first-class cutter." It came home in a style most libellous to my form, so I carried it back, and had the artist summoned to look at it. After a silent survey of some moments, jerking and twitching at one point and another, at last, without the faintest suspicion of humour, he broke out:

"The coat is all right, as far as I can see. It is got up in good style, but there is not flesh enough under it to fill it out."

His argument was invincible. It went directly to the point, I could say nothing; I tried to wear the coat, but it made me feel so mean, that a chronic condition of meanness had settled upon me, and I was mean enough to give it to my eccentric visitor the tramp. He put it on, buttoned it up, as per style, from the fifth button just under the chin, over its, not his, bulging front, down to the last button far below the waist, and then lifted himself up with the remark:

"I know now how it feels to be pastor of the Metropolitan Church!" and he was neither the first nor the last, to make the mistake of supposing that clothes make up the whole of any ecclesiastical position.

"I never saw the coat again; but a couple of times after when he called he reminded me that he had yet the "historic" hat that I gave him.

He once told me, after a long absence, that he had spent the summer in the country working for a farmer, and had been robbed of forty dollars, the earnings of his hand during harvest season. It was pitiful, if true. This was near the end of August. My family were all from home, and as a very simple breakfast meets my needs, I preferred getting it myself to going out, and I was thus engaged when he called. I took him in and seated him at my table, and he saw the meal partly prepared with my own hands, and we shared it sitting down together. At first he laughed his great, shaking, silent laugh, at the idea of my waiting upon him; but afterwards, either the dignity he sometimes manifested did not come to his relief, lifting him up to his circumstances, and saving him from being mortified and humiliated by the attention he was receiving, or else he needed the tonic of a bracing drink, for his appetite wholly disappointed me, not even taking hold of the very strong tea specially prepared, as I had expected.

Sometime in the following spring he called, and told me among other things that his long absence was due to his having been "sent down for the winter as a vagrant." After we moved to our

present house he called one day, and waited my coming on the outer steps, where, when I came, he familiarly seated himself as if for a talk with an old-time friend. I accepted this challenge, and so we sat facing the street for some time, talking as familiarly as two partners. After a time so spent, he developed his pleasant plan. It was that I give him a letter of introduction to a gentleman known to have great wealth, and to give freely to all city charities, and at that time interested in some building operations carried on for the benefit of the Salvation Army. My friend imagined that this gentleman would be able to secure for him some post suitable to the high character which he expected me to give him, and also to the inability to perform hard labour, which he demonstrated by reaching forth for my inspection a pair of tender hands.

Now this tramp could have led me a long way in his service, but when it came to the writing for his use a letter of introduction setting forth his claims, I felt compelled to draw the line there. I told him that I had to be very careful of the use of my name for such purposes, as I was asked for a great many similar letters.

If I should give a letter of commendation to all who asked me to recommend their medicine as a specific remedy tried by myself, I would have a reputation as the sickest man, with more diseases of every possible variety than any one on record, and that, much as I desired to help him, he must really excuse me from this particular service. And so my prudence shut him out from who can tell what avenues of growing ease, wealth and influence?

I do not remember at what stage of our acquaintance I began to give this man money; but after a while I came down from my pinnacle of high-toned virtue, and ceased to ask him what he would do with the dime or quarter which I placed in his hand, and for a long time he never went away from me without silver. I began to suspect that my rule above referred to was only a means of indulging a little meanness in myself, and saving a dime on the inward plea that if I gave it it would not be wisely spent, and at the same time a little self-righteousness in setting myself up as a judge of my fellow-man, and besides no one so deeply felt the misery that came from his falls into sin as he himself. If through the persistence of habit he had come into a condition of body which rendered a powerful stimulant the only thing known to him through which he could gain a few hours of comfort or rest from the hell of nerves crying out and never satisfied, I was not going to save him from his miseries, unless I could get some more powerful hold upon him than came of a reproof in the form of a refusal to give him money lest he should spend it for drink.

Just at this point centres the weight of the immense problem what to do with paupers? Of course, there is no deliverance but in their realizing a higher conception than they have of the meaning of their worldly life, and the possibilities before them in this world and the next. I often talked with my poor friend along this line, and tried to lift his thoughts up to the great Helper of the helpless, and urged him to build from within. I told him of both forgiveness for the past and help for the future. The eyes never winked faster, and the gurgle in his throat, which was never attended by a tear, was never deeper than during these conversations; but he invariably closed these talks by declaring that it was of no use for him to try. He had resolved again and again; and had he not gone out among the farmers, and had not his earnings been stolen from him, and so the way had been hedged up before him at his earliest steps in it. Then he would, with real sadness, tell me that I knew nothing about it. The grip of the devil on such as he was something that the good folks, as they called themselves, could not begin to understand. What could they know about it? They were never hungry, they never spent a night in Smith's working-man's boarding-house. As for the model lodging-house, he had refused to carry an order from me for a night's lodging to that place. I never saw any awakening of real religious sentiment or feeling in him during any of our talks upon the subject. To do him justice, he never dwelt upon the ordinary excuses urged, as the inconsistencies of professors of religion, though he said enough to reveal that he did not feel that the world had dealt as kindly with him as, notwithstanding his many acknowledged faults, he felt that it should have done.

I suspect that he had, from doubting the sincerity of men, come to cast many doubts up toward God. He surprised me one day by introducing "natural selection" into our conversation. Where had he found that idea? Had he read, or only heard some conversation leading out in that direction, I do not know, but he was correct in his use of the term. In urging upon him the help he would realize in committing his weakness unto God, he answered that,

"Perhaps good, kind, natural selection had already made out its lists, and, judging from the past, he felt sure he was not included in them as the fittest to survive."

I found with him, as I have often found, that to get the best of an argument is not the same thing as to quicken a dead soul into life. I am not sure but that the most hopeless factor in the case of the masses which include my strange acquaintance, is the

heart turned to stone by sin, and by that sense of wrong cherished against the world because of suffering for want of bread and shelter.

I am perfectly aware that there are persons who will write me down as wanting myself in the right type of religious power, in that my appeals and prayers in the case of the poor tramp did not promptly turn him into a happy convert for Christ. I am quite willing to rest under any imputation that self-righteousness may see fit to cast upon me in reference to this case. But greater than I have flung themselves upon this rock of "what to do then," and have been broken upon it. I am not broken, but am still studying the subject of Christian duty toward those who are outcasts from human society, but not outcasts from God—I mean, not cut off from all possibility of hope in Christ. Perhaps, if the Church was less straitened by systems and established methods, and society less enslaved to certain ideas of what is socially proper, and feared less a transgression of those laws of strict social propriety, so that a tramp could get a little nearer to the heart which lies behind the hand which gives, and so feel once more the great throbbing of Christ's heart of love, and rise to confidence that the universal brotherhood of man, established by both creation and redemption, had not been entirely forfeited by error, and sin, and dominant habits of evil, one step would be gained toward the successful practice of that helpfulness which does exist in spirit in the Christian Church, but which fails only in execution.

TO CANADA.

O STRONG-LIMBED stripling of the Western Main,
New-waken'd from the lap of centuries,
In all the splendour of thy manhood rise,
Clear-eyed, pure-hearted; let thy wise young brain
Read history aright, that thou shalt gain
Lost riches of old lands; thine ears and eyes
Shut fast 'gainst flatterers' wiles and liars' cries;
Let party passion call to thee in vain.

Thy spring is on thee now and soon shall burst
The ripening summer; sow as thou wouldst reap,
Famine or plenty; from thee ever keep
The stain of blood that hath all nations curs'd;
Nor cease to pray that He who judgeth all—
Nation and man—may never let thee fall.

—E. G. G., in *Globe.*

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

V.

THESE papers, already grown beyond the original intent, may perhaps best close with a consideration of some practical questions just now affecting our itinerancy. And likely they should not conclude without doing this: for, however full and satisfactory may be the exposition of principles in any case, it is a great help to see an example or two worked out.

First.—If then, as the last article might seem to imply, our polity is not so bad when our spirit and ways are right, and ministers from some considerations might, as in the past, be trusted to station ministers, are we to regard the Stationing Committee so high and sacred an affair that we may not touch it? Certainly not; for it has often been handled and modified, when regarded higher and more sacred than evidently it is deemed at present. Again, no two forms of Methodism are perfectly at one to-day in this regard. In the minor Methodisms of England laymen are largely represented on this Committee; and in the Parent Body, while on the one hand laymen may not have been admitted, neither on the other hand have Chairmen of Districts merely by virtue of their office constituted the Stationing Committee, but ministers elected for that special work and charged with that particular responsibility. And this, by the way, is a plan that bears some recommendations on its face. In the vaster Methodism of America the stationing has been done by travelling Presiding Elders with an itinerant Bishop in the chair, on whom it seldom devolves to station one of their own number, even from their small committee, and in any case they have an entirely disinterested and impartial chairman. So there may, if necessary, be modifications; and there are, in ample experience, patterns enough to work from. But it is a good conservative rule to let well enough alone, and not to be in haste to change what has done well for many, many years, and proved itself good and true in many and severe crises. The man that advocates change, especially in ecclesiastical polity, where the spiritual life is the all-important consideration, and the polity of importance only as it guards and promotes that life, assumes to himself the style of a very wise

and responsible reformer, and should be sure of his ground as he proceeds, lest his character and wisdom fall in the rear of his claims and projects. In human affairs, it is one thing to see some defects in a system working pretty well on the whole; it is quite another successfully to remove them.

Second.—Ought not invitations of preachers by the people to be allowed, regarded and complied with? Let us consider. Rightly originated, rightly communicated, rightly compared, weighed and measured; rightly and prayerfully disposed of by calm, impartial authority in the general interest and for the common good, with righteous decisions, and the results joyfully accepted all around—and who in such matters would do an unrighteous thing—Why not? Others things being equal, all systems do as much. Even Papal Rome has a way of finding out the minds of those subject to authority, before it ventures upon the extremity of sovereignty, before it makes its appointments over the people. It may have deep channels that its waters may run still, and its messages pass concealed from the public eye, so that often what appears highest absolutism is, for policy's sake, if no better aim, purest democracy. All our Methodisms allow it: openly and systematically in England, and regularly and officially through the Presiding Elders from the quarterly meetings in which they are chairmen in the United States. The people will have their preferences, and all will not prefer the same minister. Why should they not be allowed in their Quarterly Official Board to make the preference known; to have it duly and legally communicated to the proper authority, the Stationing Committee, by the proper officer; to have it properly considered alongside of other invitations of the same kind, and the general interests of the work allowing it, the interests of preachers as well as the interests of people passing in review before the godly, impartial Board, personal negotiations being excluded, why should not the official request of the people be a preponderating consideration; and other things being in any way equal, why should they not obtain the man of their choice?

"But that disarranges the whole work!" If the people are openly, fairly and faithfully dealt with, they can and will accept a denial as well as a concurrence. They have so done. "But they have been so dealt with all along, and see where we are!" It is best to avoid the appearance of evil; and it is best so to arrange the polity that the least possible chance be given for suspicion. "But that will be apt to put some men aside and put others in their places!" This is an end of all agument, all reason, all piety, and even all generosity. It is the "seven-men-seven-

places" idea, and summons up the ghoul of trickery or the giant of force. "But men will scheme for these invitations!" Mean men will, of course, do mean things; but there ought not to be a majority of such among Methodist preachers, and the majority determine the polity and make the law. It is too bad if polity and law compel or even tempt an upright, godly and successful man to take crooked paths as the shortest route to a rightful goal, or underground ways as the direct course into light. Would that be Methodistic Jesuitism? "But Quarterly Boards on this recommendation or that, under this inspiration or that, call men without knowing anything about them; indeed, ignorance of them is their recommendation to the detriment of better men nearer home; and the salary offered is the Quarterly Board's argument and proof to the man." It is much to be regretted if Trust Boards and Quarterly Official Boards and the people generally have so lost confidence in their chief pastors, set over them in the Lord for this very work—the appointment of ministers to labour among them—that they feel constrained to rummage the land in their own behalf; and accept a pastor and teacher on some unauthorized parties' casual suggestion with more readiness and reliance than the solemn and dutiful selection and appointment of the duly constituted authorities of the Church responsible to God in this behalf. If, indeed, it be so, it argues badly for the Boards, or badly for the appointing power, or badly for the administration of that power. Wherever the trouble be it is likely susceptible of correction, and easiest of all, in the administration, or we are badly off. "But preachers offer to go at reduced salaries, and men and Boards actually negotiate beforehand for salary, and so get their affairs arranged and fetter the Stationing Committee!" There are unreasonable men, and all men have not faith; and perhaps some of them get on Official Boards and even into the ministry; but the body of the Methodist preachers have been willing to serve the people in Christ for what the people can be reasonably expected to do; and for the most part the people do as well as they can. If a minister were found habitually forestalling the Stationing Committee by bargain, or a Board were given to trucking in such business, to the disadvantage of other circuits, or of the men who would make no such bid and barter in the commonalty of the great and holy brotherhood of Methodism, a right-minded and well-informed Stationing Committee, disinterested and impartial, would know what to do with the covetous man and the meddlesome Board; and could do it, and would do it, and would be sustained in it. The fact there had been a bargain would be its justification and

defence. Its disinterestedness, impartiality, and unselfishness would be the bulwarks of its strength. "But richer Boards actually dangle greater salaries before the eyes of the men they desire, and draw them off to the detriment of the fields that ought to have them." Religion, power with God, talent and grace have a commercial, a money value in this practical world, or they are not worth much. It was designed of God they should have; though they may not be bought or sold in the market any more than integrity, chastity, or the suffrages of freemen. He is a mean man that makes barter and truck of them; he is a noble man that possesses them and holds them above all price, and is upheld by them in the esteem and support of his fellow-men. Neither nature nor grace ignore a man's ability, industry and success, or the qualities of character, mind and heart, that lawfully command success. Surely the Church of Jesus Christ will not put them at a discount. Hundreds and hundreds of Methodist preachers are labouring for far less money than they could secure in other fields of toil; and they have a spiritual right to it, if before God they make the consecration. And some may obtain more here than they could have done in other callings. This is the commerce of the brotherhood of grace. Once in a great while a Quarterly Official Board may be unbrotherly enough to bid against another, or a preacher reckless or secular enough to drive a supplanting bargain. But no man will say this is common in Methodism. And our annual and triennial removals administer correctives and bring men and circuits to their proper level. "But minister works with minister, and they work for and with each other to trade off circuits and obtain calls one for the other!" Well, if a man has to look out for himself in a broad field and general race, what are you going to do? Meantime who is looking out for the work of God? If I have a right to study anything subordinate to the welfare of the Church, it is likely the welfare of my family, my own improvement, my opportunities of living and improving, and doing the best I can for myself consistent with the glory of God. And it is hardly for the glory of God that men do the worst they can for themselves, or that they be indifferent to these matters. So if I can help a brother, a good friend, and he can help me, and we can both help the Stationing Committee convert itself into a Recording Committee, and register our successful manœuvres, and we have no mediator or adviser in the matter but is more or less in the same business, none that looks broadly, disinterestedly and impartially over the field to see how we could all be helped and the work at large advanced by other arrangements, what

wrong or harm if my brother and I in our circumscribed view fix up our own little matters, even though it jostle a little somebody else's little matters, of which we may be utterly ignorant? Why should any complain if we are satisfied and happy? Polity, as it is, says: "You're right;" we all say and do, Amen!

This may all be perplexing, irritating, saddening, shocking, but it all points one way; that there is upon us what Senator Seward used to call the uplifting of freedom against slavery, "the irrepressible conflict:" that the people will have their preference as to their ministers, that they will express their choice; that they will invite; that under our system both ministers and people must be heard in some way as to the appointments. And this all means that there must be a special and legitimate channel for proper expressions of this kind; that they be made in open day, that they be communicated with becoming official dignity and reserve; that all others be precluded; and that they come, so far as may be, to an impartial and disinterested tribunal to be duly passed upon there in the general interests of the Church and of the people of God; other things being equal, the requests being granted when reasonably admissible, and denied—as likely in the majority of cases they would be denied—for the common good. If this is what we have, and our ministers and people so understand it, let us be content. And with this would be content.

Third. Would not the reduction of the number of our Annual Conferences, and the consequent enlargement of their territory greatly aid us; yea, altogether be a remedy of our ills, fanciful or actual? It is said thereby better stations are afforded and better chance of exchange of good stations—who thinks of giving the people greater variety of talent and greater efficiency of ministry?—that greater variety of climate is secured, and thereby advantage to health; that it is better for the minister in the extension of his acquaintance, competition in place and effort, inspiration of example, criticism, momentum and companionship; that it will render transfers less frequent and easier, obviate the jealousies and losses of prestige, status and office in going from Conference to Conference; and that it will help the sense of the unity of the body from ocean to ocean; all which is true if we are not genuinely a Connexion; except the climatic or meteorological consideration: for the wind and the weather, by the way, are like some other obstreperous things we wot of, that do not pay much attention to our connexionalism.

It is said, on the other hand, that larger Conferences would be utterly unwieldy bodies, being difficult enough now to accommodate and control; that districts would necessarily be too large or

too numerous; that there would be a lack of Annual Conference supervision, unity and force of discipline. That not so many men would receive the stimulus and culture of conference work, each Conference having about so many officials and so many debaters; that the increased size of the Stationing Committee would only increase the difficulty of stationing; that there would be less presidencies, and if the districts were enlarged, fewer chairmanships, in which latter case, as we have it, the districts would be unmanageable for disciplinary purposes; that, after all, there are so many places and so many men; and if we were a Connexion and felt and acted as a Connexion, using brethren as brethren, without local prejudice or Conference jealousies, making transfers reasonably easy, guarding only the balance of the Conferences; not smiting the Transfer Committee in the face with one hand, in the case of a transfer, and the people making the request for transfer as violently with the other hand; but accepting the action of a General Conference body like the Transfer Committee, with the President of Annual Conferences in the chair, in response to a request of a society of the Church as done in connexional interests and for the Church as a whole; that if convictions, sentiments and actions like these could be brought to prevail, our Conferences are not too small or too many to be lively, interested, responsible and effective in our work. Whichever view may be preferred, larger or less Conferences, one thing is sure, geographical boundaries, whatever they may do in commercial or political matters, will not change the hearts of men, their selfish aims, the social and spiritual tendencies of ecclesiastical organization; except, it might be, as in the case of Rome, afford fatter fields for fouler growth. Possibly John the Baptist's doctrine would help us more in our arrangements than geography; a touch of horticulture preparatory to the great lesson by the Divine Teacher on the vine: "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," a rule as good for Church polity as for spiritual life.

Fourth.—Would not that "axe laid unto the root of the tree," that radical and constitutional change, be the admission of laymen in equal number and power into the Stationing Committee? Certainly, if the stationing of preachers be the grip of opposing forces, the wrestling of giants; the delimitation of empire with the British lion on the one side and the Russian bear on the other; the European idea of the balance of power, France on one side of the Rhine, Germany on the other side, and the continent all astretch, armed to the teeth. Certainly, if it be a collision of

interests, a conflict of rights. Then the laymen must be there to defend their interests, to resist aggression, to fight for their rights. But we have not so learned Christ and Methodism and the itinerancy. If the stationing of preachers means their allotment to fields as a body of consecrated men by an authority trusted and obeyed because of its superior knowledge of all the aspects of the work in hand; because of its disinterestedness, unselfishness, and impartiality; because of personal piety and devotion to the Church's broadest and highest interest; and because of its ability and willingness in prayer and love to give time and attention to this solemn charge and this enormous responsibility; what will be added to the efficiency, purity or sincerity of the service by the introduction of laymen, no matter how esteemed or excellent, as a constituent of co-ordinate authority? Is it that they can afford to give and will give more time and attention to the service? Is it that our noble brethren are better informed on the condition and need of the work at large? Is it that they will be more disinterested, impartial and unselfish as to their own circuits and pastors? Is is even that the best informed and most competent men among the laity are the men of most leisure to give their time and study to this transcendentally important business? Or is it that they will be there to watch the preachers, and the preachers to watch them, neither trusting the other, but all in the eyes of the others seeking their own? Who, then, will take care of the things that are Jesus Christ's? How, in this way shall the indispensable mutual confidence be restored and preserved; preachers trusting people, people trusting their ministers, ministers trusting one another, and circuits one the other; Quarterly Official Boards trusting both ministers and people, and both ministers and people trusting the Official Board? On what other base than this mutual confidence and love can we have peace? And if we have no peace how can we have power with God or man?

This is a subject that we may not govern by personal feelings or local circumstances. Any of us may be willing to take our places from the votes of the scores and scores of capable, faithful, and devout laymen in the Connexion. But what I may be glad and grateful, and for myself would be happy to do, is not the question. Is this the best, the right way of administering this solemn trust in the Church of God? Has the old plan broken down? What makes a change necessary? Methodism has prospered without it, is it now demanded in the nature of things? Is it claimed to bring perfection of action, or is it simply brought in as the least of evils? Have the ministers so managed affairs

as to make such a change imperative, in order to checkmate ministerial schemes and doings? If so, likely there is an end of argument. If laymen must arise to protect themselves against ministers, whose duty and interest it is to be faithful protectors of the laymen, the Church at large, in every sacred regard, why further controversy? Then on to action. What is the use of words? If there be indeed Popery in Methodism, as some allege, whoever knew Popery to go backward in Methodism or anywhere else, unless thrust back? But, surely, it is not so. Surely the Scriptural plan, the Wesleyan plan from the beginning, the Methodist plan, of sending out consecrated itinerant men by consecrated itinerant men to the conquest of the world, is not just now and in our country proving a failure. Surely it cannot be that the societies need to be protected against the preachers; the flocks against the shepherds. That were, indeed, a terrific revolution, a frightful disaster; then were our men deep in the darkness and far gone in the gulf. But it cannot be. Nor can it be that the laymen desire this work, this increase of labour and obligation simply for the love of power, for the honour or distinction of it. If so, should they be entrusted with it? And surely it is no amusement, demanding as it will at least one-fiftieth part of their time, night and day, in wearisome session without recompense; and for the most part without grateful acknowledgment, and certainly with unmerited censure and some abuse. Aye, more than one-twentieth part of their time! for surely men are not going into such business without deeply informing themselves, and feeling the weight of the responsibility. Nor can it be in the laymen desiring simply to protect their own circuits; this man, this circuit, or two or three; and that man, that circuit, or two or three. How is that going to lessen or avoid pulls and scrambles? If that is where we are, had we not better confess our incompetency, and seek help from the Pope of Rome? If any one were to say that the laymen were bent on representation on the Stationing Committee, he would have to explain at least to himself as a philosopher, if not to the rest of us as Methodists and Christians, whether it is because they desire novelties, change for the sake of change; or whether they are suspicious or distrustful of their pastorate; or if it comes of love of power, or love of honour, or of a meddlesome spirit, or of a conceit they can do it better than it is done, or of the incitement of the first law of nature—self-defence, or of persuasion of the necessity of their counsel, or of high convictions of duty and heroic self-sacrifice for the benefit of the Zion of their love. For the laymen of Methodism will seek no such power of unworthy motive.

At all events, it is well for all of us to bear in mind, that the itinerancy, from the very peculiarity of the system—say like our municipal system or parliamentary system—creates rights of its own; that the fact that men give themselves up to God and His Church to move every year and even any time during the year, at the beck of some authority in that Church, not specially provided in Holy Scripture, but ordained largely of the very men that move, should entitle them to say how that consecrated authority put into consecrated hands for Jesus' sake should be exercised; that it should be in the hands of men of something of like experience and affection: that such men are more likely, as certainly they are under the solemn obligation to do, to see themselves fully informed of the men and the fields; that they are as strongly bound under the solemn sanctions of religion, to God and His Church to keep themselves unselfish, disinterested and impartial in the administration of the affairs of the holy brethren as merely secular men are likely to be; that the rights of the societies, the laymen are not overlooked, but fairly secure in the fact that in hard cases, desperate affliction, the pastors may be changed at the end of the year; at the worst must change every three years; that the people vote what support they please, and the ministers must content themselves with the vote of the Board; that they must content themselves with things as they find them, and improve them if they can, living in joy with the people of their love till at the command of the Church the boundary of their love is extended, and the hemisphere of their joy broadened and brightened. This would seem like British regal and parliamentary power, not a badly balanced arrangement: and not one under which, even as it is, it would be oppressive or vexatious to live. If it is unhinged, perverted, grinding this side or galling that, there is great blame somewhere.

Fifth.—"Can anything be done to ease up matters, restore mutual confidence, and make the machinery run more smoothly?" No trouble at all! No trouble at all, if we all, ministers and people, put ourselves where we ought ever to abide—in the hands and under the direction of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of our God can do good work even with poor instruments. "But that is not what we mean. We all know that. It is not the piety or obedience we seek. We ask, Can the machinery be touched up, so that it shall not be so much a heart of love as a head of plans; that we may say, We have done it; the praise is ours?" Well, it is hard to say how steel and iron shall produce the oil for the heat and friction of their own motions. It would be a new thing under the sun. But, no doubt, wisdom will die with us, and in

the interest of posterity we better make the attempt—do it by the machinery making its own oil; by the bones and joints without the life; by the polity without the Spirit.

There are some things we cannot do. We cannot adopt the English system of electing men, one from each district, specially for the Stationing Committee, and commit the whole work to that Committee. That might leave out the chairman, and break some tender cords of sympathy, and strong chains of power along which often go mighty forces and do tremendous work.

Nor will it do to think of anything approaching the American system as used in the United States: first, because it is American and our policy is retaliation and not reciprocity; second, because some fancy it is expensive, far more expensive in administration than our small district, voluminous committee system; third, because there is plainly too much "thumb" in it—and we all dread authoritative interference and abominate "thumb," and evidently "thumb" is the last thing we require or desire; fourth, because Methodism in this country is too free and intelligent to allow any few men in the love and fear of God to dispose of many labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, and too independent to accept any matter as settled, whether settled by the authority of a Court of Appeal or Stationing Committee; and fifth, because in this land of light none in our Zion beloved need attempt High Court or Star Chamber work, for every man must take care of himself and fight his own battles; and every circuit must look out for itself; how then can we be satisfied with calm, pious, impartial executive decisions only? We will have none of it. The widest, freest, openest stationing—only keep the laymen out—is what we will have. Our benighted and enslaved American brethren may endure another system, may fancy that they have a plan that gives them, as nearly as may be in human affairs, an impartial, disinterested, well-informed Stationing Committee, one enjoying the mutual confidence of ministers and people; but we have learned a better way.

Laying these and their kindred expedients and experiments utterly out of the question, how would it be to examine what could be set over against the complaints of restless, perhaps unreasonable, spirits among us? This attempt will make a conclusive paper.

THE Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

POTTER AND CLAY.

TWO STUDIES.—I. THE "RUBAIYAT."

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

THE ruling spirit of the age is, as all men declare, the scientific spirit. To-day, more than ever before in the world's history, are men wrestling with the problems of the universe, and we of the present generation breathe an atmosphere of investigation and inquiry which is our most glorious heritage. On all sides broad fields of knowledge are being discovered and fair vistas are opening to the earnest eye. Wonderful secrets of Nature have been grasped and laid bare by eager hands, and we are beginning to cry, "The whole domain of science is his who is strong to enter in."

Yet wide as are the fields opened, and diverse as the roads men follow, the end sought is the same for all, the solution of the old, old problem of human destiny. For since the world began, this question, which to-day above all others absorbs the attention of philosopher and scientist, and the answer to which is most fraught with triumph or despair, has been asked by every earnest mind, wise and simple alike: What and whence is life, and whither does it tend? The names of men made world-famous by their brilliant efforts to solve this vital problem are but representative of the millions who, in limited, and sometimes inarticulate fashion, have through the ages been groping after the Truth that underlies all facts, all phenomena.

It is not strange, then, that poets and prophets—are not the two one?—should, in different ages and nations, have dealt with the same theme, and even used the same imagery in presenting it. And it is no cause for wonder that side by side upon our library tables lie the "Rubáiyát" of Omar, and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" of Browning, two typical embodiments of the final issue between agnosticism and theism, while we, because we have felt the conflict in our own souls, are enabled to comprehend the unspeakable sadness of the one, and the triumphant, inspiring gladness of the other.

The "Rubáiyát," we are told, form a series of several hundred independent quatrains, of which one hundred and one have been translated by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, to whom the English reading world is indebted for an acquaintance, scarcely possible but for his beautiful translation, with the works of "the Astronomer-Poet of Persia," as well as with the few known particulars of his life.

Of the details concerning the history of Omar Khayyám it is sufficient for us to know that he was a scholar as well as a poet, deeply versed in science, particularly that of astronomy, who, seven hundred years ago, carried on his quiet pursuits at Naishápúr, under the patronage of the Vizier, Nizam-ul-Mulk. The story of his spiritual life is told in his poems. Revolting from the false and empty philosophy of the Sufis and the imperious religion of Islam, he found nothing on which to rest his belief but the fleeting Present and an inexorable Fate. An atheist, knowing no God, no future, he turned back upon self and sensual pleasure for that on which to nourish a mind too really great to be satisfied with aught so hollow.

The ostensible theme of the "Rubâiyât" is the Praise of Wine, that which alone can deaden the hunger of the soul. In the fifty-eighth quatrain (I use Mr. Fitzgerald's translation), Omar says:

> "And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
> Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
> Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder; and
> He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!"

"The sovereign Alchemist," he calls it, and devotes many verses to the glorification of its power. But underneath there is a deeper, more serious thought. The true theme of the "Rubâiyât" is Life and Destiny; the poem or series of poems, embodies a theory of existence, the hopeless theory of the agnostic.

Omar's concept of life is that which recognizes but morning and night, but youth followed by death; he knows no evening, no sunset hour. The song begins with a joyous strain:

> "Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
> The stars before him from the Field of Night,
> Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
> The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

It ends with a mournful cadence:

> "Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
> How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
> How oft hereafter rising look for us
> Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain."

Youth to him is a season of mirth and pleasure, yet in the most joyful and merry of his verses there is always the undertone of sadness:

> "Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
> Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

Always with the thought of the present, the bright present of pleasure and love, comes close following the other thought of the dark, unknown future:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

This to-day; but to-morrow?

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regret and future Fears;
To-morrow! Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years."

And feel the hopelessness of the following lines—

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End."

Over and over the emptiness and evanescence of all earthly hope and ambition are declared with a stern pathos, which gives a glimpse of an element in the real nature of the poet which he seems ever striving to conceal under the mantle of pure sensualism.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's Dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone."

Thus their hope and the men themselves

"Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

. . . . . .

"Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools! your reward is neither Here nor There.'"

Omar did not "lean to the darker side" without some struggle, some effort to find the Truth. In his song he gives the story of his search after God, after some clue to the meaning of life. It is the dreary history of the development of agnosticism in a soul capable of faith. The scientific spirit is false to its own methods,

its own canons, and the inevitable result is sensualism and atheism.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint; and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came back by the same door where in I went.

"With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

"Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

There is a reference to his study of the science that solves so many mysteries, but loosens not "the Master-knot of Human Fate:"

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

"Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

"Then of the THEE in ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without, 'THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!'"

Philosophy was impotent to show him God:

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.'

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire."

Life then loses its significance, its value, and is seen but as a game upon this "checker-board of Nights and Days;" God is an inscrutable Being,

"A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd,
Which for the Pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold."

Man is powerless in the hands of an arbitrary Fate:

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety and Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

So at last comes the discouragement of futile and baffled effort, with the recoil and lapse into despairing defiance:

"Then to the Lips of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd, 'While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return.'

"YESTERDAY *this* Day's Madness did prepare,
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

That there is no trace of grossness in Omar's verses, one feels to be due to the native fineness of his mind, rather than to moral restraint. The poet cannot sink utterly to the level of his own philosophy, which, though its expression is so delicately poetic and refined, is wholly sensual.

The old metaphor of the Potter and Clay, common to so many peoples and periods, is exquisitely elaborated by Omar Khayyám. He represents himself stopping by the way to watch the potter moulding his clay—clay which is the dust of vanished generations of men, not yet all insensate. The vessels are of all shapes and sizes; some beautiful, some awry; some created to honour, some to dishonour; yet all of *living* clay, conscious, but helpless, moulded as the Potter wills in arbitrary mood. As Omar watches the work of the Potter he hears the vessels speaking, vainly questioning, vainly remonstrating, till one in resistant despair cries out,

"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who makes—Who sells—Who buys—Who *is* the Pot?"

Vain, indeed! The poet, like the potter's vessel, despairs of reading the mystery, and returns again to the wine-cup. He cries to mankind to drink and be merry. Yet at Omar's feast there is ever present the skeleton, and when the gaiety rises highest the

sadness is deepest. There may be mirth, but there is no gladness, in atheism, in Omar's solution of the problem of destiny.

Be merry!

"Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

"So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?"

Drink and be merry! Such was Omar's song, but the sorrow of his own heart cries out at last,

"Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

"Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

"Would but some wingéd Angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!"

The song of Omar is but typical, after all. A soul grapples with the problem of life, fails to solve it and the end is despair. With all the rare beauty of imagery and tender grace of expression in the poem, with its gleams of light which sometimes penetrate the gloom of its unfaith, the prevailing note is still that of a profound sadness—a sadness which every one who faces the thought of life without God and without hope must feel.

From the dust of Omar Khayyám, for nearly seven centuries have sprung generation after generation of the roses he loved so well, but his Song of Wine still lives, the saddest, mournfullest song that human lips have uttered.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

THE DORÉ GALLERY.

BY THE REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.

The Doré Gallery of Art in New Bond Street, London, is one of those delicious retreats into which one loves to go sometimes and hide away for an afternoon from the din of the huge metropolis. There among the ravishing canvasses of this great modern master I could be just as tranquil and abstracted as I can be in Canada, lying half-hidden among the fragrant shrubs of some secluded headland, with my gun by my side, watching the wild-fowl fly in from the glorious region down in the west, where the sun is sinking so splendidly. There in Bond Street I recline in the velvety depths of a great ottoman, while my soul is drinking in the beauty and pathos of what I feel to be the most eloquent paintings in all the world.

Here hangs the great original of the steel engraving so common in our homes, "Christ leaving the Prætorium." At first glance I am overwhelmed with the size of this picture, twenty feet by thirty, and some of the great life proportioned figures on the canvas. But I soon forget this, and am lost in the exquisite colouring, power, and pathos of it. I scarcely move for hours, taking in the sad beauty of the central figure of Christ, as He comes slowly moving toward me down those marble steps. I look at the crowd of priests; I pick out the traitor, Judas, watching the descent with guilty side glance; I gaze longer at the lovely pallid face of the holy mother, with the tear on her cheek, and at the Magdalene falling fainting with grief at the feet of the fierce Roman soldiers, who thrust back roughly the pressing crowd with the but-end of their long spears; I try to make out the dark features of Pilate and Herod as they converse in the close confidence of new-made friendship, in the dim background of all; but I ever come back to that one face, and think the painter must indeed have learned the magnetic power of Him who "will draw all men unto Him." No man can study this great canvas and come away with just the same heart. I wished this picture had been placed in the British Gallery of Art, where the poor might receive its blessing, because it is infinitely more touching than the sixty thousand pound Madonna of Raphael, or anything else in Trafalgar Square Gallery.

The companion picture to this is "Christ Entering Jerusalem." It is also a wonder of genius, and forms with the other a fine contrastive study of the life of our Lord.

In a more dim side-gallery hangs the *Ecce Homo*. With it in an instant my soul was smitten to its depths. Such a face; so radiant with divinity, I almost retreat a step before its shining power. Then I am drawn back by the infinite sadness of those eyes; and the tears spring to mine at the sight of so cruel a thorny crown, and those scarlet drops of that blood I almost look to see fall from His forehead to His feet, and my heart whispers over the dear lines:

> "O Lamb of God, was ever grief,
> Was ever love like thine?"

I will not leave the "Ecce Homo" before I repeat my *sacramentum*.

There are two fine pictures, companions, that witness to the rebound of Doré from Romish error, "The Neophyte," and the "Day Dream." The principal figure in the former is that of a young monk who has just become a brother among the throng of tonsured recluses who are represented in the midst of a monastic service. None appear so earnest as he, yet in his eyes there lingers a far-way, sad look. In the latter, our neophyte is seated at the great organ, leading the vesper hymn. His face is sidelong toward a window "richly dight." As the sunset light pours in a glorious stream through the coloured glass, in the midst of it appears the most radiant of girl faces, into whose eyes of beseeching love the Dreamer is gazing with an expression of absolute despair.

I stand before the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" and think of the Laureate's "Dream of Fair Women." The mellowed light from her open chamber door casts a faint glow upon all the terrible tragedies that were about to transpire within the following hours. These are represented in the same picture, with the unique Doréan touch. There is about them all the mingled realism, phantasy and terror of a horrid dream.

Another fine canvas is the "Ascension." The glory of the departing Saviour, the joy of the angels, and the loneliness of the group of disciples fire the beholder with conflicting emotions.

Doré did not devote much time to any mythological subjects. But his "Andromeda" and "Ariadne and the Lion" are splendid works of art. They are, however, characterized by that extreme nudity of the French school to which we happily in America have not yet become accustomed in our picture galleries. "Moses and Pharaoh" is a great work, both in size and colouring, but I was not drawn toward it especially. I have reserved for the last the picture of all that imprinted itself the most deeply on

my heart, "The Vale of Tears." The painting itself has a history. It was the master's last, and in it he has concentrated all the sorrow that compressed itself into the close of his life. It also reveals the blessedness of that faith which it is said so comforted Doré in his closing hours on earth, which had become a "vale of tears" to him through the loss of dearest friends.

This is the picture –In the centre of a dreary, rocky, nightenshadowed land there opens a wide ravine. Coming down toward the observer there is a figure of the Christ. His eyes are tender with pitying love. On the left shoulder he bears a cross. His right hand is stretched forward in a beckoning, receiving attitude. Curving widely above his head is a resplendent circle of light, which casts its radiance over the whole dark canvas. The vale is a rough craggy cleft between great mountains, on every part of which descending toward the central figure is an innumerable multitude of people, whose crowding forms mingle far back in the picture into one indistinguishable mass. We can only make those of them out who are somewhat near the Christ. He seems to be crying, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." Those closest to Him kneeling, tottering, feebly creeping, and the most abject of all ages of the world, all climes, all ills are represented. Every man and woman is bringing his or her own troubles to Him. There are boys and girls and infants lifted up for a blessing in mothers' arms. Here is the high priest with his sins, and the king pallid with pressing care, leaning upon the shoulder of Cæsar wounded unto death. Great soldiers, statesmen, churchmen, all are here coming with their burdens of sin and care.

A very impressive figure is that of a lovely girl with cross extended in her hand, in the act of encouraging the despairing ones to press forward to the Christ. She is an angel of mercy. Great crowds of men and women are incessantly pouring down the mountain passes, stopping a moment to look with astonishment at the wondrous scene beneath, with all its divine sorrow and impotency, lighted up by the luminous circle that encompasses the Christ. Last of all, I discover in the left-hand corner of the painting, concealed amid deep shadows, clinging in thick coils around a blasted tree, the writhing form of a huge serpent. Here is the curse. Here is sin. This is the apt touch of Doré, illustrating at the same time his subtle genius, and his loyalty to inspired truth.

Indeed, it is here that, with the old masters, he has triumphed. In him Christianity has again showed itself to be the mother-source of truest art. The world's greatest masters in poetry, music,

painting and sculpture have caught their finest inspirations from Christology. Doré has enriched British art. I could not find a touch of his brush in France. The great Louvre now looks over with envious eyes toward the little gallery on New Bond Street, London, and the Salon bitterly laments its mistake in alienating Gustave Doré from his native land.

The following is a brief outline of the facts of Doré's life:

France has produced greater painters than Gustave Doré, but none whose name is more familiar to the world, or whose works have had wider popularity. He began to draw pictures while yet a mere child, living in his native town of Strasburg under the shadow of the great cathedral, which was at once his chief delight and his source of artistic inspiration.

In his fifteenth year he found himself in Paris, where he quickly laid the foundation of his remarkable success. Beginning at this early age he ran a career of thirty-five years of the most prodigious labour which any man ever accomplished. During that time Doré produced no less than 76,000 drawings, and attached his name forever to the masterpieces of literature. He died, alas! without being able to complete the magnificent illustrations to Shakespeare, which he intended to make the crowning triumph of his artistic career.

He laboured incessantly. "I do not think," said one of his family, "that during a whole year Gustave slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four. The wonder is that he did not go mad." Often he rose from his bed and stole on tiptoe to his studio to outline the conceptions which haunted his ever-fermenting brain, and his premature death must in great part be ascribed to the fatigue and nervous excitement consequent upon this nocturnal labour. He worked at high pressure and with a celerity that was enough, an artist said, "to make one dizzy." Swiftly as he used his brush and pencil, his imagination was invariably far ahead of them, for he had at all times years of future toil planned and waiting.

As for money, the great artist never cared for it. Between 1850 and 1870 he received for his work $1,400,000, and could have had more if he had but demanded it. When his mother died she left him $120,000 in addition. A large part of this fortune he left to charities.

In addition to the pictures described by Mr. Moore, we would call attention to "The Christian Martyrs," perhaps the most dramatic of all Doré's conceptions. In it he has pictured the horrors of the Roman arena under Diocletian, A.D. 303. The time is a night succeeding a great festival. The stone seats of the great amphitheatre are empty—the crowd that sat filled with pleasure over the persecution has gone. In the dimly-lighted arena, half seen by fitful moonbeams, savage animals prowl over the corpses, or feed upon the remains. Above, from a star-lit sky, a vision of angels is seen descending to welcome the departing spirits of those who have suffered death.

Another noble painting is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. The figure of our Saviour is the central object of interest as He comes forward on the back of an ass through one of those Corinthian gateways built by Herod. Two boys lead the animal. The group that immediately fol-

lows consists of the Apostles, the Mother, and the Seventy who had collected on the occasion. The beautiful face of the Virgin Mary may be seen amid the throng. Peter may be recognized on the left. The city stretches out behind the procession, full of people who cover the housetops and fill every available space, rapturously welcoming Him, and strewing His path with the green branches. A group of Roman ladies occupy a sort of tribune to the right, while on the left the Jewish women may be distinguished by their veils—one of them being lifted up to get a view of the Saviour. Another, herself kneeling, is raising a lovely brown child on her shoulders. Altogether, the great canvas contains about two hundred figures, of every rank of society in old Judea. The oriental types and costumes of the historic period are carefully preserved. In the blue transparent firmament on high appears a double glory of white-robed angels, grouped in a celestial choir, who mingle their hosannas with those of the earthly throng.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

PAUL'S ROMAN GUARD AND THE VENETIAN ALPS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

"My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard, and to all the rest."—PHIL. i. 13.

No sight from Venice is more striking and lovely than the great range of snow-capped mountains that bound it to the north. When first seen from the top of the Campanile, or from the green shores of the Lido, few can suppress exclamations of surprise and delight. We had often wished to explore that region, and having a few weeks at command between the close of the Scotch Church in July, and the re-opening of it in September, we set out to do so.

We took the train as far as it was available, which was to Belluno, an old-fashioned town in the great valley of the Piave, about forty miles from Venice. There we got a diligence, which took us other forty miles up this same valley to Pieve-di-Cadore, where we took up our headquarters.

Pieve-di-Cadore is a small village, having a population of 700, situated about 3,000 feet above the sea, walled around by giant mountain peaks and ranges, far removed from the stir and bustle of life, and thus promising at first sight little to entertain one. We yet found it more full of interest than many much-frequented towns, with tens of thousands of inhabitants. The very name is suggestive. Pieve is from "plebs." It was the meeting-place of the people, and the capital of the mountain region around, which is called Cadore. The word also speaks of elective rights and constitutional popular government. On inquiry, we found that it had a history, and a long and honourable one too, that could be traced back in an unbroken record to the beginning of the Christian era, and could be partially made out during even the two centuries preceding the birth of our Lord. It is one, too, that reflects only honour on the people, showing them to have always been brave, hardy mountaineers, with a strong love of freedom, who had often to fight for that priceless boon, and who rarely fought in vain. For ten centuries they existed as a little mountain republic; and when, because of the rise of strong peoples on every side of them, they were compelled to coalesce with others, they formed an honourable alliance with Venice.

Why these mountaineers have played such a part in history is explained to a certain extent by their character, and by the

wealth of their country in minerals and timber; but chiefly by this circumstance, which seems at first sight most unlikely, their geographical position. For the valley of the river Piave, which runs through Cadore, used to be one of the great high roads to and from Italy, and the village of Pieve, situated at its neck where several lateral valleys run into it, was the key to the pass. And though at present this route is comparatively unfrequented, being traversed chiefly by the Alpinist and tourist, once hordes of people—Greeks and Goths, Huns and Ostrogoths, Franks and Lombards, Hungarians, Germans, and Austrians—poured through it into the sunny south.

The natural scenery of this district is interesting. The mountains that shut it in are Dolomites. This term, derived from Dolomieu, a famous mineralogist, casts, of course, no scientific light on their nature. We are told, however, that these rocks consist of carbonates of lime and magnesia in definite proportions, and in a state of crystallization. A piece of Dolomite feels soft and smooth as a piece of soap. These rocks are very fragile, and hence destructive landslips and falls of large masses are frequent. But their most striking characteristic is their forms. They are not like other mountains. Their summits are thrown up into the most fantastic shapes. Here a range of pinnacles, and there towers and ramparts, battlemented walls and impregnable castles. Then this was Titian's country. The house still stands in Pieve, where, in 1477, he was born, and where he lived till his tenth or twelfth year, when he set out for Venice, but which he returned to for a short holiday almost every year of his long life. A marble slab, set into the walls, bears the inscription—

"CADORE SEGNA AGLI OSPITI QUESTA
CASA DOVE NAQUE E CREBBE TOZIANO."*

A monument has been erected to him in the market-place. His family name, Vecellio, is still to be seen over the doors of the village shops which belong to his descendants. In the parish church are hung a few of his pictures, and his grandfather's house contains a fresco, painted by him from colours obtained, it is said, from flowers, when yet quite a boy, before he left the paternal roof.

These are a few of the things of interest we found at Pieve-di-Cadore. We might mention others, but hasten on to speak of that which interested us as Christians more than all, namely, the

* Cadore points out to its guests this house in which was born and grew up Titian.

connection between the Christianity of this place and the Apostle Paul's guards during his imprisonment at Rome, and, indeed, with the Apostle Paul himself. Christianity was introduced here by Roman soldiers, and probably by some who had received it themselves from the lips of the great apostle. In the first chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians Paul, referring to his imprisonment and to its altered conditions by which he was deprived of the liberty he once enjoyed, and was constantly chained to a soldier, says, "But I would 'ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel."

As the words imply, he and these Philippians, to whom he wrote, imagined that the change would have hindered the Gospel, but here, as in many another instance, God made the wrath of man to praise Him. Paul then tells how the Gospel was furthered. "My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard, and to all the rest." Paul talked to his guards about Christ. As one after another was chained to him they heard the message of salvation. Impressed themselves, converted themselves, they talked in turn to their companions in the prætorium about Christ and Christ's prisoner in bonds. Thus the news spread, not only among the soldiers, and they of Cæsar's household, but *to all the rest*. Significant words. Shall we interpret them to all the other citizens of Rome? Doing so, we shall not err, but if we stop there, our interpretation is defective. *To all the rest* means to all to whom these soldiers went, and it includes the brave mountaineers of this out-lying, far-distant region, relative in these days to Rome, Pieve-di-Cadore. Paul's imprisonment happened about 60 A.D., and shortly after that the Roman Emperor sent a force under Drusus and Tiberius to conquer Cadore. The soldiers marched north through the Peninsula. They came up the Piave gorge of which we have spoken. They conquered the country with tolerable ease as far as the Cadore frontier beyond Belluno. There they built a fortress, which to this day remains in the name of the place Castello. Then they set about the subjugation of the Cadorini. These highlanders made a long and stout resistance, but had at last to yield, although not without securing several privileges from their conquerors. A Roman garrison was at last planted in the castle of Pieve. But the conquests of these soldiers did not end here. Among them were members of the prætorian guard, who had learned the Gospel from the lips of their comrades, or, as we have already said, probably from the lips of the great apostle himself. These soldiers became evangelists and missionaries. They talked to

the mountaineers as they had been talked to. Their preaching was not in vain. They obtained a second and a better triumph in Cadore. As good soldiers of Rome they had won the land for Cæsar, and now as good soldiers of the Cross they won the people for Jesus.

Their subjection to Christ has long outlived that to Cæsar. After a few centuries the Roman Empire went to pieces, but the Kingdom of Christ remains enduring on, and the Cadorini from age to age have been its subjects. They were ever jealous of freedom of conscience and purity of worship. On their statute books stand laws passed from time to time in the early centuries against the claims and pretensions of the Church of Rome. The way in which they decided to join the Republic of Venice, in 1420, is significant and illustrates their Christian character. Uncertain whether to join Maximilian, who could crush them from the north, or the Duke of Milan, their powerful neighbour to the west, or Venice to the south, a councillor rose in the Assembly, saying, "We are Christians, let us go to Him who is the source of light to learn what to do." An adjournment was made from the Council Hall to the Church of the Holy Spirit. There prayer was made for divine guidance and direction. God gave them "light in the darkness." On re-assembling in the Council Hall, with one voice and one heart they said, "Let us go to the good Venetians."

Venice, in the fifteenth century, had not yet fallen from its Christian character and status. Of course, the Church of Rome has gone from bad to worse during these past centuries, and the Cadorini have remained in connection with it. Still within the pale of that Church there are Catholics and Catholics. In the big cities, even in Rome itself, alongside the clerical party, who are now fighting for the restoration of the temporal power, there are liberal laymen and priests who recognize the spirituality of Christ's kingdom, and who own only Him as their Saviour and their Sovereign. Much more so is this the case in country districts. It is so in Cadore. We found the priests and the people wonderfully instructed in Bible truths, and whilst holding it in error, looking for salvation through the atoning work of Jesus Christ. We used to distribute Scripture cards and leaflets. These were not only accepted gladly, but sought for with earnestness and read and preserved. Many a poor woman put down her load of wood or hay, and read with beaming eyes the words of our Saviour: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Crime is rarely heard of, and the moral tone is excellent. Poverty, in the shape of destitution, is

unknown, for although the land does not produce enough to support the people, the young men are enterprising. They go, as one expressed it, for a walk in America (vanno a spasso in America). There they labour industriously and live economically for a few years and save money, when they return to live comfortably among their native hills

We need not fear for the continuance in Cadore of this fruit of the Apostle Paul's imprisonment. He who by means of the soldiers of that old prætorian guard carried to these mountains "a handful of corn," and who has caused "the fruit thereof" down these long centuries to "shake like Lebanon," will take care of its growth and extension still, for "His name," we know, "shall endure forever, His name shall be continued as long as the sun." "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things."

San Remo, 21st Nov., 1888.

THE TRANSLATING OF THE GOSPEL.

Within a cloister of the olden time,
As slowly swung the bell for even chime,
The holy Father Bede, whose failing breath
Gave sure foretoken of his holy death,
Besought a scribe to write the precious word
That from his languid lips scarce could be heard.

"A chapter yet is wanting, master mine,"
Up spake the boy, as fast the sacred line
Of John, the best beloved the saints among,
Was deftly wrought into the mother-tongue.
"Then quickly speed!" the dying monk exclaimed,
Whilst on his face the golden sunset flamed.

"Dear master," spake the lad in mortal dread
(For now the noble face was like the dead),
"The work must rest unfinished, much I fear;
There lacketh yet a single sentence here."
"Write quickly, boy," was spoken in reply;
"Until the work be done I may not die."

"'Tis finished," said the little scribe at last,
And looked upon the holy man aghast.
"Yes, *all* is finished," the great monk replied,
Then crossed his pallid hands and, smiling, died.

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

BY SAXE HOLM.

II.

For the first few days after the funeral, Draxy seemed to sink; the void was too terrible; only little Reuby's voice roused her from the apathetic silence in which she would sit by the hour gazing out of the east bay-window on the road down which she had last seen her husband walk. She knew just the spot where he had paused and turned and thrown kisses back to Reuby watching him from the window.

But her nature was too healthy, too full of energy, and her soul too full of love to remain in this frame long. She reproached herself bitterly for the sin of having indulged in it even for a short time.

"I don't believe my darling can be quite happy even in heaven while he sees me living this way," she said, sternly, to herself one morning. Then she put on her bonnet, and went down into the village to carry out a resolution she had been meditating for some days. Very great was the astonishment of house after house that morning, as Draxy walked quietly in, as had been her wont. She proposed to the mothers to send their younger children to her, to be taught half of every day.

"I can teach Reuby better if I have other children, too," she said. "I think no child ought to be sent into the district school under ten. The confinement is too much for them. Let me have all the boys and girls between six and eight, and I'll carry them along with Reuby for the next two or three years at any rate," she said.

The parents were delighted and grateful; but their wonder almost swallowed up all other emotions.

"To think o' her!" they said. "The Elder not three weeks buried, an' she a goin' round, jest as calm 'n' sweet's a baby, a gettin' up a school!"

"She's too good for this earth, that's what she is," said Angy Plummer. "I should jest like to know if anybody 'd know this village, since she came into 't. Why we ain't one of us the same we used to be. I know I ain't. I reckon myself's jest about eight years old, if I have got three boys. That makes me born the summer before her Reuby, an' that's jest the time I was born, when my Benjy was seven months old!"

"You're jest crazy about Mis' Kinney, Angy Plummer," said her mother. "I b'lieve ye'd go through fire for her quicker 'n ye would for any yer own flesh an' blood."

Angy went to her mother and kissed the fretful old face very kindly. "Mother, you can't say I hain't been a better daughter to you sence I knowed Mis' Kinney."

"No, I can't," grumbled the old woman, "that's a fact; but she's got a heap o' new fangled notions I don't believe in."

The school was a triumphant success. From nine until twelve o'clock every forenoon, twelve happy little children had a sort of frolic of learning lessons in the Elder's sacred study, which was now Draxy's sitting-room. Old Ike, who since the Elder's death had never seemed quite clear of brain, had asked so piteously to come and sit in the room, that Draxy let him do so. He sat in a big chair by the fireplace, and carved whistles and ships and fantastic toys for the children, listening all the time intently to every word which fell from Draxy's lips. He had transferred to her all the pathetic love he had felt for the Elder; he often followed her at a distance when she went out, and little Reuby he rarely lost sight of, from morning till night. He was too feeble now to do much work, but his presence was a great comfort to Draxy. He seemed a very close link between her and her husband.

Reuben also came to the school-room, and Jane sometimes sat there with her knitting. A strange content had settled on their lives, in spite of all the sorrow.

But the Lord had more work still for this sweet woman's hand. This, too, was suddenly set before her. Late one Saturday afternoon, as she was returning, surrounded by her escort of laughing children, from the woods, where they had been for May-flowers, old Deacon Plummer overtook her.

"Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney," he began several times, but could get no further. He was evidently in great perplexity how to say the thing he wished.

"Mis' Kinney, would you hev —

"Mis' Kinney, me and Deacon Swift 's been a sayin'—

"Mis' Kinney, ain't you got —"

Draxy smiled outright. She often smiled now, with cordial good cheer, when things pleased her.

"What is it, Deacon? out with it. I can't possibly tell unless you make it plainer."

Thus encouraged, good Deacon Plummer went on:

"Well, Mis' Kinney, it's jest this: Elder Williams has jest sent word he can't come and preach to-morrer, and there ain't nobody anywhere's round that we can get; and De'n Swift 'n me, we was a thinkin' whether you wouldn't be willin' some of us should read one o' the Elder's old sermons. O Mis' Kinney, ye don't know how we all hanker to hear some o' his blessed words agin."

Draxy stood still. Her face altered so that the little children crowded round her in alarm, and Reuby took hold of her hand. Tears came into her eyes, and she could hardly speak, but she replied,—

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Plummer, I should be very glad to have you.

I'll look out a sermon to-night, and you can come up to the house in the morning and get it."

"O Mis' Kinney, do forgive me for speakin'. You have allers seem so borne up, I never mistrusted that 't 'd do any harm to ask yer," stammered the poor Deacon, utterly disconcerted by Draxy's tears, for she was crying hard now.

"It hasn't done any harm, I assure you. I am very glad to do it," said Draxy.

"Yes, sir, my mamma very often cries when she's glad," spoke up Reuby, his little face getting very red, and his lips quivering. "She's very glad, sir, if she says so."

This chivalrous defence calmed poor Draxy, but did not comfort the Deacon, who hurried away, saying to himself,—

"Don't believe there was ever such a woman nor such a boy in this world before. She never shed a tear when we brought the Elder home dead, nor even when she see him let down into the very grave; 'n' I don't believe she's cried afore anybody till to-day: 'n' that little chap a speakin' up an' tellin' me his ma often cried when she was glad, an' I was to believe her spite of her crying! I wish I'd made Job Swift go arter her. I'll make him go arter that sermon anyhow. I won't go near her agin 'bout this bisness, that's certain;" and the remorse-stricken, but artful deacon hastened to his brother deacon's house to tell him that it was "all settled with Mis' Kinney 'bout the sermon, an' she was quite willin':" and, "O," he added, as if it were quite a second thought, "ye'd better go up an' git the sermon, Job, in the mornin', ye're so much nearer, an' then, 's ye've to do the readin' maybe she'll have something to explain to ye about the way it's to be read: th' Elder's writin' wan't any too easy to make out, 's fur 's I remember it."

Next morning, just as the first bells were ringing, Deacon Swift knocked timidly at the door of the Elder's study. Draxy met him with a radiant face. She had been excited by reading over the sermon she had after long deliberation selected. The text was,—

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." The sermon had been written soon after their marriage, and was one of her husband's favourites. There were many eloquent passages in it, which seemed now to take on a new significance, as coming from the lips of the Elder, absent from his flock and present with Christ.

"O Mis' Kinney, I recollect that sermon 's if 'twas only yesterday," said Deacon Swift. "The hull parish was talkin' on't all the week; ye couldn't have picked out one they'd be so glad to hear; but dear me! how I'm ever goin' to read it in any kind o' decent way, I don't know; I never was a reader anyhow, 'n' now I've lost my front teeth, some words does pester me to git out."

This opened the way for Draxy. Nearly all night she had lain awake, thinking how terrible it would be to her to hear her husband's beloved words indistinctly and ineffectively read by

Deacon Swift's cracked and feeble voice. Almost she regretted having given her consent. At last the thought passed into her mind, "Why should I not read it myself? I know I could be heard in every corner of that little church." The more she thought of it, the more she longed to do it, and the less she shrank from the idea of facing the congregation.

"'It's only just like a big family of children,' Seth always used to say, "and I'm sure I feel as if they were mine now, as much as ever they were his. I wish I dared do it. I believe Seth would like it," and Draxy fell asleep comforted by the thought. Before breakfast she consulted her father, and he approved it warmly.

"I believe your mission isn't done yet, daughter, to these people of your husband's. The more you speak to 'em the better. It 'll be jest like his voice speaking from heaven to 'em," said Reuben, "an' I shouldn't wonder if keepin' Elder Williams away was all the Lord's doin', as the blessed saint used to say."

Reuben's approval was all that Draxy needed to strengthen her impulse, and before Deacon Swift arrived her only perplexity was as to the best way of making the proposition to him. All this difficulty he had himself smoothed away by his first words."

"Yes, I know, Deacon Swift," she said. "I've been thinking that perhaps it would tire you to read for so long a time in a loud voice; and besides, Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard to read."

Draxy paused and look sympathizingly in the Deacon's face. The mention of the illegible writing distressed the poor man still more. He took the sermon from her hand and glanced nervously at the first page.

"Oh, my! Mis' Kinney," he exclaimed, "I can't make out half the words."

"Can't you?" said Draxy, gently. "It is all as plain as print to me, I know it so well. But there are some abbreviations Mr. Kinney always used. I will explain them to you. Perhaps that will make it easier."

"O Mis' Kinney! I can't never do it in the world," burst out the poor deacon. "O Mis' Kinney, why can't you read it to the folks? They'd all like it, I know they would."

"Do you really think so, Mr. Swift?" replied Draxy; and then, with a little twinge of conscience, added immediately, "I have been thinking of that very thing myself, that perhaps, if it wouldn't seem strange to the people, that would be the best way, because I know the handwriting so well, and it really is very hard for a stranger to read."

"Yes, yes, that's the very thing," hastily exclaimed the relieved deacon—that's it, that's it. Why, Mis' Kinney, as for their thinkin' it strange, there ain't a man in the parish that wouldn't vote for you for minister twice over if ye wuz only a man. I've heerd 'em all say so more 'n a thousand times sence." Something in Draxy's face cut the Deacon's sentence short.

"Very well, Mr. Swift," she said. "Then I will try, since you

think it best. My father thought it would be a good plan, too, or else I should not have been willing," she added, gently."

"Reuben Miller's daughter" was still as guileless, reverent, potent a thought in Draxy's heart as when, upon her unconscious childish lips, the words had been a spell disarming and winning all hearts to her.

The news had gone all through the village on Saturday night, that Deacon Swift was to read one of Elder Kinney's sermons the next day. The whole parish was present; not a man, not a woman was missing except those who were kept at home by sickness. A tender solemnity was in every face. Not often does it happen to a man to be so beloved by a whole community as was Elder Kinney by his people.

With some embarrassment and hesitation, Deacon Swift read the hymns and made one of the prayers; Deacon Plummer made the other. Then there came a pause. Draxy flushed scarlet and half rose in her pew. She had not thought to tell the Deacon that he must explain to the people beforehand why she read the sermon. She had taken it for granted that he would do so; but he did not comprehend that he ought, and only looked nervously toward her, waiting for her to come forward. This was the one moment which tried Draxy's soul; there was almost vexation in her look, as hastily laying aside her bonnet she walked up to the table in front of the pulpit, and, turning toward the people, said in her clear, melodious voice,—

"Dear friends, I am sorry Deacon Swift did not explain to you that I was to read the sermon. He asked me to do so, beause Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard for a stranger to read."

She paused for a second, and then added:

"The sermon which I have chosen is one which some of you will remember. It was written and preached nine years ago. The text is the beautiful Gospel of St. John, the 14th chapter and the 27th verse,—

"'Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you.'"

After pronouncing these words, Draxy paused again, and looking towards her pew, made a slight sign to Reuby. The child understood instantly, and walked swiftly to her.

"Sit in this chair here by mamma, Reuby, darling, she whispered, and Reuby climbed up into the big chair on her right hand, and leaned his fair golden head against the high mahogany back. Draxy had become conscious, in that first second, that she could not read with Reuby's wistful face in sight. Also she felt a sudden yearning for the support of his nearer presence.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," she repeated, and went on with the sermon. Her tones were low, but clear, and her articulation so perfect that no syllable was lost; she could have been heard in a room twice as large as this. The sight was one which thrilled every heart that looked on it; no poor labouring man there was so dull of sense and soul that he

did not sit drinking in the wonderful picture: the tall, queenly woman robed in simple, flowing white, her hair a coronet of snowy silver; her dark blue eyes shining with a light which would have been flashingly brilliant, except for its steadfast serenity; her mouth almost smiling, as the clear tones flowed out; sitting quiet, intent, by her side, the beautiful boy, also dressed in white, his face lighted like hers by serene and yet gleaming eyes; his head covered with golden curls; his little hands folded devoutly in his lap. One coming suddenly upon the scene might well have fancied himself in another clime and age, in the presence of some rite performed by a mystic priestess clothed in samite. But the words which fell from the lips were the gentlest words of the gentlest religion earth has known; and the heart which beat under the clinging folds of the strange white garb was no priestess' heart, but a heart full almost to breaking, of wife-hood, of motherhood.

It does not need experience as an orator to give significance to the magnetic language of upturned faces. Before Draxy had read ten pages of the sermon, she was so thrilled by the consciousness that every heart before her was thrilled too, that her cheeks flushed and her whole face glowed.

The sermon had sounded eloquent when the Elder preached it; but now, from Draxy's lips, it was transcendent. As she read the closing paragraph—

"His peace He leaves with us: His peace He gives us unto us: not such peace as He knew on earth: such peace as He knows now in heaven, on the right hand of His Father; even that peace He bids us share—that peace, the peace of God which passeth understanding,"—she seemed to dilate in stature, and as she let the sermon fall on the table before her, her lifted eyes seemed arrested in mid-air by a celestial vision.

Then, in a second more, she was again the humble, affectionate Draxy, whom all the women and all the little children knew and loved; looking round on them with an appealing expression, she said,—

"Dear friends, I hope I have not done wrong in standing up here and taking it upon me to read such solemn words. I felt that Mr. Kinney would like to speak to you once more through me."

Then taking little Reuby the hand, she walked slowly back to her pew.

Then Deacon Swift made sad work of reading the hymn,—

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

And the choir made sad work of singing it. Nobody's voice could be trusted for many syllables at a time, but nobody listened to the music. Everybody was impatient to speak to Draxy. They clustered round her in the aisle; they crowded into pews to get near her: all the reticence and reserve of their New England habit had melted away in this wonderful hour. They

thanked her; they touched her; they gazed at her; they did not know what to do; even Draxy's calm was visibly disturbed by the atmosphere of their great excitement.

"O Mis' Kinney, ef ye'll only read us one more! just one more! won't ye, now? Do say ye will, right off, this afternoon; or read the same one right over, ef that's any easier for ye. We'd like to hear jest that 'n' nothin' else for a year to come! O Mis' Kinney! 'twas jest like hearin' the Elder himself."

Poor Draxy was trembling. Reuben came to her rescue.

"I hope you won't take it unkindly of me," he said, "but my daughter's feeling more than's good for her. She must come home now." And Reuben drew her hand into his arm.

The people fell back sorry and conscience-stricken.

"We orter ha' known better," they said, "but she makes us forgit she's flesh 'n' blood."

"I will read you another sermon some time," said Draxy, slowly. "I shall be very glad to. But not to-day. I could not it to-day." Then she smiled on them all, with a smile which was a benediction, and walked away holding Reuby's hand very tightly, and leaning heavily on her father's arm.

The congregation did not disperse; nothing since the Elder's death had so moved them. They gathered in knots on the church steps and in the aisles, and talked long and earnestly. There was but one sentiment, one voice.

"It's a thousand shames she ain't a man," said some of the young men.

"It 'ud be a thousand times more ef she wuz," retorted Angy Plummer. "I'd like to see the man 'ud do what she does, a comin' right close to the very heart o' yer's ef she was your mother 'n' your sister, 'n, your husband, and a blessed angel o' God, all ter once."

"But Angy, we only meant that then we could hev her for our minister," they replied.

Angy turned very red, but replied, energetically,—

"There ain't any law agin a woman's bein' minister, thet I ever heerd on. Howsomever, Mis' Kinney never'd hear to anythin' o' that kind. I don' no' for my part how she ever mustered up courage to do what's she's done, so kind o' backward 'n' shy's she is for all her strength. But for my part, I wouldn't ask for no other preachin' all the rest o' my life, than jest to hear Mis' Kinney read one o' her husband's sermons every Sunday."

"Why, Angy Plummer!" burst from more lips than one. But the bold suggestion was only the half-conscious thought of every one there, and the discussion grew more and more serious. Slowly the people dispersed to their homes, but the discussion still continued. Late into night, by many a fireside, the matter was talked over, and late the next night, and the next, until a vague hope and a still vaguer purpose sprang up in the parish.

"She said she'd read another some day," they reiterated.

"Most likely she'd 's soon do it next Sunday, 'n' sooner, 'cause she'd be more used to't than ef she waited a spell between."

"But it won't do to take it for granted she's goin' to, 'n' not git anybody," said Deacon Swift, in great perplexity. "I think Brother Plummer 'n' me'd better go 'n' ask her."

"No," said Angy, "let me go. I can talk it over better'n you can. I'll go."

And Angy went. The interview between the two women was long. Angy pleaded as nobody else in the parish could have done; and Draxy's heart was all on her side. But Draxy's judgment was unconvinced.

"If I could be sure, Angy, that it would be best for the people, I should not hesitate. But you know very well, if I begin I shall keep on," she said.

She consulted Reuben. His heart, too, was on the people's side, but his judgment was like hers, perplexed.

"One thing's very certain, daughter: there is not anybody they can ever find to settle here, or that they are likely to, who can preach as the Elder did. His old sermons are worlds better than any new ones they'll get."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said Draxy. "That's what makes me feel as if I must do it."

This had been her strongest motive. Only too well she knew what would be the probable calibre of a man who would come to this poor and lonely little village which she so loved.

At last she consented to make the experiment. "I will read for you every Sunday two sermons of Mr. Kinney's," she said, "until you hear of some one whom you would like to settle for your minister."

Angy Plummer, clapped her hands when her father repeated at tea on Thursday evening what Mis' Kinney" had said.

"That's good 's settlin' her," she exclaimed. "Oh, I never thought she'd come to it," and real tears of joy stood in Angy's eyes.

"I don't know 'bout that, Angy," replied the Deacon; "there's a good deal to be thought on, fust 'n' last. Folks 'll talk like everythin', I expect, 'n' say we've got a woman preacher. It wouldn't never do for any great length o' time; but it will be a blessin' to hear some th' Elder's good rousin', comfortin sermons for a spell, arter the stuff we hev been a havin', 'n' they can't say she's any more 'n' a reader anyhow. That's quite different from preachin'."

"Of course it is," said Angy, who was wise enough to keep some of her thoughts and hopes to herself; "they're 's different 's any other two things. I don't suppose anybody'd say you was a settin' up to preach, if you'd ha' read the sermons, 'n' I don't see why they need to any more o' Mis' Kinney." And so, on the next Sunday Draxy's ministry to her husband's people began. Again, with softened and gladdened faces the little congregation looked up to the fair, tall priestess, with her snow-white hair, and

gleaming steadfast eyes, standing meekly between the communion table and the chair in which sat her golden-haired little son. Her voice was clearer and stronger than ever; and there was a calm peacefulness in her whole atmosphere which had not been there at first.

Again the people crowded around, and thanked her, and clasped her hands. This time she answered them with cordial good cheer, and did not tremble. To little Reuby also they spoke gratefully.

"You help too, Reuby, don't you?" said Angy Plummer—"do you like it?"

"Very much, ma'am; mamma says I help, but I think she's mistaken," said the little fellow, archly.

"Yes you do, you darling," said Mrs. Plummer, stooping and kissing him tenderly.

The reading of the sermons grew easier and easier to Draxy, Sunday by Sunday. She became conscious of a strange sense of being lifted out of herself, as soon as she began to speak. She felt more and more as if it were her husband speaking through her; and she felt more and more closely drawn into relation with the people.

"Oh, father, dear," she said more than once, "I don't know how I shall ever give it up when the time comes. It makes me so happy; I feel almost as if I could see Seth standing right by me and holding my gown while I read. And father, dear," she proceeded in a lower, slower voice, "I don't know but you'll think it wrong; I'm almost afraid to tell you, but sometimes I say words that aren't in the sermons; just a sentence or two, where I think Seth would put it in if he were here now; and I almost believe he puts the very words into my head."

She paused and looked anxiously and inquiringly at her father.

"No, Draxy," replied Reuben solemnly, "I don't think it wrong. I feel more and more, every Sunday I listen to you, as if the Lord had set you apart for this thing; and I don't believe He'd send any other angel except your husband on the errand of helpin' you."

The summer passed, and the parish gave no signs of readiness for a new minister. When Draxy spoke of it, she was met by such heartfelt grief on all sides that she was silenced. At last she had a long, serious talk with the deacons, which set her mind more at rest. They had, it seemed, consulted several neighbouring ministers, Elder Williams among the number, and they had all advised that while the congregation seemed so absorbed in interest, no change should be made.

"Elder Williams he sez he'll come over regular for the communion," said Deacon Plummer, "and for baptism whenever we want him, and thet's the main thing, for, thank the Lord, we haint many funerals 'n the course of a year. And Mis' Kinney, ye'll excuse my makin' so bold, I'll tell ye jest what Elder

Williams said about ye: sez he, 'It's my opinion that ef there was ever a woman born thet was just cut out for a minister to a congregation, it's that Elder's wife o' your'n;' and sez we to him, 'Thet's jest what the hull town thinks, sir, and it's our opinion that ef we should try to settle anythin' in the shape of a man in this parish, there wouldn't be anythin' but empty pews for him to preach to, for the people'd all be gone up to Mis' Kinney's.'"

Draxy smiled in spite of herself. But her heart was very solemn.

"It is a great responsibility, Deacon Plummer," she said, "and I feel afraid all the time. But my father thinks I ought to do it, and I am so happy in it, it seems as if it could not be a mistake."

As months went on, her misgivings grew less and less; and her impulses to add words of her own to her husband's sermons grew more and more frequent. She could not but see that she held the hearts of the people in her hands to mould them like wax; and her intimate knowledge of their conditions and needs made it impossible for her to refrain from sometimes speaking the words she knew they ought to hear. Whenever she did so at length, she laid her manuscript on the table, that they might know the truth. Her sense of honesty would not let her do otherwise. It was long before anybody but Angy Plummer understood the meaning of these intervals. The rest supposed she knew parts of the sermon by heart.

But at last came a day when her soul was so stirred within her, that she rose up boldly before her people and said,—

"I have not brought any sermon of Mr. Kinney's to read to you to-day. I am going to speak to you myself. I am so grieved, so shocked at events which have taken place in this village, the past week, that I cannot help speaking about them. And I find among Mr. Kinney's sermons no one which meets this state of things."

The circumstances to which Draxy alluded had been some disgraceful scenes of excitement in connection with the Presidential election. Party spirit had been growing higher and higher in Clairvend for some years; and when, on the reckoning of the returns on this occasion, the victorious party proved to have a majority of but three, sharp quarrelling had at once broken out. Accusations of cheating and lying were freely bandied, and Deacon Plummer and George Thayer had nearly come to blows on the steps of the Town House, at high noon, just as the school-children were going home. Later in the afternoon there had been a renewal of the contest in the village store, and it had culminated in a fight, part of which Draxy herself had chanced to see. Long and anxiously she pondered, that night, the question of her duty. She dared not keep silent.

"It would be just hypocrisy and nothing less," she exclaimed to herself, "for me to stand up there and read them one of Seth's sermons, when I am burning to tell them how shamefully they

have behaved. But I suppose it will be the last time I shall speak to them. They'll never want to hear me again."

She did not tell her father of her resolution till they were near the church. Reuben started, but in a moment he said, deliberately,—

"You're quite right, daughter; may the Lord bless you!"

At Draxy's first words, a thrill of astonishment ran over the whole congregation. Everybody knew what was coming. George Thayer coloured scarlet to the roots of his hair, and the colour never faded till the sermon was ended. Deacon Plummer coughed nervously, and changed his position so as to cover his mouth with his hand. Angy put her head down on the front of the pew and began to cry.

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," came in clear, ringing tones from Draxy's lips. Then she proceeded, in simple and gentle words, to set forth the right of every man to his own opinions and convictions; the duty of having earnest convictions and acting up to them in all the affairs of life. George Thayer and the Deacon looked easier. Her words seemed, after all, rather a justification of their vehemence of feeling.

But when she came to speak of the "things that are God's," her words pierced their very souls. The only thing that enabled George Thayer to bear up under it all was, as he afterwards said in the store, keeping his "eyes fixed steady on old Plummer, 'cause, you know, boys, I never jined the church nor made any kind o' profession o' goin' in for any things o' God's, nohow; not but what I've often wished I could see my way to: but sez I to myself, ef he kin stan' it I kin, an' so I held out. But I tell you, boys, I'd rather drive the wust six-hoss team I ever got hold on down Breakneck Hill 'n the dark, than set there agin under that woman's eyes, a blazin' one minit, 'n fillin' with tears the next: 'n' I don't care what anybody sez; I'm a goin' to see her an' tell her that she needn't be afeard o' ever hevin to preach to me 's good 's by my name, in the meeting 'us agin, by thunder!"

"Suppose the blessed Saviour had come walking through our streets looking for His children last Wednesday," said Draxy, "He would say to Himself, 'I shall know them, wherever I find them: I have given them so many badges, they will be sure to be wearing some of them. They suffer long and are kind; they envy not, vaunt not, are not puffed up: they are not easily provoked, think no evil, seek not their own, rejoice in the truth; they do not behave unseemly.' Alas, would the dear Jesus have turned away, believing Himself a stranger and friendless in our village? Which one of you, dear men, could have sprung forward to take Him by the hand? What terrible silence would have fallen upon us as He looked round on your angry faces!"

Tears were rolling down little Reuby's face. Slyly he tried to wipe them away, first with one hand, then with the other, lest his mother should them. He had never in his life seen such an

expression of suffering on her face. He had never heard such tones of pain in her voice. He was sorely perplexed; and the sight of his distressed little face was almost more than the people could bear.

When Draxy stopped speaking, Deacon Plummer did a manly thing. He rose instantly, and saying "Let us pray," poured out as humble and contrite a petition for forgiveness as ever went up on wings of faith to heaven. It cleared the air, like sweet rain; it rolled a burden off everybody's heart—most of all, perhaps, off Draxy's.

"He is not angry, after all," she said; "God has laid it to his heart;" and when, at the end of the services, the old man came up to her and held out his hand, she took it in both of hers, and said, "Thank you, dear Deacon Plummer, thank you for helping me so much to-day. Your prayer was better for the people than my little sermon, a great deal." The deacon wrung her hands, but did not speak a word, only stooped and kissed Reuby.

After this day Draxy had a new hold on the people. They had really felt very little surprise at her speaking to them as she did. She had slowly and insensibly to herself grown into the same place which the Elder had had in their regard; the same in love and confidence, but higher in reverence, and admiration, for although she sympathized just as lovingly as he in all their feelings, they never for a moment ceased to feel that her nature was on a higher plane than his. They could not have put this in words, but they felt it.

"Donno, how 'tis," they said, "but Mis' Kinney, even when she's closest to ye, an' a doin' for ye all the time, don't seem just like a mortal woman."

Three years had passed. The novelty of Draxy's relation to her people had worn off. The neighbouring people had ceased to wonder and to talk; and the neighbouring ministers had ceased to doubt and question. Clairvend and she had a stout supporter in old Elder Williams, who was looked upon as a high authority throughout the region. He always stayed at Reuben Miller's house, when he came to the town. and his counsel and sympathy were invaluable to Draxy. Sometimes he said, jocosely, "I am the pastor of Brother Kinney's old parish and Mis' Kinney is my curate, and I wish everybody had as good an one."

It finally grew to be Draxy's custom to read one of her husband's sermons in the forenoon, and to talk to the people informally in the afternoon. Sometimes she wrote out what she wished to say say, but usually she spoke without any notes. She also wrote hymns which she read to them, and which the choir sometimes sang. She was now fully imbued with the feeling that everything which she could do belonged to her people. Next to Reuben, they filled her heart; the sentiment was, after all, but an expanded and exalted motherhood. Strangers sometimes came to Clairvend to hear her preach, for, of course, the

fame of the beautiful white-robed woman-preacher could not be confined to her own village. This always troubled Draxy very much.

"If we were not so far out of the world, I should have to give it up," she said; "I know it is proper they should come; but it seems to me just as strange as if they were to walk into the study in the evening when I am teaching Reuby. I can't make it seem right; and when I see them writing down what I say, it just paralyzes me."

It might have seemed so to Draxy, but it did not to her hearers. No one would have supposed her conscious of any disturbing presence. And more than one visitor carried away with him written records of her eloquent words.

More than one young face in the congregation showed that this sentence struck home and threw light on hitherto unexplained emotions. "This is like what I mean," continued Draxy, "by the Gospel of Mystery, the good tidings of the things we cannot understand. This gospel is everywhere. Not the wisest man that has ever lived can fully understand the smallest created thing; a drop of water, a grain of dust, a beam of light, can baffle his utmost research. So with our own lives, with our own hearts; every day brings a mystery—sin and grief and death: all these are mysteries; gospels of mystery, good tidings of mystery; yes, good tidings! These are what prove that God means to take us into another world after this one; into a world where all things which perplexed us here will be explained. . . . . O my dear friends!" she exclaimed at last, clasping her hands tightly, "thank God for the things which we cannot understand; except for them, how should we ever be sure of immortality?"

One day she read a hymn called "The Gospel of Mystery." Coming after the sermon, it was sweet and clear to all the people's hearts.

"Good tidings every day,
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one-half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait while they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
With Jesus Christ's dear name
And story, how by God's design
He saves us, in His love divine,
And lifts us from our sin and shame.

Their music fills the air,
Their songs sing all of Heaven;
Their ringing trumpet-peals declare
What crowns to souls who fight and dare,
And win, shall presently be given.

Their hands throw treasures round
Among the multitude.
No pause, no choice, no count, no bound,

No questioning how men are found,
If they be evil or be good.

But all the banners bear
Some words we cannot read;
And mystic echoes in the air,
Which borrow from the songs no share,
In sweetness all the songs exceed.

And of the multitude,
No man but in his hand
Holds some great gift misunderstood,
Some treasure, for whose use or good
His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent
By immortality;
Birth-marks of our divine descent;
Sureties of ultimate intent,
God's Gospel of Eternity.

Good tidings every day,
The messengers ride fast;
Thanks be to God for all they say;
There is such noise on the highway,
Let us keep still while they ride past.

But the sermon which of all others her people loved best was one on the Love of God. This one she was often asked to repeat, —so often, that she said one day to Angy, who asked for it, "Why, Angy, I am ashamed to. Everybody must know it by heart. I am sure I do."

"Yes, that's jest the way we do know it, Mis' Kinney, by heart," said the affectionate Angy, "an' that's jest the reason we want it so often. I never told ye what George Thayer said the last time you read it to us, did I?"

"No, Angy," said Draxy.

"Well, he was singing in the choir, that day, 'n place o' his brother, who was sick; 'n' he jumped up on one o' the seats 'n' swung his hat, jest 's you was goin' down the aisle, 'n' we all ketched hold on him to pull him down, 'n' try to hush him; for you can't never tell what George Thayer 'll do when his blood's up, 'n' we was afraid he was agoin' to holler right out, 's ef he was in the town-'us; but sez he, in a real low, trembly kind o' voice,

"'Ye needn't be afraid, I ain't agoin' to whoop;—taint that way I feel,—but I had to do suthin' or I should bust': 'n' there was reel tears in his eyes—George Thayer's eyes, Mis' Kinney! Then he jumped down, 'n' sez he, 'I'll tell ye what that sermon's like: it's jest one great rainbow all round ye, 'n' before 'n' behind 'n' everywhere, 'n' the end on't reaches way to the Throne; it jest dazzles my eyes, that's what it does.'"

This sermon had concluded with the following hymn, which Draxy had written when Reuby was only a few weeks old:—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

There is little more to tell of Draxy's ministry. It closed as suddenly as it had begun.

It was just five years after the Elder's death that she found herself, one Sunday morning, feeling singularly feeble and lifeless. She was bewildered at the sensation, for in her apparent health she had never felt it before. She could hardly walk, could hardly stand. She felt also a strange apathy which prevented her being alarmed.

"It is nothing," she said: "I dare say most women are so all the time; I don't feel in the least ill;" and she insisted upon it that no one should remain at home with her. It was a communion Sunday, and Elder Williams was to preach.

"How fortunate it is that Mr. Williams was here!" she thought, languidly, as she seated herself in the eastern bay-window, to watch Reuby down the hill. He walked between his grandparents, holding each by the hand, talking merrily and looking up into their faces.

Draxy watched them until their figures became dim, black specks, and finally faded out of sight. Then she listened dreamily to the notes of the slow-tolling bell; when it ceased she closed her eyes, and her thoughts ran back, far back to the days when she was "little Draxy" and Elder Kinney was only her pastor. Slowly she lived her life since then over again, its joy and its sorrow alike softened in her tender, brooding thoughts.

At that instant a terrible pain shot through her left side and

forced a sharp cry from her lips. She half rose, exclaiming, "Reuby, oh, darling!" and sank back in her chair unconscious.

"Just as Elder Williams was concluding the communion service, the door of the church was burst open, and old Ike, tottering into the aisle, cried out in a shrill voice:—

"Mis' Kinney's dead! Mis' Kinney's dead!"

The scene that followed could not be told. With flying feet the whole congregation sped up the steep hill—Angy Plummer half lifting, half dragging Reuby, and the poor grandparents supported on each side by strong men. As they drew near the house, they saw Draxy apparently sitting by the open window.

"O mamma! why, that's mamma," shrieked Reuby, "she was sitting just so when we came away. She isn't dead."

Elder Williams reached the house first, Hannah met him on the threshold, tearless.

"She dead, sir. She's cold as ice. She must ha' been dead a long time."

Old Ike had been rambling round the house, and observing from the outside that Draxy's position was strange, had compelled Hannah to go into the room.

"She was a smilin' just as you see her now," said Hannah, "'n' I couldn't ha' touched her to move her more'n I could ha' touched an angel."

There are griefs, as well as joys, to which words offer insult. Draxy was dead!

Three days later they laid her by the side of her husband, and the gray-haired, childless old people, and the golden-haired, fatherless and motherless boy, returned together broken-hearted to the sunny parsonage.

On the village a terrible silence, that could be felt, settled down; a silence in which sorrowing men and women crept about, weeping as those who cannot be comforted.

Then week followed after week, and soon all things seemed as they had seemed before. But Draxy never died to her people. Her hymns are still sung in the little lonely church; her gospel still lives in the very air of those quiet hills, and the people smile through their tears as they teach her name to little chidren.

THE END.

THE WORLD'S JOYS.

Bright stars to light the happy night,
Bright suns to warm the day:
Fair scenes and flowers, and leafy bowers,
Where'er our footsteps stray.

Faith, hope and love from God above
To lighten loads of woe;
And angels fair, to help us where
Our falling footsteps go.

—*Arthur E. Waite.*

SEEDS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

THERE is a wild country lying on the confines of Cumberland and Westmoreland called the "Saddleback District." For miles there is not a level yard; hills shut in narrow paths and hidden valleys which nothing can deliver from the most complete isolation. Capital, attracted by the magnificent water-power, has, indeed, within the past twenty-five years built here and there giant temples of labour—the smoke of whose tall chimneys blends with the clear, deep purple mists of the mountain-tops.

But even they do not break the loneliness. People know that two hundred souls dwell in the next valley, but they neither see nor hear them; and except when the Methodist preacher comes, or the yearly fair gathers them to the next market town, they have very little intercourse.

And yet, secluded as they are, histories are going on in those rough stone cottages which make fiction tame. In them I have heard women tell of sorrows the very endurance of which proves our kinship with the Immortal, and seen men who have done deeds of daring which made them not shepherds, but heroes.

I found these things out the first summer I spent with the Piersons of "Pierson Fell." Eight hundred years had this Fell been the property of this one family, and there was not an acre of the ground nor a stone of the old grange that was not dear as life to old Hugh Pierson's heart. They were a prudent as well as an old family. "The canny Piersons" was their local name, and they deserved it. All the political changes of these eight hundred years had been in their favour. Royal houses had come and gone, but "the powers that be" were always the ones that they acknowledged. Catholicism and Protestantism, Church and State and Dissent lit the fires of martyrdom, or girded men for the battle; but there never was a Pierson who would have put his title-deeds in jeopardy for a creed. Never, at least, until the year 1845, when young Hugh Pierson returned from a four years' course at Oxford. The old squire in trusting him there had never dreamed of the changes that had taken place since he had run the same gauntlet in the beginning of the century. He believed Oxford to be what it was then, the nursing mother of loyal and conservative gentlemen. But thirty years had made wonderful changes, though they had not come with much observation. Dissent, which even in its cradle had been a second Hercules, had grown in strength and stature, and in favour with rich and poor. The old religious roads were being torn up, the *via sacra* levelled. *Alma mater* brought up children who rebelled against her, and refused any longer to be fed upon the dry husks and chaff. In politics and ethics newer virtues, "proud and sure, and for

themselves sufficient," were arraigning the old tyrannies, whether of creed or government.

Among these young reformers Hugh Pierson was a leading spirit. Very hesitatingly at first had he given in his allegiance; for his was a nature to kindle slowly, to reason and debate in the commencement of an enterprise, but, being embarked, to fling into it the whole passion and interest of life.

The teachings of his clubs in Oxford were strengthened by occasional visits to his mother's friends in Manchester. Here the young man's sympathies had come in contact with the pale-faced operatives whose lives had dwindled down to an implement wherewith to do days' work and earn wages. He felt for them a pity so great that it overcame at a bound the Saxon sluggishness of his character, and made bitter differences between his uncle and himself.

That Hugh finally left college without a single "honour" did not much trouble his father. He had that kind of contempt for books which men who gauge every thing by land are apt to feel. The Piersons had gone for six generations to Oxford, none of them had ever taken honours, he had not done so himself—he did not consider it desirable his sons should make any innovation. But the letters he received from Hugh's uncle seriously alarmed him. A Radical, a Reformer, a meddler in other people's matters among the Piersons, was a case in which he had no precedent to guide him.

He took counsel with the old clergyman who for nearly forty years had twice a week drank a bottle of port and played a game of loo with him. But such counsel was only the blind leading the blind. They called up their life-long prejudices, drank a bumper to their memory, and separated more blind and stupid than ever. By the next morning the squire had convinced himself that it was just simply impossible for a Pierson to be anything more or less than the average race had been. "The boy's uncle was a manufacturer, quite unaccustomed to the habits and traditions of the landed gentry, and he had made a mistake—that was all."

He rode down after breakfast to the rectory and communicated this opinion to his friend. The two old men made merry over their fears of the previous night, and accepted with the sublime faith of conceited ignorance this solution. Still both thought Hugh ought to come home, and so a letter, kind and peremptory and withal just a little formal (the parental style of that day), was dispatched at once to Manchester, where he then was. The young man answered it willingly; his own land and people seemed to him the very best to try and improve; for he was not naturally quixotic, and had no ambition to carry the world on his soldiers.

For some time after his return all things went favourably. Such suggestions as Hugh made in regard to the disposal of the wool of their immense flocks, or the improvement of the im-

poverished land were eagerly followed, for they had a specie value which was immediately apparent. But when he proposed the renovation of the house and the introduction of such reviews and papers as he had been accustomed to read the squire planted a fixed foot. Neither change nor addition would be listened to, and rather gloomily Hugh abandoned his desires.

In the meantime an argument that would have become a quarrel but for the respect due to age and position was pending between Hugh and the rector. The one Sabbath service was the most manifest form; there was only one sacramental service in a year; there was no Sunday-school—there was no school at all but "the Dame's," where knitting was the most important accomplishment. Shepherds and farm servants could generally read a little, but no peasant woman thought it a necessity, and the only literature current consisted of the ballads and fairy tales traditional in the North country.

This state of affairs appeared shocking to Hugh. He described, with all the eloquence of conviction, the good work to be done, and begged the rector's co-operation. But to the old man the young man's fervour seemed impertinence.

"I have managed my parish forty years without help or interference, sir! When my lord bishop desires any changes I shall consider them; not until."

Though it was Sabbath evening they parted in unmistakable anger. Crossing the village green Hugh noticed a most unusual crowd. He supposed it to be one of the wrestling matches or games of single-stick for which these mountaineers are so famous. His first impulse was to avoid it, his second to try if his authority as the "young squire" would not be able to disperse it.

But as he came closer he saw this was no such folly. The men in their simple massive strength were leaning, from force of habit, upon their long and powerful staffs, but their faces were grave and strangely tender. The women (many of them softly rocking their babies in their arms) were listening with wet eyes and a fresh light on their fair, comely faces.

"It is some peddler reading a new story to them," thought Hugh, and, rather interested, he approached the group to get a glimpse of the man who could preserve such a rapt attention.

Yes, it was a new story—the old, old story always new—the story of Jesus of Nazareth! And the teller was a gentleman of God's creation, though his broadcloth was dusty and his linen soiled. Small in stature, fragile in form, with eyes that looked like homes of silent prayer, he bore (as every clergyman should bear) his great commission in his face. Any man in the crowd could have carried him on one arm, yet he was their master for all that. As the shades of evening deepened he drew the story to its triumphant close. These simple men and women were not ashamed to weep over the sepulchre of Jesus, to rejoice when He led captivity captive.

To every one of that audience there came that night the revela-

tion of a new Epiphany. Hugh longed to take the preacher home and give him rest and refreshment. But he durst not; and indeed there was no need. He sat down on the wicker-chair, from which he had spoken, and the women brought him oaten cakes and new milk; then he bade them farewell and went over the mountain to the nearest town, where he was to stay that night.

Had it not been for Hugh's quarrel with the rector it is not likely that the old man (who was easy and indifferent about most things but his dinner) would have taken any notice of the service or of Hugh's presence at it. But he believed it to have been deliberately planned for his mortification and reproof. The squire readily adopted his friend's opinion, and when it was discovered that the orator was the Methodist preacher from the Penrith Circuit their anger knew no bounds. All the herders and retainers on the Pierson estate were notified that to listen to another "irregular" sermon was to lose their employment.

Hugh and his father had been accustomed to dispute amicably over every change, but about this subject the old man would listen to no reason. So Hugh refused to go to church at all, and, partly as a matter of conscience and partly in anger, allied himself with the Methodists in Penrith. This move was treated, both by the squire and the rector, with contemptuous oblivion, as a topic not possible to be discussed over the table of a gentleman and the parish priest. Just at first, perhaps, Hugh felt himself annoyed by this silence. He thought himself somewhat of a martyr, and would have preferred that it should be recognized. But as he became more familiar with his new spiritual guide a better spirit moved him.

This intimacy was destined to become a much dearer and closer one. A sudden thunder-storm induced Hugh one day to take shelter in the house of the preacher. He entered it a free man, but before he left he had surrendered his whole heart to the lovely girl he found dwelling there. And I do not think he was to blame, for to be honestly in love with Alice Atherton was better for any man than a course at college. If he was rude or selfish he would never dare to show these traits in her presence, and if he was much with her he must needs forget or conquer them. She had great personal beauty, a nature rich and fragrant as "those lands toward sunrising," and such a cheerful temper that in the rainiest weather she shone about the house like a piece of sunshine.

It was not (as I have said) Hugh's nature to do anything in a hurry, but a true faith and a true love are beyond nature, and in both these cases he succumbed to feelings which were beyond reason.

With the help of his good hunter he now found his way to Penrith always once, sometimes twice, a week. And for a long time no one, unless it was the groom, suspected it. When the circumstance came to his father's knowledge it gave him little trouble. Some girl, of course, was in the case; he expected that,

but it was not necessarily a girl that he need to know anything about. The squire had been called "gay" when he was young, and he was not inclined to be severe on his son in such a matter, for in his father's opinion the fifth commandment governed all the rest.

Hugh's marriage, however, began to loom dimly up to him as a thing which it would be well to attend to as soon as possible. But he considered his son's choice to lie between his cousin in Manchester and the daughter of his neighbour Strickland, of Strickland Hollow. The first had money, the second was pure Saxon with a genealogy. In the meantime Hugh had arranged his own marriage, and was boldly facing and preparing for the results of it. For that his choice would ever have his father's sanction he had not the slightest hope; it was, therefore, necessary that he should in some way provide for Alice's comfort.

All his knowledge lay in the direction of sheep and wool; he had no other knowledge that could put bread into his mouth. The machine-like Latin poetry he had spent his college days in making, the hours he had wasted scanning with his fingers dactyls and spondees and looking for a short or a long to finish a pentameter with, struck him now as a pitiful way to arm young men to fight.

In the very first hours of Hugh's engagement to Alice the sheepwalks of Australia had persistently forced themselves on his conviction as the only place where he could make a living. Neither of them had, however, spoken to Mr. Atherton on the subject, for his health was rapidly failing, and it was now an imperative necessity to prevent any more excitement than that which invariably followed his preaching. So for nearly two years their secret was well kept, and Squire Pierson, well pleased with his son's attention to the farm and flocks, thought it no great matter to wink at what he called his "Penrith folly."

But changes come though we do not call them, and from their pleasant love-dream Hugh and Alice were sadly awakened. In an hour, almost in a moment, Alice was left fatherless. While pronouncing the benediction, after a most exciting service among the men of the Keswick lead-mines, Mr. Atherton stopped, looked down on the crowd at his feet, and then, pointing upward, fell backward into the strong and loving arms stretched out to receive him. For a minute the gray shadow of death strove with the light of heaven on his weary, placid face; then the preacher knew in all its fulness the joy whose earnest had loosed the silver cord and broken the golden bowl of life.

Alice was now in a condition of absolute dependence and poverty, and it seemed to Hugh that if ever his love was to be her shield, she had now a right to demand its immediate protection. With careful tenderness, and expressions of the most loyal respect, he confessed his love to his father. He spoke of Alice's great beauty and worth, of their patient waiting, and of the circumstances which he conceived made it simply honourable for him to fulfil his promise at once.

The squire heard him all through with a strange and ominous silence. Not even then did he answer. He walked first several times across the long, low room; then, striking the table violently, he declared in a voice husky with passion that "the hour which made Alice Hugh's wife made him childless and Hugh homeless."

"I have not the power," he added, "to take from you the succession, and if I had I would not do it, for the land must go to a Pierson though he be the greatest fool that ever lived. But it will be the bare land, lad, be sure of that, and I have saved more than twenty thousand pounds. Then with a sudden burst of tenderness, "Hugh, my lad, twenty thousand pounds! Don't throw it away. You can have it as easily as lose it."

"Your love is dearer to me, father, than all the gold in the world; than every thing except—"

"That—that girl—"

"Except my honour and Miss Atherton."

Then the old man condescended to reason and to temporize. "The preacher's daughter is doubtless well enough; but, Hugh, it is as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one, and though I do not say marry for money, it is good, my lad, to go where money is. There is your cousin Jane, or Grace Strickland; take your choice, Hugh, and you shall furnish over the dear old house as you wish, every room in it except my own. Come, Hugh, I have loved you longest; don't desert me for a girl you have only known two summers."

It was hard for Hugh to refuse the pleading of one so dear to him, whose slightest wish had always carried the weight of a command. Indeed, it would have been omnipotent to sway him but for a low and pleasant voice which had stepped into his heart like light, filling all its chambers silently and sweetly with the persuasions of a dearer love, dearer now for its very helplessness and loneliness. How could he desert her? He entreated as strong men moved by great passions do entreat. His eloquence would have moved Reason, but it only strengthened Prejudice.

Then the anger which had been restrained burst impetuously forth. His father's taunts and sneers at the woman he loved, and the friend and pastor whose memory was holy to him, roused the young man's slow indignation; and even the passionate old squire trembled before him. Hugh did not know how nearly he had conquered, when he turned at the door, and in a voice wherein love and anger strove for mastery cried out, "Farewell, father! We shall meet no more in this world."

This hour had not come unexpected; for many months its possibility had been ever present to Hugh's mind, so it was not unprepared for. He and Alice were privately married, and left at once for Sydney, in Australia.

It was soon after this event that I paid my first visit to "Pierson Fell." I think my feelings at that time were all in favour of the lonely, proud old man, whose sorrow and sense of wrong faced me every day in such sad, hopeless eyes. I sympathized keenly

with his proud reticence, and also with the angry petulance of the rector, who would not believe in the sanity of any man who could leave a rich and comfortable home for the wilds of Australia and a dream of love.

When I went again the following summer I was still more angry at Hugh; for I found in his place a man who I was sure was the evil genius of the Piersons. He had persuaded the squire to build a mill on a beautiful stream that leaped from hill to hill, about a quarter of a mile from the grange. So far I had nothing to object; the wool was better spun at home than sent to Manchester or Preston; but somehow I mistrusted this man as manager of the squire's wool and money.

We cannot account for our instincts, though we may regard them, and experience proved mine were true prophets. Ten years sufficed to dissipate the squire's twenty thousand pounds, and not only that, but to cumber the Pierson house and lands with many threatening claims. Nor were these the only changes—the rector was dead, nearly all the old herders had left the squire, and he was fast sinking under an influence he was powerless to control. In his sorrow and perplexity the wise young son whom he had driven from his side haunted him continually. If Hugh would then have turned his face homeward his father would have run gladly to meet him.

Hugh's life had not been exempt from loss and change. Alice had faded from his side and sight. I do not like to say "she died," but I know a fair form was laid asleep for immortality beneath the shades of untrodden woods. Hugh's grief was like his love, deep down in the very roots of his nature. He had long been a religious man, he now became an enthusiast. Men of his temper easily do, especially if their vocations keep them much in the great solitudes of Nature. In these vast silences God's voice becomes audible, and men dimly recall the lost mother-tongue in which unfallen humanity communed with God and the angels.

For the last few years Alice had been to Hugh the sum and end of existence. He accepted her removal as the reproof of his idolatrous and selfish affection. Loving the two sons she had left him with all the strength of his tenacious nature, he strove now to make this love the fountain of human kindness to every soul within his reach. Under the great trees which shadowed his wild but lovely home, he gathered, whenever he was able, the men and women from the nearest stations, and told there, in the Australian wilderness, the same dear story which had touched his heart under the Cumberland Mountains. The frail, impassioned speaker had long since gone "to the land very far off," but thus do holy men, being dead, yet speak.

Such constant exercise of kindness made very tender Hugh's heart, and as his own sons began to stand beside him "like his youth," strange and yearning thoughts for his desolate old father moved him. Nay, he frequently looked with distaste over the rich but monotonous land he owned, and longed wearily for the

strength of the hills, the leaping streams, and the beauty of the broom and the heather.

During one of these fits of homesickness he received a letter from his uncle, full of reproaches. Squire Pierson had been ruined by the crafty rascal who had promised him fabulous wealth. Nothing but the sale of the timber and part of the land could now save the honour of the old name, and for this transfer Hugh's signature was necessary. It is impossible to describe how powerfully this news affected him. He had often smiled at his father's romantic affection for the old home and acres—he had fancied himself beyond the influence of traditionary names—he had professed perfect indifference to the claims of long descent. But oh, it hurt him like a wound to think of any one but a Pierson claiming the hills whose every dingle and hollow he knew. He felt that they must be saved at any sacrifice, and he hastily gathered together his wealth and, with his two sons, returned to his native land. Once having set his face homeward, no speed could keep pace with his love and longing; and, moving in that direction, things looked so different.

It was a self-accusing and humbled son that stood one winter night before the great oaken door of Pierson Grange. But good angels had gone before and prepared his way and his welcome. The first glimpse he got of the poor, broken old man would have touched a harder heart than Hugh's. He was sitting alone in the deepening twilight, gazing into the fitful blaze of mingled peat and wood. He turned wearily, and with a gesture of annoyance, when Hugh opened the door and entered the room with a child by either hand. Then he rose up quickly—fear, wonder, hope, each for a moment holding him captive. But love was lord of all.

"Hugh! my son, my son!"

"Father! my father!"

And I think the angels were gladder that night, and that they rejoiced with the old man whose only son had been "lost, and was found."

Indeed, there was not a cottager in the whole district who did not rejoice. For the young squire having come home again meant something good for every one. He had returned none too soon. Everything was changed and ruinous; want had become familiar in houses long famous for a rude plenty, and many of the old and best shepherds had been compelled to leave their native valley.

Hugh's heart was filled with self-reproach. What availed his long exile? All that he had made barely sufficed to redeem his inheritance. But his clear head soon made itself apparent. The mill, under his management, became a lucrative investment, the old shepherds resumed their care of the flocks, the old servants returned to the farm, and anxiety and dishonour no longer brooded over grange and cottage.

The squire gave up gladly to Hugh's direction all business

affairs, and in the company of his grandsons resumed his old habit of rambling over the hills. In conversation with these boys (who knew nothing of their father's cause of exile), he learned much of the noble woman whom he had wronged and pursued with bitter thoughts even beyond the grave. Beyond the mere fact of her death Hugh had said nothing to his father of Alice, but one night, as they walked slowly together in the old-fashioned garden, the squire introduced the subject.

"You have not named your wife to me, Hugh, but the lads have told me all about her. I am afraid I did both you and her a great wrong. I am sorry enough for it now."

Nothing could have touched Hugh so keenly as this strange humility in the proud old man, who had never once acknowledged his mistakes on any other subject.

"We were both wrong, father," answered Hugh. "I ought to have trusted God and waited for your consent; it would not then have come too late. Alice begged me to do this, but I had neither faith nor patience, and I would not. I was sure no one could take care of her but myself, and she just faded away from me. Her death left me very desolate, father."

The old man clasped his son's hand tenderly, and from that moment their love had a double foundation.

If the traveller were now to discard his guide-book at Keswick or Penrith station, and penetrate into this region, he would still find a stillness and repose, a calm and simple existence which is a strange contrast to the fitful fever of our rapid life. Changes have certainly come, but (as I said at the beginning of my true tale) they do not materially affect the place; for the perpetual hills hold it within their quiet and their strength.

At the foot of the purple fell still stands the old grange, but it is greatly beautified and altered. Its gray walls are almost covered with creeping vines, and its windows are now draped with snowy lace, and filled with rare and lovely flowers. For the squire's old plan of uniting the lengthy genealogies of the Stricklands and Piersons is accomplished by the union of his grandson with a younger and fairer Grace. And though the first Alice Pierson sleeps in a foreign grave, forgotten by all but one true, tender heart, another Alice fills the old house with her baby laughter and rules with an absolute sway in her stead.

On the very spot where Hugh first heard Mr. Atherton preach he has built a handsome chapel, and the seed sown that Sabbath evening, by one frail, dying man, has brought forth a thousandfold.

We ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with a sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.

The Higher Life.

Not only for the light of loving hearts
That cheered my lonely life, I thank Thee, God;
Not for my childhood's home, nor tearless eyes,
Nor pleasant paths of peace my feet have trod;
But that, the idols, tenderly embraced,
By this weak heart, and falsely called mine own,
Thou didst withdraw, that I in time might learn
To lean upon Thy holy arm alone.
For the sharp reed that pierced this feeble hand,
Nor thorn-torn feet that Thou alone couldst see,
For the deep fount of tears by Thee told o'er,
I thank Thee, Lord. They brought me nearer Thee.

Divine Communion.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psalm xci: 1.

Our gracious God has many visitors, and has a kindly welcome for all who come to Him. Some come as His poor dependents, knocking at the back door and seeking to get their basket filled with the scraps they need. Well, these shall not be sent empty away; but, alas, how much they lose! They have His gifts, but they never see His face, they never hear His voice, they never know His heart.

Some are His servants. They dwell with Him. They seek to know His will, and set themselves to do it earnestly. They commune with Him. And yet they do not dwell in the innermost circle. Having done His work, they turn to their own. There are limits and divisions of interest.

Some are His children. They are always with Him. They live in His presence; they are ever at home with Him. Unto them He sayeth, "Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine."

Pauper, servant, son—which are we? This psalm is the song of one who dwells with God. The psalm of the Son, from which the tempter fetched the quotation with which he feathered his arrow: "If thou be the Son of God . . . for it is written. . . ." He whose heart can sing this song has found in God a rest, a satisfaction, a delight, a home.

It is supposed by many that this psalm was written by Moses. Certainly there are in it allusions that would come most naturally from one in his circumstances. This first verse gathers a fulness of new meaning as we think of it coming from his

lips. We think of him in the wilderness, wearied with a rebellious people who seemed incapable of entering into any worthy thought of their high calling, vexed at the delays and wanderings; wearied, too, by the unchanging dreariness of the desert. He, a whole heaven above the people in the nobility of his spirit, turns from all this to find comfort in God, and prays, "I beseech thee, show me Thy glory." There is given this gracious answer: 'Behold, there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. . . . . I will put thee in the cleft of the rock. I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee." We think of him going up into the secret place of the Most High—away from the multitude into the unbroken calm and stillness; up from the dreary monotony of the desert into the Mount of the Lord, with new beauties opening before him at every step; up from the languid heat into the fresh wind of the early morning; on to where God Himself waits with all-gracious welcome, and then into the cave. And there the Lord, the Lord God, passed by and proclaimed Himself. And there Moses finds God as his own—"My God"—and puts Israel into His keeping, and prays Him to come and make His abode with them.

That mountain height, that secret place, is within our reach. It is Calvary. There are the clefts of the rocks wherein we abide while God comes down to make His goodness pass before us. Then may we draw near to say of Him, "My God," and to find in Him our dwelling-place and home.

Our home in God! Let the thought sink down into the heart and become a desire, a purpose, a possession. It is for us, for each of us, to know it if we will; to go up out of the way of the wilderness, and to find our rest and dwelling-place in Him. Outside are biting winds and bitter rains; outside are stony ways and stony faces too; outside are the fleeting hopes that find no place to light upon; wishes that are swiftly swept away by fear; outside all that suggests hurry, and toil, and want, and uncertainty; a hungry world, not knowing what it seeks, but believing that its satisfaction lies a little further on. To step out of this into the secret place of the Most High—what is it? To find one's self no more a bubble flung on lawless seas; no more a fallen leaf, the sport of wintry winds; but round and about us are the everlasting arms, and we rest against the very heart of our Father, God: to be known through and through—all the weakness and the want, the dreadful possibilities of evil within us—and yet to be loved infinitely; to be known in all our dull thought of things, our clumsy failure, our quick forgetfulness, our shallowness and cowardice, and yet to hold as our own such exceeding promises

of blessedness; to pass out of the din and the grinding wheels of earth, with its mystery of want and pain and sorrow, and to rest in a great assurance of pity and help for every one—that behind all things and running through and through all things, is the love of the Father, and that all things are set to this one end: to help men up to higher life, no more the uncertain, but a very *terra firma;* lying down in the shadow of the Eternal; feeling that waves may toss far down below us, and tides may come and go, but this sure rock of our resting-place abideth forever and ever; to have the hallowing hush of God's own presence, the soothing, strengthening touch of His own hand, the heaven of His smile and favour—this is to dwell in the secret place of the Most High. To let ourselves and ours go with a glad abandonment right into the keeping of His love; to live with a childlike freedom from care, or fear, or want, knowing that He careth for us; to be loosed from ambition; to have no fierce and jealous eagerness, and yet to be stirred with a great desire and a fixed endeavour to know His will and to please Him perfectly—this is to dwell in His secret place. And there, hidden in the cleft of the rock, it is ours to look out on all things, finding everywhere the revelation of His goodness, and hearing evermore that voice proclaiming "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious."

"He that dwelleth . . . shall abide." These words denote the settled and unchanging. This is no occasional privilege, as when the high priest once a year entered into the holiest of all. It is no exceptional thing—the festival of some rare day. No vision of it, shortlived. Not a rift in the clouds, a passing glimpse of a glory that is to be hereafter. We dwell and He abides. God is to us what we will let Him be. He changeth not. Where we are bold to come there may we be bold to stay. He will not go away; nor need we. If we will dwell there, there will He abide. —*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

Our Sufficiency.

Many persons are not fully aware of the amount of good that may be accomplished through their efforts when the conditions of successful service are observed by them. A better understanding of the divine Source of Strength is the one thing that will cause them to see these wonderful possibilities, "Our sufficiency is of God"—when spoken in deep sincerity and in humble reliance upon His promises of help—changes the whole aspect of work.

This one thought kindles hope and courage within our souls. Success is not only made possible—it becomes certain. Even that which seems to human sight to be only failure is, to the believer, the onward step leading to the very best achievements in the end.

We will never come to this apprehension of God, our strength until we are willing to acknowledge our own weakness. This knowledge comes only into a "humble and contrite heart." "God knoweth the proud afar off." This confession of insufficiency is not in word only; it is a genuine, heartfelt experience. When that is seen by the Omniscient, there is nothing to prevent such a communication of Himself as will make ready to do all things *in* Him and *for* Him.

SANCTIFIED.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Sanctified in Christ Jesus."—1 Cor. i. 2.

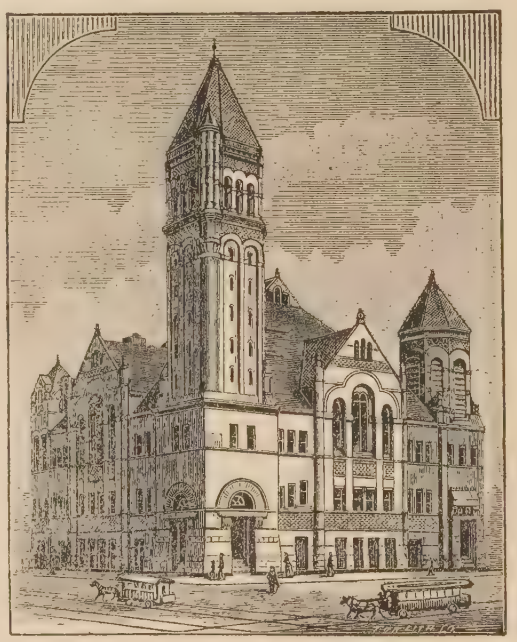
Church of God, beloved and chosen,
Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise the giver—
"Ye are washed and sanctified,"
Sanctified by God the Father,
And by Jesus Christ His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit,
Holy, holy, Three in One.

By His will He sanctifieth,
By the Spirit's power within;
By the loving hand that chasteneth
Fruits of righteousness to win;
By His Truth and by His promise,
By the Word, His gifts unpriced,
By His own blood, and by union
With the risen life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by effort of thine own—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of grace alone,
God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow,
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shalt be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
In this glorious majesty!
He hath perfected forever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious, and holy
His the Church, His chosen Bride.

BROADWAY METHODIST TABERNACLE, TORONTO.



BROADWAY TABERNACLE, TORONTO.

We have pleasure in presenting an engraving of this handsome new Methodist Church, of which the following is a description. It stands, a massive structure, at the intersection of Spadina Avenue and College Street—two of the main arteries of the city. The building is a handsome structure, designed in modern Romanesque, and presenting an appearance of dignity and solidity. Though built almost wholly of brick, it has been given an uncommon appearance by the skilful use of cut-bricks and reliefs of Cleveland free-stone. The fact that it is a basement church would never be guessed from the outside. The building has a frontage on College Street of 95 feet, on Spadina Avenue of 100 feet, and will seat 1,800 people. The most striking feature is the main tower, that rises from the streetward corner to a height of 130 feet. It is emphatically a tower, and not a spire, though, for all that, it is of graceful and symmetrical proportions. A belfry surmounts it, made in the form of a colonnade of brick columns, and over this is a pointed roof, tastefully tiled. Two other towers mark the extreme corners of the edifice, and, between these jutting towers, the sides of the church are largely occupied by beautiful gables, filled in with heavy mullioned windows and well relieved with diapers and string mouldings. Other portions of the building are carried out in keeping with these main features, but in a quieter manner.

The main public entrances are through the southern towers, while four roomy staircases lead to the gallery. The audience room of the church is in the form of an amphitheatre, eminently calculated to place every pew within voice and eye range of the pulpit. The chancel is of the usual style, and provides a place for the choir behind the clergyman and in front of the large organ —one of the best of Warren's make. The interior over the nave takes the form of an octagon dome, at each angle of which massive columns rise from the floor through the gallery to the roof, supporting both. Heavy, enriched arches stretch from column to column above the gallery, and in the interior of the dome the walls rise up perpendicularly, ornamented with

delicate and beautiful cornices and frieze work.

The opening services were very successful. Drs. Stone, Potts, Stafford, Briggs, Douglas, and Bishop Vincent taking part therein. We congratulate the pastor, Dr. Parker, and the trustees and congregation on this handsome addition to the Methodist churches of the city.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

June is the month in which the Western Conferences are held. The writer of these notes has compiled from the daily papers and the *Christian Guardian* the accounts which are here published. They are not in every instance complete, as without access to the official records it would be impossible to avoid errors. At the time of writing no account of Manitoba Conference has been received. An account will be published next month in connection with the Eastern Conferences.

The following are the Presidents and Secretaries of the Conferences: Toronto—Revs. H. Johnston, D.D., and S. G. Stone, D.D. London—W. McDonagh and J. R. Gundy. Niagara—J. S. Williamson and G. A. Mitchell, B.A. Guelph—J. E. Howell, M.A., and E. S. Rupert, M.A. Bay of Quinte—Chancellor Burwash and W. Johnston. Montreal—J. Kines and C. A. Flanders. British Columbia—J. Hall and C. Bryant.

Most of the funds were considerably in advance in all the Conferences; especially the Missionary, Superannuation and Education. The Sustentation Fund is not so generously sustained as it deserves to be. The British Columbia Conference set a good example by making a collection on its behalf at the public reception service, which amounted to $250. There is surely great need for such a fund, when it is remembered that there are Circuits in all the Conferences whose ministers receive less than $500.

More than twenty probationers were received into full connexion and ordained, one of whom was an Indian and another was a native of Japan. There are more than fifty probationers still on trial. Somewhere about thirty were allowed to attend college. Ten ministers and probationers were discontinued; eleven new cases of superannuation were reported, though some of them are only for one year, but four who were superannuated returned to the active work; eleven have finished their course and gone to their reward. One who was formerly in the ministry has also returned, and a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church applied for admission, and was received into the Toronto Conference. Permission was also given for several young men to be employed under Chairmen of Districts. The increase in the membership is little more than six thousand.

There was a good deal of reciprocity at all the Conferences; London, Niagara, and Guelph held a united meeting. Drs. Dewart and D. G. Sutherland preached the ordination sermons at Guelph and London respectively. Members of other Conferences tendered their cordial greetings. Dr. Douglas made a friendly visit to his brethren in the West. His speech at the Citizens' Convention was described as a thunderbolt. At some of the places where Conferences were held, the municipal

councils extended a cordial welcome. Dr. Eby made a flying visit to several of the Conferences, and pleaded earnestly on behalf of the Empire of Japan. During the sessions of Toronto Conference, a fraternal visit was made from a delegation of the Presbyterian Assembly, which that Conference reciprocated; a similar visit would have been made to the Anglican Synod, but that venerable body adjourned earlier than was anticipated. A very kind letter was sent to the Conference by Bishop Sweatman, expressing his regret that the Synod had adjourned.

Delegations of ladies also attended the said Conference from the Woman's Missionary Society, the Temperance Union and Enfranchisement Society. These elect ladies addressed the Conference in most appropriate terms, but all will agree with the writer that the address of Miss Willard won all hearts. She is a most gifted Christian lady. The Conference showed its appreciation of the work that these noble sisters are doing, by passing suitable resolutions, all of which were carried unanimously.

The Jesuit question excited much interest, and all the Conferences adopted strong resolutions condemnatory of the action of the Quebec Legislature in making a grant of public money to the Jesuit fathers, and also against the Dominion Ministry in refusing to disallow the Act of the said local Legislature.

It is generally believed that more accessions should be made to the membership of the Church from the Sunday-schools than has hitherto been reported. If the recommendation of the Sunday-school Committees, and endorsed by the Conferences, be observed, there will be an improvement in this respect. The catechisms of the Church should be more regularly taught and the temperance pledge more universally practised. Seeing that in the Province of Ontario there are in connection with the Methodist Church sixty-seven more Sunday-schools and twenty-five thousand six hundred and one more scholars, than all the other Protestant denominations together, surely there should be a large ingathering of children into the fold of Christ.

The reports of the Book Room and Sunday-school publications were very encouraging. The profits exceed those of last year; a grant of $6,000 was made to the Superannuation Fund.

All the Conferences adopted resolutions congratulating Dr. Potts on the success which has attended his labours in connection with the Educational Society. Reports were also presented respecting the various Colleges, which proved that the work of education, both at Victoria College, Albert College, and the various Female Colleges, is steadily advancing. The Theological Union is receiving increased attention. The publication of the *Review* meets a felt want, from which it is evident that the ministry and laity of the Church observed the apostolic injunction, "Give attendance to reading."

The stationing of the ministers is always a difficult task, and it seems that every year the work becomes increasingly difficult. This has arisen in part, at least, from the invitation system, which has become so prevalent. Some propose that laymen should be members of the Stationing and all other Committees in equal numbers with the ministers; but those who have had some experience on that line do not think that the plan proposed would be a remedy. If ministers and people would all cease to take any part in selecting their appointments, we believe all would fare as well as they do now, and the appointments would be more equitably arranged.

A resolution adopted by the Guelph Conference deserves the careful attention of all the other Conferences. It expresses regret that so many probationers do not complete their course of study assigned for each successive year, and it was resolved that in future in no case would the year be allowed until the studies are completed.

Recently a new church has been dedicated at Montreal. The entire cost is $300,000. Some pronounce

it to be the most beautiful Methodist church in the world. On the first Sabbath of the opening services more than $3,000 were laid on the plates. The church can accommodate three thousand persons, and on the day of opening hundreds could not obtain admission.

The Presbyterian Assembly.

The Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church of Canada was held in Toronto. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, was elected Moderator. He is a man of great learning and has done much to bring the old university into a state of great prosperity. He is also an able presiding officer.

The Presbyterian Church is an important factor in the evangelization of the Dominion. Its numerous colleges for the education of ministers, and those who design to enter other professions, place it in an influential position. Knox College, especially in Toronto, enables ministerial students to attend their literary studies at the Provincial University. The ministerial students thus receive a splendid education, which eminently qualifies them for the important office which they fill. Men of great promise have been sent into the mission fields of China and India. Great attention has been paid both to British Columbia and Manitoba and the North-West, to all of which influential ministers have been sent, and are liberally supported when necessary by the Home Mission Fund.

Probably no Church in Canada supports its ministers more liberally than the Presbyterian Church. The rich congregations contribute liberally to the Augmentation Fund, the object of which is to supplement the stipends of ministers, so that none may receive less than $750 a year and a free manse.

A case of "heresy" occupied considerable attention in the Assembly. Seven persons in connection with the Church at Galt had been charged with holding views on sanctification contrary to the Presbyterian standards, and had been dealt with by all the lower courts, commencing with the Church session, which had deposed them from membership. Appeal after appeal had been made, until finally the case was brought to the Assembly, whose action confirmed the decision of all the lower courts. Great patience was exercised in conducting the case, and it is said that the parties accused acknowledged that they had been treated with great consideration and kindness.

On the questions of Jesuitism and Prohibition, the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches are a unit.

Anglican Synod, Toronto.

This venerable body was in session more than a week. It was gratifying to witness the kind, brotherly feeling that was expressed toward other denominations. The Anglican Church has greatly improved in this respect of late years.

It was a matter of regret that the invitation to send representatives to the Dominion Alliance next September was not more favourably considered, but it was finally agreed that the memorial should be courteously acknowledged, but that no further action should be taken.

Great attention is paid to the Sunday-schools of the Anglican Church, and a proposition was introduced into the Synod recommending uniform Sunday-school lessons to be used throughout the Dominion of Canada. The uniform lessons prepared by the International Sunday-school Association cannot always be used in the Sunday-schools of the Anglican Church, as they sometimes interfere with the festivals which the Anglican Church always faithfully observes.

Congregational Union.

The annual meeting was held at Brantford, and appears to have been a very harmonious and pleasant gathering. Rev. W. Cuthbertson was elected chairman, the successor of Rev. Dr. Wild. The denomination is not strong in Canada, but it appears to be increasing, as it was stated that eleven ministers and nine hundred and eighty-nine members

had been added during the year, but five hundred and sixty-nine had been lost by death and other causes, so that the net increase was only four hundred and twenty. There are seven hundred and ninety-six teachers and six thousand and thirty-five Sunday-school scholars.

The Union is in hearty sympathy with other Churches which oppose Jesuit aggression and the liquor traffic.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The ordinary income of the Missionary Society is in advance of that of last year, but was not sufficient to meet the expenditure. Family offerings were made last Christmas amounting to more than $20,000. The amount received from this and other sources has enabled the Committee to balance the accounts for the year, and reduce the debt; but there is still an encumbrance of $45,000 resting upon the Society. If the income for the current year be brought up to $550,000, there will be no further addition made to the debt.

A new church has been opened at Hatfield, where for many years the cause has been greatly hindered for want of a suitable place of worship.

Such is the growth of the Mission work under the superintendence of Rev. H. P. Hughes that it has been resolved to ask the Conference to appoint another minister to the mission.

The health of the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer, Book Steward, has so failed that he intends to retire from the Book Room at Conference.

A farm belonging to the Wesleyans at Cape of Good Hope is rich both in silver and gold, and it is stated that a portion of it will be sold for $500,000.

Twenty years ago, the Rev. C. Garret attempted to establish a Band of Hope at a certain Sunday-school. He was unsuccessful, as the superintendent favoured moderation. One boy however, signed the pledge. The other day visiting that Circuit, he found the old superintendent a hopeless drunkard, able to take the Bible from under the pillow of his dying daughter and to sell it for drink. The boy is now a circuit-steward and holds a high position in one of the largest cotton-mills in the country.

A new departure is being made in Leeds Methodism in the opening of Wesley House Association, designed to furnish rational recreation, as well as to promote the various forms of Christian work.

A new weekly British journal is to be commenced, edited by a layman, and to be called the *Methodist People*.

Methodist New Connexion.

Arrangements for the Conference which is to be held at Dudley have been completed. A Holiness Convention is to be held on the day preceding. Open-air services are to be held every day, both morning and evening in the market-place. Rev. J. Robinson, who has been twelve years in China, will be present, and give an account of the progress of Christianity in that country.

The Conference will consist of about one hundred and seventy-five ministers and laymen. The net increase in the membership of the Church is nearly four hundred. The profits of the Book Room exceed last year.

Primitive Methodist.

The Conference is to meet in Bradford. The large hall of the Technical College has been secured for the gathering. Over two hundred delegates have been elected to attend. Public meetings are to be held in Bradford, Bingley and Shipley Circuits. Services are planned in about twenty churches of other denominations.

The class-meeting question will be discussed; many wanted it to be regarded as a privilege, but not as a test of membership.

Several elections will take place, among others the Missionary Secretary, Governor of Elmfield College, and Principal of Manchester Theological Institute.

The Conference is decide about sending members to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference to be held in 1891.

Rev. W. N. Barleycorn has been employed to make a translation of the Gospel according to St. Luke into the Bubi language. The British and Foreign Bible Society has undertaken to print the translation free of cost to the Missionary Society. It is intended also to translate into Bubi an additional number of Methodist hymns.

Bible Christian.

The annual missionary meeting was held in Exeter Lower Hall. The report was read by the Rev. F. W. Bourne. Two new missions have been opened; a town mission has been started at Blackburn, which has succeeded beyond expectations. The China Inland Mission in Yun-nan, China, has been successful. The income of the society exceeds $35,000.

The four missionaries employed in China have been there four years, and have succeeded in learning the language, and now preach the Gospel to thousands of the Chinese, many of whom are inquiring after the way of salvation.

Items.

Nearly one hundred and twenty-five men have been graduated from the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational Theological Seminaries in New York. Of the twenty-three from the Congregational Seminary, four were from the German department, five from the Danish-Norwegian, and four from the Swedish. The number is not large, as two hundred are needed by the American Home Missionary Society alone in a single State in the North-West.

The income of the English Church Missionary Society for the past year exceeds all former years by $18,000. During the past year twenty-six lady missionaries have been sent out. They were no ordinary women. One was a B.A., a second was a physician, and a third was the daughter of one Indian Governor and the niece of another.

During the past year 905 new publications were issued by the Religious Tract Society. The Society has published in 196 languages, dialects and characters, of which 25,840,000 were tracts. The total receipts were $1,009,405. Tracts and books have been granted at home during the year to the amount of $138,335, and extensive work has been done all over the world.

An event of importance in the Roman Catholic world has just taken place in the appearance of a new translation into French of the four Gospels, of which numerous editions have been published and are rapidly circulating. Henri Lasserre, the translator, has given fifteen years to this work, and it is claimed that he has been singularly successful in producing a clear, simple translation, freed from the old formulas, the Latinisms, Hellenisms, Hebraisms—in a word, a translation into good French."

It is announced that John D. Rockafeller, of New York, the millionaire President of the Standard Oil Company, is to give $20,000,000 for the endowment of a great Baptist university.

Mr. W. Bird, a merchant in Manchester, has conducted evangelistic services in that city sixteen years. On a recent Sabbath he held the 818th service in the Free Trade Hall, and addressed a congregation of 4,000 people. He appealed for help, as the rent of the hall is $2,500 a year, and the philanthropic work in which he is engaged costs him another $2,500. The weekly offertory amounts to $50 per week, and he provides the balance.

The largest congregation in the world, numbering 4,500 members, is on the Island of Hawaii. Over 90,000 Fijians gather regularly for Christian worship. Madagascar, with its Queen and 200,000 of her subjects, is ranged on the side of Christ. In the Friendly Islands there are at least 30,000 Christians, who contribute $15,000 a year to religious objects.

Book Notices.

The Guiding Eye; or, the Holy Spirit's Guidance of the Believer. By A. Carman, a General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo, pp. 221. Price 50 cents.

This is a really valuable contribution to an important discussion, on which, probably, the last word has not yet been said. The genesis of the book, as given by the author, is as follows: "Some strange, extravagant and misleading views on the guidance of the Holy Spirit as the privilege of believers in Christ, on one hand; and on the other, some denunciations of these views, led to closer examination of the Scriptures on this doctrine; supplied the germ of a sermon, and the sermon grew into a book."

It was scarcely to be expected, in view of these facts, that the work should not receive more or less colouring from the controversy to which it owes its existence; but it is evident that it has been the aim of the author to keep himself as free as possible from being unduly influenced in his investigations by the disputants, either on one side or the other. He has examined the subject for himself in the light of the teaching of Holy Scripture, and the facts of religious experience, not only independently but conscientiously and prayerfully, and has given us a book which cannot fail to do good.

The style of this, as of all the other writings of the esteemed author, is fervid and eloquent. There is a fire and energy about it which leaves no ground of doubt respecting the earnestness of the writer, and which is well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the reader. It is beautfully printed on tinted paper, and is in its mechanical execution as creditable to the publisher, as its contents is to the author. We bespeak for it an extensive sale and a wide circulation, believing that it cannot fail to do good.

Methodism: A Parallel. By Wm. A. Quick. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

Methodists have hitherto been generally too busy with the present, and with providing for the future which is hurrying on to meet them, to be absorbed to any considerable extent with the past. Men and women who are vigorously engaged in working out their own salvation, and in promoting the various schemes of usefulness which a living form of Christianity is ever and anon calling into being, are apt to be too fully occupied with the duties of the hour to have much time to devote to retrospection, either personal or denominational. Besides, in an intensely practical and utilitarian age like this, religious systems are likely to be judged by what they are, and what they are doing to bless and save mankind, rather than by the accidents of their origin, or even the principles in which they had their beginning. The law of the survival of the fittest applies to churches as much as to anything else. No form of Christianity has a right to exist any longer than until there is a better to take its place.

This being the case, we are rather pleased than otherwise that Methodists, as a rule, find the warrant for the existence of their Church and for their attachment to it in its present character and achievements, rather than in the circumstances in which it took its rise and the facts of its early history. If the day should ever come when Methodism should have ceased to preach the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, when it was no longer an immediate and powerful instrument in the awakening and conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, and

when it had ceased to take an active and influential part in everything that pertains to the well-being of society and the progress of the race, even its unquestionably providential origin and the marvels of its early history would not constitute a sufficient reason why it should not be superseded. When a Church has to look to the past for the vindication of its right to exist, and of the confidence which its members and those who are desirous of becoming such have in it, the glory has departed from it, and nothing but a powerful revival of spiritual religion in it can justify its continued existence. When the Spirit has left a body, however beautiful it may have been, and however usefully it may have been employed during its lifetime, the sooner it is buried out of sight the better.

The book, the title of which stands at the head of this notice, is well written, and contains much valuable original matter with which every Methodist would do well to make himself acquainted; and if there be any among those who bear this name who are not yet thoroughly persuaded of the thoroughly scriptural and apostolic character of their Church, they especially will do well to read it. In any case, they will find much in it that will be interesting and instructive, and they may find something convincing. The parallel between the origin and development of the Apostolic Church, and the beginning and early history of Methodism is striking and suggestive. But if it had been less apologetic, we confess, it would have been more to our mind.

All Glorious Within. By Jennie M. Bingham. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo, pp. 220. Price 80 cents.

This is a good book for "King's Daughters," and everybody who wants to get a vivid insight of the working of that interesting order will do well to get it and read it. Indeed, to the thousands of girls and young women in our churches who are anxious to do something by which they may do good and get good, this book may be safely recommended. Those who read only for entertainment will find it interesting, and those who have a more serious purpose will find in it practical hints and lessons which will aid them in living a useful and happy life.

The Minister's Wife: A Story. By J. K. Ladlum, author of "Was She Wise," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a really well-written story, in which there is not a dull page or a chapter which does not suggest some important lesson. The reader who has once fairly dipped into it is not likely to lay it down until it is finished. The *characters* in it are what that word imports—not mere lay figures, introduced for the purpose of saying something that could be quite as well said by anybody else; but real men and women, with well-defined and strongly marked individuality, the embodiment of ideas and lessons in themselves.

The Bond of Honour. By Sarah P. Brigham, author of "The Forged Letter," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 16mo, pp. 285. Price $1.00.

This is a story with a purpose. The aim of the author is at once to entertain and instruct. She says: "My purpose in 'The Bond of Honour' is to give to the young people a story of incident and action, founded much upon truth, that shall not only entertain, but contain moral and religious lessons, and leave upon their susceptible minds an abiding stamp for good." She has evidently succeeded.

Broken. By Einan. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a real gem of a little book, illustrating in a remarkable manner the value of a broken heart and a contrite spirit.

Literary Notes.

The Andover Review (Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. Toronto: W. Briggs) for July opens with an able and instructive article on "The Creed Question in Scotland," which strikingly illustrates the deep feeling of unrest which has taken hold of the Presbyterian Churches in that stronghold of this conservative denomination. One or two things seems to be beyond question in the near future, either a pretty thorough overhauling of the Confession of Faith and the Catechism, or such a modification of the terms of subscription as will reduce it to a mere form. The movement which is on foot has already gathered too much momentum for it to be easily arrested. And while many, no doubt, are trembling for the Ark of God, nothing is more remarkable than the confidence with which the ablest and some even of the most conservative divines of these Churches contemplate the modification of the denominational creed which they perceive to be inevitable. They evidently feel that the truth has nothing to lose, but much to gain, from such a Confessional readjustment as will greatly lessen the points upon which believers will be required to agree in order to be permitted to live and work together in the same communion. This is only one of a number of able and interesting articles which makes this a really valuable number.

Methodist Review. (New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.) The current number of this excellent bi-monthly Review is quite up to the high average of its predecessors. It opens with a well-written biographical sketch of President Harrison from the accomplished pen of Dr. Bayliss, Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate.* This is followed by an instructive paper by Bishop Hurst on "The Reformatory Movements in the Later Hinduism." Then comes a symposium on "Theology" in which three distinguished theologians—Drs. James Strong, Eml. V. Gerhard and H. H. Moore—take part; the first of these dealing with theology as a science, the second as a discipline, and the third pointing out the dangers with which it is beset. The article of the number, however, is the brilliant paper by Rev. William Arthur, of London, England, on "History of the Conflicts on Morals in the Church of Rome since the Sixteenth Century, by Drs. Döllenger and Reusch." This article is all the more valuable from the fact that the important work which it reviews consists largely of original documents in many languages, ancient and modern, and has not yet been translated into English, and is, therefore, only accessible for the present to eminent scholars such as the accomplished reviewer is known to be. "The Scientific Elements of Religion," a most interesting theme, is ably handled by James Douglas, D.D., Pulaski, N.Y. Of the review of Bennett's "Christian Archæology," by the Editor of this Magazine, even in his absence we scarcely dare to express as strong an opinion as in respect to some other things in the review. It is due, however, to say that Dr. Bennett has been specially fortunate in that the review of his book has been intrusted to one who is such a thorough master of the subject, and whose literary skill has enabled him to set the strong points of the work before his readers with so much lucidity and force. The "Editorial Notes and Discussions," consist of a number of solid and well-written articles on a considerable number of subjects of great interest.

The July number of *The Century* is a superb one. It opens with a charming article from the gifted pen of the able Art critic, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, on "Winchester Cathedral," which is profusely and elegantly illustrated. This of itself is worth more than the price of the number, and it is only one of half a dozen of illustrated articles of great interest and beauty. Mr. George Kennon continues his captivating articles on "The Political Exiles of Russia," which grow in pathetic and tragic interest. The "History of Lincoln and the War" is continued, and among the more didactic articles is one of great interest on "The Temperance Question of India," by Bishop John Hurst.

ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

I.

STREET IN VIENNA.

"In Vienna," says a graphic tourist, "the great sight is the city itself—a scene of busy life hardly to be surpassed in London or Paris. The general plan of the city is peculiar. The central part is surrounded by a series of broad, open spaces, or rings, often planted with trees, like the Parisian boulevards, but wider. They take the place of the ancient ramparts, and are lined in

many parts with the most magnificent edifices, palaces, public buildings, etc. These are mostly in the classic style of architecture, and form a group, perhaps, unequalled since the palmiest days of Greece or Rome. But their cold, unimpressive magnificence seems out of place, and does not in the least affect one like the grand gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, shown in our frontispiece.

"This venerable church," continues our narrator, "is the glory of Vienna. Nothing can be conceived more graceful in its proportions than this tower, which rises to the height of 444 feet in a series of arches and buttresses, regularly retreating and wrought with the finest elaboration. The interior is chiefly remarkable for the great height of its nave, whose steep-pitched roof will be noticed in the engraving, and for the splendour of the stained-glass windows."

But Vienna is best studied in its streets. No city in Europe presents more various types of character, jostling one another in one mighty crowd. It is the meeting-place of the East and West, and the observant traveller never forgets that it is the metropolis, not of Austria only, but of Hungary, with its half Oriental magnificence and barbaric splendour. For long centuries Vienna was the bulwark of Christendom against the fiercest assaults of the Ottoman. Again and again the waves of invasion rolled over the Danubian plain, and again and again were they repulsed from the ramparts of Vienna.

Vienna has a population of over a million; but it is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, the Protestants numbering but 25,000, and the Jews 45,000. Its university numbers two hundred professors, with over four thousand students. Its hospitals and schools of medicine and science are unsurpassed in the world, and its libraries, museums, and art galleries are among the finest in Europe. The Ring Strasse is a noble circular boulevard, 186 feet wide, on the site of the ancient walls and fortifications, and lined with palatial public and private buildings.

Berlin, the capital of the German Empire, is one of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Its palaces and its seven hundred public buildings and its monuments are among the most imposing. The principal street is called *Unter den Linden*—"Under the Lindens," from the magnificence of those noble trees with which it is lined. It is another populous thoroughfare in one of the newer regions that is shown in our cut. It might almost be taken for a street in Liverpool, or London, or New York, were it not for

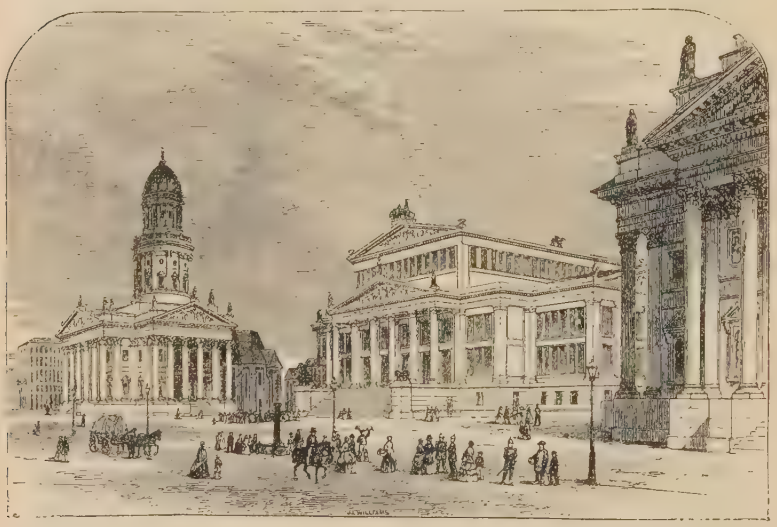
the German names on the signs. The bulletin kiosks on the sidewalk are a feature very common in Paris. The street railway is everywhere—in Rome, Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, and will, I suppose, be in Jerusalem soon.

STREET IN BERLIN.

Berlin is situated in the midst of a dreary plain of sand, and is a remarkable illustration of the recent growth of European cities. At the close of the Thirty Years' War its population was reduced to 6,000. It now numbers nearly two millions. Since it became

the capital of the whole German Empire, in 1871, it has greatly increased in size and importance. It has over forty bridges across the river Spree, an affluent of the Elbe, on which it is situated; and some of its ancient gates are very imposing. It is the centre of the intellectual activity of Germany. The number of journals published in the city is 175, and the number of books annually published is over 1,500. The University has one hundred and seventy-five professors—some of them among the most learned scholars in Europe—and nearly five thousand students.

In the beautiful cemetery are the graves of Humboldt, Fichte, Hegel, Mendelssohn, Schliermacher, Neander, Teick, and others of



PUBLIC SQUARE IN BERLIN.

high renown. The Jews, though only 30,000, are among the best educated and wealthiest class of the people—taking the lead in law, literature, art, journalism, finance and politics. Though nine-tenths of the population are Protestant, the moral status is very low. The Protestant Churches do not equal in number the fifty breweries. The poor are miserably housed—60,000 of them in wretched cellars. Socialism, nihilism and infidelity burrow among the discontented classes, and social immorality is awfully prevalent. The lesson thus taught is that neither art, science, nor literature, but the Gospel of Christ, is the true salt that saveth the nation.

It has been said recently, I know not on what authority, that

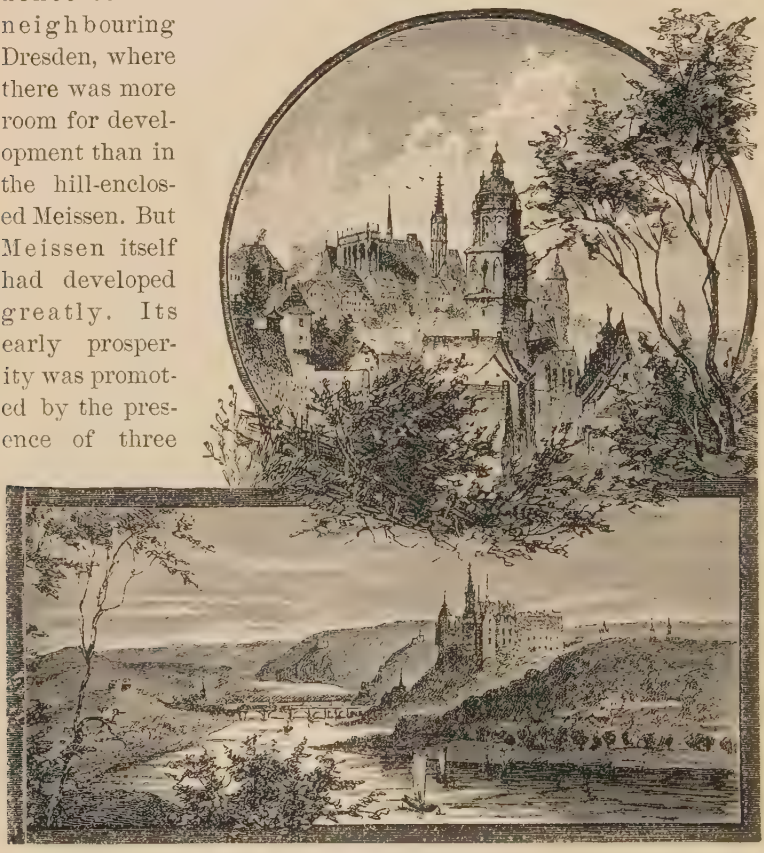
only 17 per cent. of the population of Berlin are attendants, however occasionally, on public worship; and it is certain that the supply of religious instruction is quite inadequate to the needs of the people. Yet there is a more hopeful side. The various missions and denominations have worked very nobly; the Baptists have probably, by this time, about twenty thousand members in Germany; then there are the Wesleyan Methodists, and the American Presbyterians, each of which bodies is doing good in Berlin; but at the best there are but a few score of thousands in a population of forty millions! The growth of a true religious belief and life in this great people must be from within their own Church; and this, as it gathers strength, will be potent enough to break through old forms, and to work out new ones for itself. But are there any signs of this? Well, there are—partly in the great attention that is paid to the study of the Bible. The educated youth of Prussia know the Scriptures to an extent that might surprise one. The common schools, of which there is one now in every village, are doing a great work for the young, that will yet bear marvellous fruit; and the growth of the Sunday-school system in Germany of late years is extraordinary; while there is, after all, much very faithful and powerful exposition of Bible truths in German pulpits.

On the middle Elbe, ninety miles south of Berlin, lies Meissen, the ancient city "old in story," in whose praise many poets have already poured forth their song. This little Meissen, to-day with only thirteen thousand inhabitants, is one of the most important centres of culture in the kingdom, and was one of the first points from which an attempt was made to "Germanize" Lusatia. Otto the Great made Meissen the chief city of a margravate, and, at the same time, founded a bishopric there, so that the city became a firm support and defence against the East, and a light for the heathen Slaves dwelling there, whose conversion to Christianity and to the manners and customs of the Germans was carried on from that point with great success.

Meissen became a centre of culture for all Germany; but, in a narrower sense, it remained so to Upper Saxony a much longer time; for here the foundation of its military, judicial, and ecclesiastical institutions was laid by the margraves, burgraves, and bishops; here many members of the Wettin dynasty were born and buried; here resided Ernest and Albert, the founders of the two Saxon lines; here, twice, the university of Leipzig found hospitable shelter from plague and siege; and here Henry the

Pious began the introduction of the Reformation into the Albertine lands (1539). Finally, here stood the first German manufactory of porcelain, and a lofty castle was built by Albert the Brave, which, throughout the wide kingdom, has few equals.

Already, in 1270, Henry the Illustrious had removed the Residence to the neighbouring Dresden, where there was more room for development than in the hill-enclosed Meissen. But Meissen itself had developed greatly. Its early prosperity was promoted by the presence of three



MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

courts; for burgraves, margraves, and bishops lived here together in a narrow space, each one striving to outdo the others.

The once proud seat of the thousand-years-old dynasty is now quiet; Meissen has stagnated for a long time. The castle of the burgraves, the residence of the bishops, and the palace of the electors have fallen into decay, and even the ruins of the fortifications are but few. But, in spite of this, we are still drawn there, not only on account of its high German culture, but also

by the Cathedral and the Castle, which, rising above the city, present an uncommonly picturesque appearance, and which, as works of architecture, excite our interest in a high degree.

Meissen, in its style of architecture, shows essentially the character of the Renaissance. Such a mighty royal castle as the Albrechtsburg, built in the Gothic style by the founder of the Albertine line (1471–1483), was, with the exception of the Marienburg, produced nowhere else in Germany, during the Middle Ages. Until the year 1710 it was one of the royal residences, but was then superseded by Dresden; until 1863 it was the seat of the celebrated porcelain manufactory founded by Böttger, which has now been transferred to a fine building in the valley of the Triebish. But it is said that now the old deserted castle of the Meissen princes is to rise again in its old splendour, and to this purpose are to be devoted the funds received in indemnification for the expense of the French war. A part of the five milliards will be sufficient to restore the building, celebrated for its thoroughly artistic vault, to a habitable condition, and in a way in harmony with its original style.

ON THE ELBE.

Near the Castle stands the Cathedral, one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the Gothic style, consecrated to St. John, and in its history reaching back to the time of the Saxon emperors. Compared with similar churches of the Middle Ages, the Meissen Cathedral is not as large; but the beautiful harmony which pervades it fills one with reverence and admiration; and the interior, in spite of many devastations and robberies, is still rich, especially in monuments and epitaphs to the princes and bishops.

From the castle hill one has a magnificent view of the surrounding country, whose beauty Charles V. thought equal to that of middle Italy. The eye sweeps over mountains, valleys, and meadows, and wanders along the Elbe valley, dotted with numerous villages. Vine-covered hills, orchards and woods produce a graceful variety upon the hills, along the river; the Elbe itself

is animated with skiffs and steamers; and in the distance may be seen the towers of Dresden, while behind these rise the singu-

ERFURT.

larly formed rocks of the highlands of Meissen, the so-called Saxon Switzerland.

A few miles to the south-west of Meissen is the ancient city of Erfurt, a place of considerable importance from its strategic posi-

tion on the military highway of Central Europe. Its principal interest to most tourists is the old Augustinian Convent, which was for several years the home of the intrepid Reformer, Martin

CASTLE OF HOHEN-SCHWANGAU—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF BAVARIA.

Luther. The Convent is now used as an asylum for orphans. The University where he studied was suppressed in 1816. The convent cell in which Brother Martin studied and prayed was long

an object of interest, but in 1872 was destroyed by fire, with the greater part of the building. The venerable Cathedral shows up well in our cut of the city. It contains one of the largest bells in Germany—fourteen tons in weight. It bears the date 1447, and the name Maria Gloriosa ; or, in popular parlance, Grosse Susanna. Through the centuries of chance and change it has boomed forth its solemn voice—as if proclaiming from age to age—"Christ is risen, Christ shall come."

The scenery of Bavaria, especially among the Rhoetian Alps, has an endless variety of dark green forests, densely wooded slopes, and often crowned with picturesque castellated structures, like the castle of Hohen-Schwangan—a late summer residence of the King of Bavaria.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O PLEADING life, crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care !
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain ! by night and day
Working with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss and gain,
Thinking, till thought becomes a pain ;
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart ! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthral,
And sordid treasures fill it all ;
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul ! thus to debase
The being God doth spare !
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own,
Heart, life, brain—all are His alone ;
Make room for Jesus there—

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain shall be thy prayer ;
To find in Jesus' heart a place ;
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there !

SALOON OF THE "SUNBEAM,"

MEMORIALS OF LADY BRASSEY.

LADY BRASSEY.

It was with a deep sense of almost personal loss that the readers of this MAGAZINE heard of the tragic death of the late Lady Brassey. Thrice she laid the readers of this periodical under deep obligation by her kind permission to reprint the substance of her interesting volumes, and by generously furnishing the exquisite engravings by which they were illustrated. It is with a melancholy pleasure that we place before our readers the following sketch of the beautiful and useful life of this estimable lady.

Lady Brassey was the elder daughter of the late John Allnutt, of Berkeley Square, London. She lost her mother when she was little more than an infant, and from the time that she could walk and talk until she married she and her father were inseparable.

Her father had been a famous rider in his younger days, and his taste and talents for horsemanship descended to his daughter. From the time she was little more than five years old Miss Allnutt and her white pony were well known to the country round Penshurst. In 1860 she was married to Mr. Thomas (now Lord) Brassey.

Lady Brassey was a woman of extreme energy; there was nothing she disliked more than to have no immediate object of action before her. So long as she was in health she wished to be up and doing something tangible. She was an active member of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and assisted in forming several classes or centres. She passed the South Kensington School of Cookery (scullery department and all), and took a first-class certificate therein; she was a Dame of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Few ladies of the fashionable world got through as much work in a week as Lady Brassey often accomplished in a day. Her friends have known her spend a day at Normanhurst in this way: Correct proof sheets for printer, and interview head servants as to orders for the day, before break-

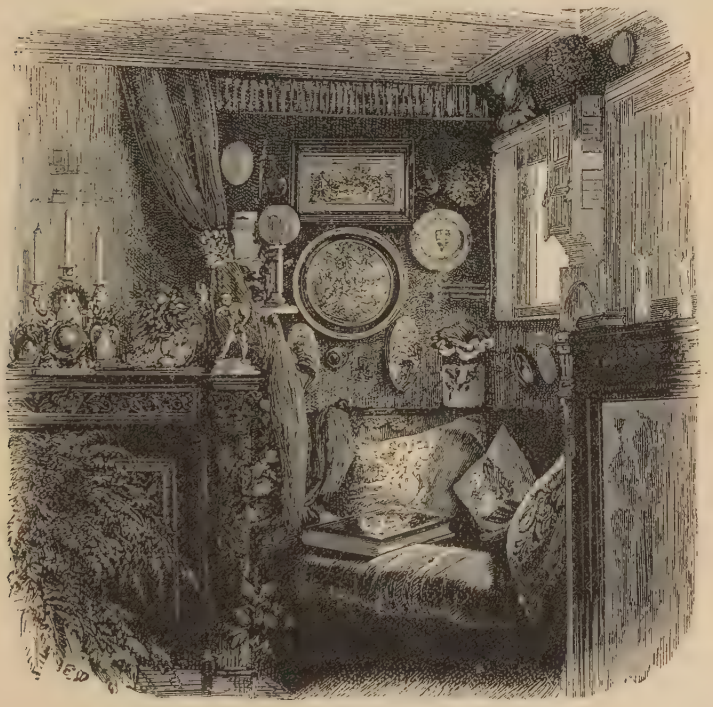
fast; hunt with the local harriers for three hours; home to a late luncheon; then drive a wagonette to show some visitors the beauties of the neighbouring Ashburnham Park; afternoon tea; after dinner, a rehearsal of some music with the various young ladies and gentlemen who were to form her party on the morrow. Or, as an illustration of a day in the London season: Down to Chatham (or some such port) in the morning to launch a vessel; to the East End in the afternoon to distribute prizes at a training-

HOW THE JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN.

ship, and to make a speech to the pupils; and, in the evening a reception at her own house.

Undoubtedly she now and then overtaxed her strength by such exertions, the more so from the fact that she had a delicate chest, and was extremely susceptible of bronchial ailments. During the last few years her medical advisers had insisted upon her wintering in warm climates for this very reason. With all her labours of literature, society, and public functions, she always found time to superintend her own household. Guests at Norman-

hurst would find that by breakfast-time the mistress of the house had at her fingers' ends all the contingencies of the coming day; she could inform each what horse was ordered for him or her to ride or drive, who was going to shoot, what rooms were ordered for this or that expected guest, and by what trains they were to be met at the station; and, with all this, she would find time to look round to the school-room at the children's lessons, or to make inquiries after, or very possibly to call in person to see, some invalid tenants.

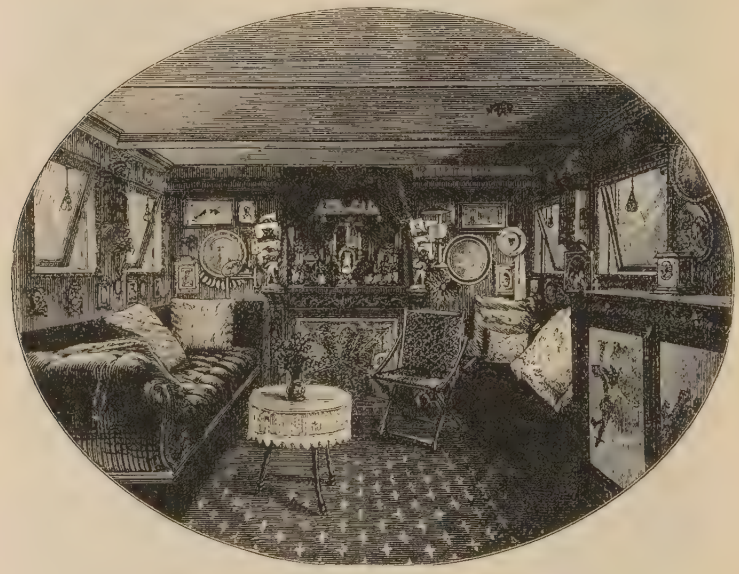


A COSY CORNER ON THE "SUNBEAM."

She was exceedingly fond of animals; she had quite a menagerie of beasts and birds at Normanhurst, and would make a round to feed them, never omitting the stables, where every horse seemed to know her, and to look out for a piece of carrot or sugar so soon as she appeared at the stable-door. She was a woman of great natural kindliness of disposition, and was never more delighted than when she had succeeded in pleasing some one else by some good office or attention. She used to say that she always felt

herself a mere sojourner in London and never looked upon her Park Lane house as "home"; whereas at Normanhurst, or on board the *Sunbeam*, she felt herself actually at home. She had a sort of personal affection for the old yacht, which had been the family home through so many vicissitudes of weather and climate: and, if she could have cast her own horoscope would, we think, scarcely have been sorry to know that when the time should come, the old ship should see the very last of her.

In private life she was staunch to her husband's Liberal views; but, save and except when she canvassed at election times, she



LADY BRASSEY'S CABIN.

abstained from taking a public part in politics, though she might, had she chosen, have made her *salons* a centre of political reunion. She was one of those who could agree to differ in politics without allowing personal feelings to be embittered by the same. We have seen a rival (and successful) candidate for her husband's borough a guest under her roof, and in her presence political altercations were always tabooed. She was staunch in her friendship, and preferred to have well-known faces, and those of her kindred especially, round her, rather than those of strangers, even though celebrities; she gave warm welcome to all friends of travel who cared to renew their acquaintance with her on visiting England. It may fairly be said of her that her career,

public and private, shows that she was one who would have made her mark, and have succeeded in life in whatever circle her lot might have been cast; whether as a country cleric's better half, or as a school-mistress or editress, instead of being the wife of a wealthy politician and peer.

IN THE CHART-ROOM.

She had a knack of management, a supply of tact, and a fund of energy and good nature, which would well endow any woman. She will not easily be forgotten by those who were her friends, and they were legion.

Lady Brassey had been ill before she left Europe for the last time, and it was hoped that a long voyage, such as she so much

enjoyed, and which she had more than once accomplished, would completely restore her. After a tour of six weeks through India, Lord and Lady Brassey re-embarked in the *Sunbeam*, and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar, and thence to Albany, in Western Australia. After a stay at Albany, the *Sunbeam* went to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown, Thursday Island and Port Darwin. It was Lady Brassey's intention to leave the yacht at the Cape and return home by mail steamer.

The party consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, Hon. Mr. Brassey, and the three Misses Brassey. They had a delightful cruise, and were bringing away from Australia exceedingly pleasant reminiscences. Lady Brassey was continuing her book, and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the 7th of

THE SUNBEAM BY MOONLIGHT.

September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The *Sunbeam* went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever, which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty, nevertheless, prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. The next day the scene aboard the

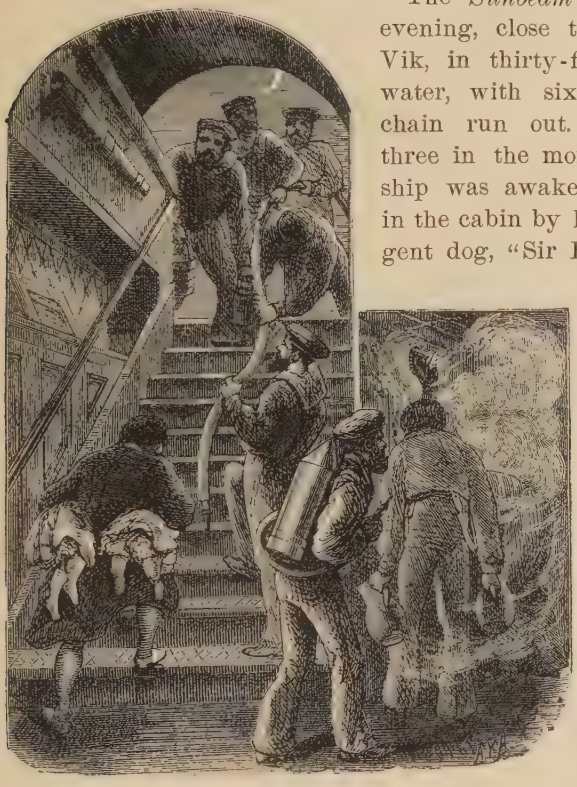
Sunbeam was an affecting one. Feeling that her end was nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book to which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterward she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites as the body was assigned to its grave in the deep sea.

ON THE DECK OF THE "SUNBEAM" IN THE TROPICS.

Lady Brassey was of a remarkably adventurous disposition, with a great predilection for travel, both by land and sea. It was always her custom to make copious notes of the principal incidents of her journey, and the impressions produced upon her mind by what she had seen. She wielded a light and facile pen, and her books descriptive of her various travels are marked by great naturalness and a singularly graceful and charming style. Before the first voyage in the *Sunbeam*, Mr. and Mrs. Brassey had travelled in the east of Europe and in the United States. She had printed, for private distribution only, "The Flight of the *Meteor*," an account of two cruises in the Mediterranean and travels in the East; and in 1872 she issued an account of "A Voyage in the *Eothen*," which described her trip to Canada and the United States.

In 1876 Lord and Lady Brassey undertook a voyage round the world in their yacht the *Sunbeam*. The account of this famous "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" was not originally intended for publication, but was compiled merely with a view to give some amusement to her father and her own home circle. The notes, which afterward took shape as a volume, were dispatched to England from time to time from the various ports at which the *Sunbeam* touched. Subsequently, copies were made for a few private friends, and at length her ladyship was prevailed upon to publish the account of her voyage in book form, which she did in 1878. The work had an instant success, and in a very short time it had passed through four editions, and was translated into various languages. An abridged edition appeared in 1879; an adaptation for school and class reading in 1880; while in 1881 the firm of Longman and Co. issued a complete edition in paper covers, which has had an enormous circulation. Lady Brassey wrote several books after this one; but although some of these, like her "Sunshine and Storm in the East," or "Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople," and "In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties," were narratives full of graphic touches of description, both of character and scenery, yet with none did she repeat her first success. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. In the "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" she wrote just as she saw and felt, without consciously struggling for effect. De Quincy truly said that whoever wishes to see modern English at its best should get hold of a mail-bag and read the letters he finds in it that are written by ladies, and the late Lady Brassey's style was essentially epistolary.

In 1885 Lord and Lady Brassey had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Gladstone as their guest on board their yacht, and found him a delightful travelling companion. She gave, in the *Contemporary Review*, a charming description of the trip to Norway made with the great statesman. The voyage was a delightful one, with trips on land from attractive Norwegian ports, and was attended by an accident that might have proved serious.



THE "SUNBEAM" ON FIRE.

The *Sunbeam* anchored one evening, close to the shore, at Vik, in thirty-five fathoms of water, with sixty fathoms of chain run out. At half-past three in the morning her ladyship was awakened from sleep in the cabin by her very intelligent dog, "Sir Roger," a black poodle, tugging at the bed-clothes, and barking violently. The sagacious animal knew that something was wrong. Presently came the first mate of the ship, Mr. Kindred, knocking at the cabin door, to tell his master that the *Sunbeam* was touching the shore. Violent bumps and thumps were felt on her side; in fact, she was aground by the stern, lying almost broadside on to a rocky beach, with a sharp stone pier jutting out close by; and she was so close to the land that her yards were actually projecting over the garden of the hotel, to the great alarm of the people in the house, whose figures, thinly attired in their night-gowns, were seen looking out of the windows. The shore descends so abruptly here that there were at least ten fathoms of water at the bows, while the stern was aground.

LADY BRASSEY COLLECTING CORALS.

Fortunately the screw was not injured, and aid soon came, so that the *Sunbeam* was in a short time again skimming along. On another occasion a fire broke out on board the *Sunbeam* which was extinguished by the apparatus for that purpose, but not till much consternation was caused and the children were hurriedly carried on deck.

Many probably who have followed the author of these famous journals in her many wanderings have pictured to themselves a lady of sturdy frame and of inexhaustible physical power, but with Lady Brassey the strength and the courage lay in the spirit,

not the body. When on the verge of womanhood she was, we are told, fearfully burned, and lay for six months helpless and wrapped in cotton wool. From the shock of this calamity she appears to have suffered more or less throughout her life. Severe attacks of bronchitis clouded her early married life; and her first voyage brought upon her terrible sufferings from malarial fever. Her books grew simply out of a habit of sitting up in bed as soon as she awoke in the morning, and writing with pen and pencil a narrative of the previous day's proceedings to be sent home to her father.

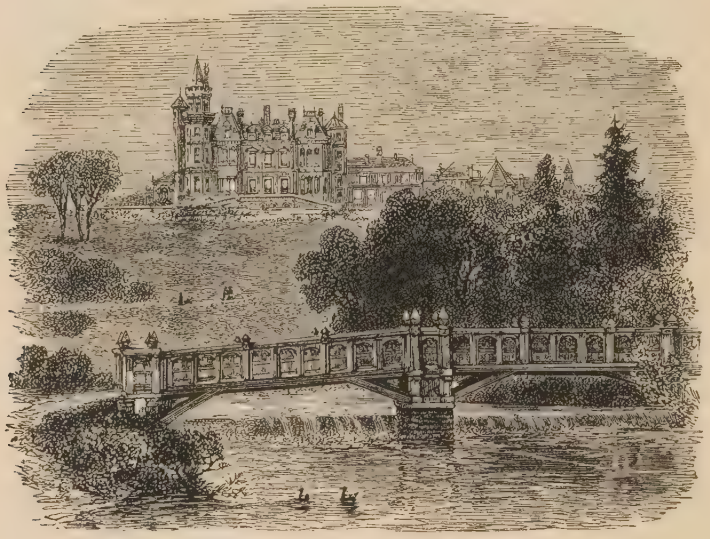
Instead of subsiding into a fashionable society woman, as most ladies of her wealth and social position do, Lady Brassey devoted her time and talents to instructing an ever-widening circle of read-

HASTINGS AND NORMANHURST.

ers. Few works of travels have been so widely read, or have communicated so large an amount of interesting information, as have hers. She was a remarkably intelligent and acute observer and graceful writer. She had access to the best society everywhere, and had the amplest opportunities for seeing everything worth seeing at its best. She possessed more than an amateur acquaintance with the natural history of the many countries she visited, and had a very considerable knowledge of several of the languages of Europe. Though of delicate health, she accomplished a large amount of literary work. Few persons have any idea of the drudgery there was in the mere transcribing and proof-reading of her several large volumes. She only accomplished this by her habit of early rising, being often at her desk at four in the morning, and by her indefatigable industry.

One of her noblest characteristics was her thorough womanliness

—her sympathy with the poor, with the sick and suffering, with the sailors and servants of her husband's yacht. Her sympathy embraced their religious as well as their material interests. In this she was admirably helped by her husband. He used regularly to conduct religious services on the *Sunbeam*, and his wife tells us that "he preached a very good sermon." And her practical beneficence showed that these were not sentiments merely. Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world richer by her life, the poorer by her death.



NORMANHURST—HOME OF LADY BRASSEY.

Lady Brassey had a widely sympathetic nature, which she manifested by the active interest she took in all classes, especially in the poor and lowly. It is characteristic of this sympathy that the very last words that she penned had reference to the establishment of an Ambulance Association, of which organization she was for several years an active and bountiful patron.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter to Lady Brassey's last volume, by Lord Brassey, entitled "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words:

"Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him everywhere the *entrée* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. Her last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train and with troops of elephants and camels, etc., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern Seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well. We hope to give a somewhat detailed account of those last journeyings, which we are sure our readers will follow with no less avidity than those we have previously described in these pages.

Common actions become holy, and drudgery grows divine, when the motive is pure and high.—*Spurgeon*

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

XII.

SILOAM AND AS FAR AS TO BETHANY.

ACELDAMA.

As the traveller pursues the winding pathway past the tombs, described in my last paper, he comes ere long to a striking point. Before him the valley begins to open out, and just at its opening, half-built of squalid huts, half-burrowed out of ancient tombs, is the filthy Arab village of Siloam—the ancient Siloam—where vile dogs and even viler human beings render progress in that direction the reverse of pleasant. Away in front the view terminates in the rocky hills, on whose nearer slopes, lies the traditional Aceldama—a gruesome region, where nature's laughter seems forever to have ceased. Indeed, all about in this Vale of Hinnom, is material enough for gloomy thought, and it is little wonder that its very name should have become associated, even apart from its ancient fiery and unhallowed traditions with the hopeless doom of the eternally lost. The valley curves before one on the left around the southern slope of Olivet, toward the east, and, on the right, around Ophel, toward the west. In it are

the Pools of Gihon, the Upper Pool, some seven hundred yards from the Jaffa Gate, and the Lower Pool, less than a hundred yards farther east. As one stands facing the valley, Olivet rises in terraces on the left hand, while, on the right, rise the abrupt slopes of Zion, crowned with the serrated walls of the Holy City, which here present a particularly fine appearance, and reveal in

JEWISH TOMBS.

their lower courses some of the massive stones used by Hiram's cunning workmen in the days of Solomon.

A little farther on, past the projecting cliff of Ophel, one comes to the Pool of Siloam. It is no "shady rill, however, as pictured in the familiar hymn, but an oblong reservoir, in part of modern, though with some remains of ancient, workmanship, and, apart from the sacred associations which surround it, would hardly prove of much attraction to the traveller. But it is of "the waters

of Shiloah that go softly," that one thinks and, much more, of Him who bade the blind man "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam," when "he went his way therefore and washed and came seeing," as he stands beside that dilapidated reservoir. There is little or no doubt as to its identity, and still the bright, clear water wells out intermittingly through the long tunnelled conduit which

POOL OF SILOAM.

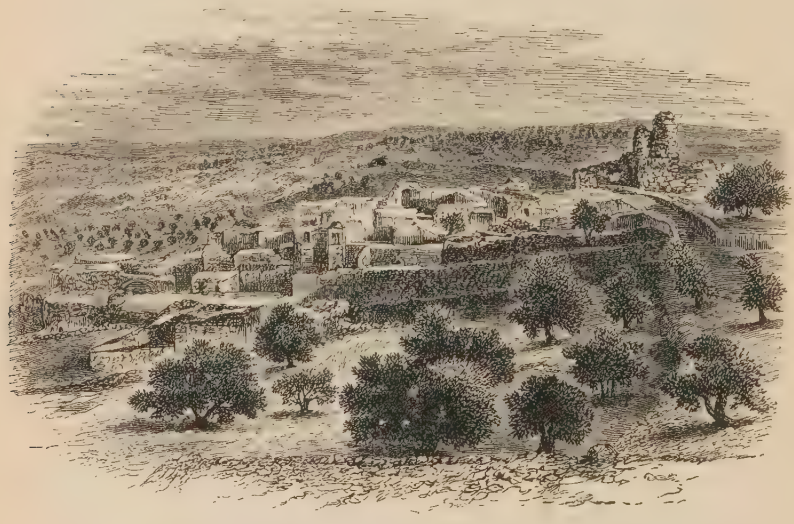
conveys it through the heart of the hill from the Virgin's Fountain, on the other side. The arched passage-way, seen in the cut, leads to a staircase which descends to this conduit. This latter gives one a good idea of the capabilities of ancient engineering. The workmen commenced the work of boring at each end, tunnelling toward the centre; and modern explorers have found two *culs de sac* in the cutting, which show that they were passing one another but a little out of the calculated line, though the conduit is over 1,700 feet in length. An interesting inscription was

accidentally discovered in 1881, a little distance within the tunnel. It is in the purest Biblical Hebrew, in characters which scholars have decided to fix its date as early, at least, as the time of Hezekiah, of whom we read, indeed in 2 Kings xx. 20, that "he made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city;" though it may well have been even earlier in its origin, as Isaiah's mention of the waters of Shiloah that go softly (with very obvious bearing on the flow through a conduit), is anterior to Hezekiah's time. Probably enough, it formed part of the great engineering works which characterized the reign of Solomon. Here is the inscription:

"(Behold) the excavation! Now this is the history of the excavation. While the excavators were still lifting up the pick, each toward his neighbour, and while there were yet three cubits to (excavate there was heard) the voice of one man calling to his neighbour, for there was an excess in the rock on the right hand (and on the left). And after that on the day of excavating, the excavators had struck pick against pick, one against the other, the waters flowed from the spring to the Pool for a distance of 1,200 cubits. And (part) of a cubit was the height of the rock over the head of the excavators."

Apart from its intrinsic interest, the inscription has given great satisfaction to scholars, as the most perfect and, indeed, only authentic example of pre-exilian Hebrew writing. But I must leave the tempting subject of the modern discoveries in underground Jerusalem for another paper, and take my indulgent reader a little farther afield in the environs of the Holy City. There is one site amid the many apochryphal ones, in and around it, that stands out unmistakably and confessedly, unquestionable—I refer to the Mount of Olives. I will suppose my readers to stand with me on the mounds outside St. Stephen's Gate, looking right across the Kidron Valley. Before us rises a gently sloping symmetrical hill, crowned with white buildings, and dotted here and there with the survivors of the groves of olives from which it originally took its name. At its foot is the traditional Garden of Gethsemane. Three roads branch near the Garden, one to the north, one climbing stiffly up to the summit, the third trending in a line parallel to the city walls and rounding the southern slope of the hill. Let us take the steep path at our feet and cross the valley. We are in the Saviour's footsteps as He went toward the Garden, on the night before His crucifixion. The beggars sit by the way-side begging, as, perhaps, He often met them at this very spot in His many journeys between Jerusalem and Olivet. At

the turn of the road, by the traditional Tomb of the Virgin, they rattle their tin boxes as we pass, and cry vociferously and whiningly for *backsheesh*. Halt, and maimed, and blind, they present their infirmities as motives for our pity and our piastres, with a fresh wail and a fresh petition for every passer-by. We push on, to the left of the Garden, up the winding path to the summit; probably the very same that David took when he fled from rebellious Absalom. "And went up by the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot, and all the people that were with him covered every man his head and they went up, weeping as they went up." As we



BETHANY—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

reach the summit, with our faces still toward the east, a marvellous panorama bursts upon us. Away in the distance runs the wall-like chain of the mountains of Moab, lit up—for our walk is in the evening—with the most wonderfully brilliant hues as the westering sun brings out their rocky sides and their dark ravines into exquisite light and shade. Nearer is the Jordan Valley, of which they form the eastern boundary, with the course of the river marked by a line of green foliage, and with part of the Dead Sea, gleaming white, away to the southward. And then, as we go on, with that view still before us, we turn down the slopes of Olivet toward the wilderness, and a quarter of an hour's walk, or less, brings us to a ruined village, hidden, till just

as we reach it, by a rocky ridge. A ruined village, truly, it is; but a village never to be forgotten. It is Bethany, the scene of some of the most touching incidents in Our Lord's life, and bearing even in its modern name El-'Azriyeh (from El-'Azin, Arabic for Lazarus), a momento of His mightiest miracle. The houses are rude, massive, and built of old materials; there is a ruinous tower or other lofty structure in a prominent position, on its higher side. There are some fine, shady olives on the sides of the road near by, and a few fig trees. It must have been different when He was here, and these rocky environs were carefully terraced and filled with palm-trees, laden with the fruit from which it took its name—for Bethany means the House of Dates. Like most other sites in Palestine, it has now nothing but its associations to charm. But what associations cluster around it! Here was the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, almost the only visiting place our Lord allowed Himself. Here, somewhere, though hardly in the spot they show us, Lazarus lay in his four-days' death-sleep, when the voice of the Christ recalled him to mortal life. Here was the house of Simon the Leper, where Mary, in the lavish love of gratitude, anointed her Lord with costly spikenard; and here, close by, in some sequestered nook of these hills—for He led them out "as far as to Bethany"—the risen Lord took leave of His disciples, gave them His final commission and blessing, and then ascended to the heaven from which He had come; "and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

We will return to Jerusalem by another road, the road around the southern shoulder of Olivet. As we leave the village, the rude and clamorous inhabitants yell more loudly, the persistent cry for *backsheesh*, with which they have filled our ears, as we lingered a few minutes among them; but soon a turn in the road shuts out the noisy rabble, and we are alone. The sun is yet above the horizon, and his level beams light up all the landscape. The hills of Moab, in their rainbow tints, are glowing in indescribable brilliancy as we look back toward them, but our faces are now toward Jerusalem. Soon a sharp turn brings a bit of it in view, the southern portion—Zion and the City of David. Then, in a moment, we lose it completely as the road dips down abruptly into a deep and winding ravine. There is nothing now in view but hillside and rocky valley, nothing else for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then, as we climb up over the long slope, and turn the southern shoulder, all at once the city bursts upon us—the whole city, the Holy City, with the sunset as a background

to the never-to-be-forgotten sight. We have, doubtless, been traversing the very road by which Christ came in His triumphal entry into the city. Where we caught our first glimpse of it, away back a half-mile nearly, perhaps He was met by the crowds who cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and, here, with hardly any doubt, here at this turn where we stand, and marvel at the beauty of site and city, He stood and wept; wept because of its obduracy, impenitence, and impending doom, and yearned over its loved and lost ones, with the infinite pity and everlasting love of God. Where we see the lovely dome of the Mosque of Omar, He saw the glittering pinnacles and superb proportions of the Temple, just across the Kidron Valley, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," indeed, but, alas, dishonoured by its worshippers and deserted by its God. And so He paused and wept here for a moment, and then went on in that wonderful triumphal procession, so soon to take immediate issue in the Cross and the Tomb. And as we stand and think of Him, and then look toward the city, behind which the sun has just gone down, we think, do we not, of sunrise, rather than of sunset; and rejoice that He is to-day riding on in triumph, and before Him, everywhere, sin and darkness are disappearing, conquered by the might and light of His purity and personality, while to Him flock men and women held in willing thrall by the magnetism of His self-sacrifice, drawn, as He prophesied, by the Cross on which He died. "And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and amid His worshippers and His warriors He moves on and on to the Holier City, the New Jerusalem, which is free and which is mother of us all, whose stately walls go up as did those of the temple in the days of Solomon, "without sound of hammer," in the deep silence of God's new creation.

MY PORTION.

Yes, the world's dark nights are dreary,
In their pleasure, pain and strife,
And the soul is torn and bleeding,
With the poisoned thorns of life;
All its brightest roses wither,
Nothing lasts or stays with me.
Thou art my eternal portion;
I have chosen only Thee.

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

VI.

(1) REFORM is naturally restless and troublesome. Do the restless ones say we desire invitation by the people to be of force and effect? How would it do for the next General Conference to define an invitation and put it under law; give it a right as an official action of the Quarterly Official Board to transmission to the brother invited directly or indirectly, and to a place on the table of the Stationing Committee; bring it there through the Chairman of the District or other prescribed channel; so that that Committee having all duly authorized invitations before it, at one glance might settle them all in the interests of the Circuits, the brethren, and the work? It is to be presumed that the course having been made regular, all irregularities would be ruled out; that the practice being openly recognized in law, few illegalities would be attempted; and that other things being equal, the Circuit would obtain its request. If the people were confident of these things, possibly movements would return more readily to the safe old grooves. "But what is then to be done with Circuits and men in whose cases are no invitations?" In the first place, it is just possible if invitations were not repressed, but almost invited, there would be fewer of them. Repression often begets uneasiness and haste. That is what Paul says of the motions of sin under the law. In the second place, the Stationing Committee must look to the benefit of the work as a whole; and if the people are sure they are doing that, there will be general and growing acquiescence in their acts. In the third place, there is a possibility of handling this matter so that it will be deemed an unbearable reproach for a Circuit to be claiming a man, or a man crowding for a Circuit, to the damage of the Connexion. The Stationing Committee can beget a mighty public opinion in this regard one way or the other. In the fourth place, it will be, as it always has been, many of the best fields will do no inviting; and many of the best men will neither encourage nor obtain invitations. And in the fifth place, true and fearless Stationing Committees, as there have been, and as there are now, will know what to do with adventurers either as Circuits or men; and if done

intelligently, impartially, unselfishly, disinterestedly, for Connexional ends, they can explain their action, and will be sustained by public opinion in it. When we speak of extinguishing preferences and squelching invitations, we should remember that it is the office of good government to find vent for lawful, natural, and irrepressible forces and to give them course and direction, rather than to think and plan to press them back, to stifle, smother, or annihilate them. The waters that come pure and manageable from the mountain sides, that may irrigate, fertilize, and beautify all the plain, that may be collected into streams for motive power, or gathered into rivers for the glory of continents and highways of commerce, may also be repressed into swamps, breeders of miasm, held back to chill and sour productive ground, or pent up in gorges to tear away the very mountains themselves. Better provide a safe and useful channel for general and rational convictions and desires, than to force them to plough their own channel or find their own seething and unhealthful lodgment. This ought to be consistent with the freedom of Methodism and the easy play of the itinerancy. The very waters that make pestilential swamps, when collected and well directed drive factories and mills.

After all, does the system of invitations—or, as it is now carried on, should we not call it the *jumble* and *jargon* of invitations? —commend itself to our ministers and people? Does it commend itself in the spirit from which it springs and which it cultivates, the plans, processes and practices it originates and multiplies, and the fruit it bears? Is it well to vote and proclaim such want of confidence in the Stationing Committee, in their intelligence, the soundness of their judgment, their impartiality, their unselfishness, their piety, and their fidelity to the work of God in its broadest, highest interest? Is it well for the Quarterly Official Boards, even in cases where the invitation lies open and honest on their tables for consideration, to imagine they know more of their own real needs and the real needs of the work at large; that they better know the preachers and their adaptations to the fields, than the godly, prayerful, vigilant supervision of the Chairmen of the Districts; or that they will be more careful of the interests of other people, and all the interests concerned, and less partial to their own than the devout and responsible oversight of the Stationing Committee? Do the invited men always do the best work and give the greatest satisfaction, so that they may remain without objection the full term of three years, as men appointed on invitation should? Or does it ever happen that invited men are shoved off at the end of the

first year at somebody's whim, no matter what the inconvenience? Is it ever "Hosanna, Hosanna!" at the start; and in twelve months or less "Away with him! Away with him!" Are preachers public footballs? "But preachers are looking out for themselves, and we are going to do the same." Is that not an end of stationing, or the continuation of a soulless itinerancy? Will it not bring about that men will seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's? Will it not bring about that worthy, learned, solid, pious, true, faithful and successful men will be passed by for the youthful, the flashy, the socially attractive? Will it not compel that able labourers, on a little in years, will be crowded to the Superannuation roll, and then the same people will rebel against the Superannuation Fund? Has it not been that the people that receive their preachers in good faith, the preachers going in good faith as sent by God and His Church, have had the approval of conscience and intelligence, the grandest successes on their charges, the favour of heaven and the greatest power and merit in building up the common cause? Is not the thing that is needed all around by preachers and people confidence in a competent Stationing Committee and obedience thereto?

Again, does it not happen that Societies are rent in twain, or shivered into fragments, by this fashion of invitations? Some on the Circuit want one man, and some want another, and so the contention rages. Are there not places where scars and even divisions continue after years of effort at healing; where there are pent-up fires, waiting only new breezes to fan them, new occasions to burst forth in all their fury? If we are to have long and angry debates on Quarterly Official Boards over the heads of ministers, canvassing their merits and their claims, and surging contentions in the Societies, and shrewd management on this side and on that, and consequent protracted and perplexing wranglings and discussions in the Stationing Committee, would it not be well to consider whether an improvement on all this is possible; whether there is not another way of getting honest preferences and real necessities of the people to an impartial, competent, disinterested Board, and so possibly better serve the general interests of the Church? And would it not be well for us as ministers and people to think twice before we give up our old system of godly supervision, fraternal care, mutual trust, direction and appointment, for any scheme that sets our ministers preaching for a call, or holds them as hirelings when called and settled? To dignify and appreciate the ministry as sent of God; to serve the people, His Church, as accountable to God; to preserve mutual confidence and good-will, and to claim and secure Heaven's blessing in abounding success

in the unity of the Spirit and the fellowship of labour: this the best aim of a wise polity; and a good polity will help.

(2) Do they say the members of the Stationing Committee should be thoroughly acquainted with the Circuits and the men? How would it do for the next General Conference to make it the positive duty of every Chairman of a District to visit every field on his District fully and officially at least once a year; and vest him with power for the purpose and hold him responsible for bringing up to the Stationing Committee all required information and all allowable representations from the Quarterly Official Boards and other proper sources?

(3) Do they say the Stationing Committee are made up of men too evidently appointed to look after their own interests? How would it do for the next General Conference to confine the Committee to the Chairmen of Districts, made possibly more efficient and more careful of general interests by the provisions suggested above? "But the District representatives are placed there as a check upon the chairmen; and it would never do to give them up and put all this power into the hands of the chairmen." Oh! innocent man that I am! I see, I see! It is a system of checks. I thought it was a system of trust and "go," "believe and preach," "send," "work," "hasten," "tarry not;" but I see it is a system of checks, and so the more check the better! By all means let us have then the lay representation check also; unless, indeed, it be discovered that it is the lay "cheques" that are at the bottom of all the trouble. Since the one essential is checks, how would it be to throw away the rest of the harness, and do the pulling and driving on the check rein? There are horses that are harder in the mouth and stiffer in the neck than anywhere else. They will draw more with their teeth than their breast. Check up the chairman with representatives; check up the chairman and representatives with laymen; that is the idea! Who dares say nay? What is needed all around is not divine commission, propulsion, not sending, not pushing outward and onward, not appointing, but checking. From all the checking it might appear we are going down hill. Who will check laymen and chairmen and representatives combined? What is the next check to be invented? Would it remind you of the efforts in Dominion Confederation to check the "log-rolling," as it was called, betwixt Ontario and Quebec? We have now many provinces brought in to do the checking, and the difference is just this: there is a bigger log to roll, more force to roll it, and it rolls with more crushing effect. When it starts down hill, what a thunder and crash! Yes! yes! on with the checks, the brakes; they are what

we want; not horses, not harness, not carriages, not locomotives, or cars, but checks. Check the chairmen; check the chairmen and representatives combined; check the chairmen, representatives and lay representatives plunging down in full force. Next, on with the woman check; for the women must be heard in this matter. Then on with the young man check; for young people are an important consideration in the Church. We will go mightily on our way to glorious destiny if the checks are only in place and order. And so this mutual mistrust system, this well-checked courser, this mighty train under tight brakes, will go dashing, crashing, smashing through, especially if the hill be steep or it plunge over the precipice. Perhaps, after all, there is a better way.

(4) Do they say Chairmen of Districts, especially from long continuance of office, become arbitrary, over-bearing, and exacting, settle down into oligarchies, with sharp eyes watch men voting in Conference, make appointments accordingly, and assume to be afflicted if other brethren displace them? How would it answer for the next General Conference to enact that no chairman's service in that relation be longer than four or six years successively; and then he be ineligible to the office for four or six years, as the case may be? This might correct some strange notions, avoid some evils and secure some advantages in an easy way, though some would deem it undesirable.

(5) Do they say, when we have on our invitation secured the transfer of the man of our choice, we are deprived of him by the action of the Stationing Committee? How would it be for the next General Conference to put away collision from its own legislation, and enact that when a minister has been transferred by the proper authorities upon distinct and accredited invitation, said transfer shall also involve the stationing of the man as requested? "But that will interfere with Stationing Committee authority, and the independence of the Annual Conferences!" Well, there are some things in the world, and some misdirections of good things even, that ought to be interfered with. Again, a Transfer Committee can be put under law as well as anything else, as to the balance of the Conferences, the rights of the ministers and other precious and inalienable interests. And it is hardly seemly even to common sense that two bodies like the Transfer and Stationing Committees, established and authorized by the same General Conference, should by that supreme legislation be thrown into conflict. If by "independence of Annual Conferences" men mean disregard of the higher courts of the Church and of the General Conference itself, where is our unity?

Where our Connexionalism? Had we not better dissolve into Annual Conferences; and pretty small ones at that? into Districts? into congregations? into every man for himself? every Circuit for itself? Had we not better station by Districts; thus giving more official action for the Stationing Committee in its oversight of the appointments of the Annual Conference to tear to pieces, and thereby subject us to more collisions of authority, more rents, more division? Or shall we act as one body, and by simple device with easy, and it may be temporary, readjustments, avoid friction, avert ill, and move on as God enableth with power?

"But we are true to our Connexionalism and must maintain its advantages. We can avoid transfers and their collisions with stationing by large Annual Conferences, by one Annual Conference for Ontario and Quebec; by one Stationing Committee or, at the most two, for all the Annual Conferences; by a triennial or quadrennial readjustment by committee; or by quadrennial reconstruction of the Annual Conference membership by the General Conference—all of which schemes emphasize our Connexionalism; and any of them is preferable to ceaseless friction and violent collision of most important power and functions." Possibly it is a fair question, and one that practical legislators will urge: How was it before union? Was stationing difficult because Conferences were small? How is it in the Conferences of the Maritime Provinces? Are they in the midst of contention and perplexity because of small Conferences? How was it when one Conference covered the whole land from Gaspé to Vancouver, when centrifugal force was tremendous and such whirls were made that men are yet struggling to regain their centre? Possibly it is a fair question, would not Conferences of reasonable proportions, with easy circulation among the Conferences, better meet the case all around—that is, all things considered? Possibly, again, it is a fair question, whence do these devices arise? whither do they tend? Is it pastors seeking places of usefulness? or people seeking ministers of grace and power? Circuits burdened with debt looking for consecrated exemplars and capable promoters of liberality? Societies weeping and praying for revival, looking for the man mighty with God and the people, because full of faith and the Holy Ghost? Is it in the interests of the people, the spiritual interests of the pastorate and of the Church at large that such changes suggest themselves? If so, the General Conference will be sadly derelict in duty if it fail speedily to incorporate all reconcilable propositions of this character in its legislation. They might appear cumbersome, fanciful, empirical, impracticable; but if they will secure to us unity of spirit, harmony, promptitude

and efficiency of action, peace in the Church and vigour in the work, they are what we want.

Perhaps the railway management of the land could take a hint from such wisdom, energy and success in the distribution of their locomotives and the regulation and development of their traffic: so that instead of a central agency for a large railway district, with its collected car-shops and distributing turning-table, and its turning-tables, switches and Y's conveniently arranged at focal points along the lines, for any day or any emergency as required, under the direction of proper authority, they should have fixed lines and unvarying routes, devoid of switches or side-tracks, and should bring all locomotives once a year or a quadrennium to some majestic centre, as Stratford or London, and to some huge turning-table capable of swinging a dozen moguls at every revolution. And then, that all the railway officiary in the spirit of true democracy should sit around that one majestic turning-table, every man looking out for his own mogul, for his own position on a fat or lean section, or on a highly productive and well paid, well laid, well graded, well ironed and well equipped portion of the road. Would not such a system grandly develop the wealth of the country and vastly and speedily enrich the railway company? Surely practical business men have mistaken the whole question and process of production, location, direction and application of power. For celerity, safety, and efficiency the railway men are wholly off track. What unpardonable blundering, what tyrannic centralization is this that the agency at Stratford or London, itself every instant responsible and sharply under law, should control the central turning-table and switches according to time-table and regulation; should have these appliances at command every hour and every score of miles along the branching tracks; should distribute power in a hundred turning-tables and in a thousand switches and Y's; should secure all possible harmony of action, fill gaps, provide for emergencies, recover disasters and push on trade! But, after all, which is the centralization; the democratic central turning-table, with its stiff lines and periodic motions, where all go up to one grand centre and watch for themselves; or the monarchical distribution of power, in varying routes, diverse centres, regular action, fixed time-tables, established laws of procedure, wise provision for emergencies, wide discretion for local adjustments, and large liberty for temporary expedients? Which is real centralization and which the healthful distribution of power? How is it that railway lines are so non-British, have so missed the mark of good and efficient government? How is it that the children of this world are so

foolish in their generation, and have not learned even to this late century the best control of mills, mines or fisheries, schools, courts or councils, parliaments, provinces or empires, or life's common, or private or public affairs?

Here, then, are some changes that are not violently revolutionary, that might aid to restore mutual confidence and ease up the friction on some parts of our grand and well approved machinery: (1) Provide for invitations, their official communication, and for open and equal action upon them. (2) That a transfer duly made upon special invitation imply the stationing of the man as requested. (3) That the Chairmen of Districts visit carefully and officially all fields on their Districts at least once a year. (4) That their time of office as chairmen be limited to, say, four or six years; and (5) that they constitute the Stationing Committee. Other and better things there may be. Let us have religion and common sense enough to have the best and use it well.

There are sentiments, convictions, salutary opinions and sound principles that must govern the Transfer Committee and determine and season its relations and its work, as well as there are those, as has been pointed out, that must operate in and through the Stationing Committee. For what is the transfer of ministers but their stationing within the jurisdiction of the Annual Conference, determining on their own request or allowance what Conference shall govern them and to what courts they are amenable? Should the Stationing Committee be impartial? Then, also, the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be well informed as to the men, and the requirements of the work? Then, also, the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be disinterested, zealous for the cause of God, earnest and anxious for the extension of the good work? Then, also, the Transfer Committee; and it should distribute its men accordingly. Should the Stationing Committee faithfully oversee the work within its jurisdiction, adapt the men to the fields and the fields, as may be prudent, to the men; occupy the ground till the Master come, fill their territory with the Gospel message, that they may contribute to fill the earth with the glory of God? So, also, the Transfer Committee in its broader view of the entire field, the supervision of the vaster enterprises and domain, and its less responsibility in individual relation and personal local detail. Should the Stationing Committee have an intelligent policy and a Christian firmness in its administration? So, certainly, not less the Transfer Committee. Should the Stationing Committee be of easy operation and comparative freedom from expense? So, certainly, not less the Transfer Committee. Should

the Stationing Committee regard the interests of the Districts, not depleting them as to experienced men and those of administrative or executive ability; or as to effective workers of the style required, whether for mission fields or other kinds and departments of labour? Or, on the other hand, not crowding one District to the relief of another? Certainly, not less must the Transfer Committee guard the rights and watch over the necessities and demands of the Annual Conferences. Should not the Transfer and Stationing Committees, in their high functions, constitute an effective supervision of the whole field and proceed upon the principles and in the spirit regulating such supervision in the early Christian centuries, and in the operations of Mr. Wesley and his approved authorities, both in England and America?

On the other hand, as affecting the other side of this relationship, does a man lose prestige in his Conference because obedient to authority he moves from one Circuit to another, or even from one District to another? Why should the same man, if obedient to authority and in the interests of the work he move from one Conference to another, lose prestige as a Conference man or be regarded with jealousy by his new-found brethren? If he is an office-hunter, place-seeker, salary-hunter, why should he be regarded any other way than with distrust or displeasure anywhere, in any District or any Conference? But if he is a true brother and a man of God, why should he lose by going for Christ's sake from one Circuit to another, one District to another, one Conference to another? "But there is the rub; he is not an honest itinerant, a true man of God for the Church's sake. He is here seeking salary or office; and that crowds out the rest of us!" Ah, well then we may as well give up, and go over to—we know not what; for if that idea is to prevail in any degree, well based on experience and fact, we will neither transfer nor station much longer. God will find a better people to do His work, and who of us will not say Amen! If certain men are to be rated as men of such a salary, and certain others of such a salary, greater or less—some $2,000 men, some $1,000 men, some $500 men and some $300 men—and the Circuits are reckoned valuable accordingly as fleecing grounds; if utterly scorning and rejecting the admonition, "in honour preferring one another," the honours in this Conference belong to these men, and the honours in that Conference to those men; how are we brethren associated for common suffering and common toil? How are we Connexional beyond the length of our arms? How are we spiritual or Christian beyond the sight of our eyes? What use is there to talk of either transfer or sta-

tioning; of self-denying, God-impelled, all-conquering itinerancy? How can we station or transfer if the Conferences are hedged about with brazen walls of sectionalism, jealousy, or prejudice; or, if within the Conferences the Districts are hedged in with personal interest, private understanding and selfishness; or men and Circuits are lifted plane above plane by impenetrable, adamantine strata of less or greater ability of payment, less or greater claim for services rendered, with possibly a rickety stairway in a corner tower that will bear a little going up and down? But who guards that tower? Facts are facts, no doubt. Some fields raise more, some less; and we cannot help it, nor would we have it otherwise, except as better equalized in Connexional funds. Some men are worth more, some less, in any sphere of life; nor would we have it otherwise. Some places and styles of living require more, some less; nor can we have it otherwise if we would. Let the world deal with its own, but where brazen walls and adamantine strata about Conferences and among preachers get so strong in the Methodist brotherhood that the grace of God cannot work through them, or the free flow and easy circulation of our inimitable and glorious evangelism penetrate them, perhaps something is wrong. Perhaps we are paying more attention to fancied advantage than to real good; more to fictitious boundaries than to the empire itself. Perhaps, after all, the Kingdom of Jesus is worth as much as our fences.

When we consider the difficulties that beset the Stationing Committee every year, both preachers and people may well stand appalled, and seriously and anxiously inquire, what is our duty in the case? Is it enough, then, to look to human policy and expedients; or should we flee to God alone for succour? What if we ease up the Sationing Committee by putting some men on the Superannuation Fund? We only bring the pressure and friction to another spot, and that a pretty sore one. What if we lengthen the term of continuance from three years to five? It might please some men and suit some churches; but what about the scores and scores whose safety and success are in their circulation? And what about the varying fields that need the varied talent often on shorter time? The more fixed points, the harder to turn the table. What if we keep worthy young men out of the Conferences and employ only the mature and experienced? How then shall the Conferences broaden and strengthen? What if we early lay aside the mature and experienced, and give entire preference to the lively and the young? How, then, shall our Conferences be established in discipline, in piety, in doctrine and in perfected wisdom and holy living? What are we thinking

about in our restlessness, in our ceaseless murmurs and complaints? What are we thinking about in our ambition, our grasping, our sullenness, our obduracy and self-will? Is it the work of God that lies nearest our heart?

When tide is out and water low, the gallant ship finds a thousand rocks, reefs and bars whose existence the mariners had never dreamed of in full tide and high water. When a man's strength is spent and his system run down, a score of ailments concentrate to his annoyance, prey upon his vigour, develop into disease and pain and hasten death, when he had thought he was all free from malady. Left to ourselves, possibly difficulties multiply and increase upon us. What if pushing through the shallows of mere human philanthropy, official routine and professional demand and dignity; what if drifted by the currents of self-interest or impelled by the fitful gusts of pride and ambition; what if lured by the false lights of wreckers, rather than guided by the clear steady light that shines from on high, is it a marvel we run on rocks and reefs? Is it strange that we find support insufficient, that we find the salaries are fearfully unequal, that other brethren are getting more than we, and that it is getting worse and worse? that there is sad lack of a Connexional augmentation or equalization fund? that the Conferences are too small, shall we say, for foraging fields, for fishing grounds? That fields are ill adapted to men, and men ill suited to fields? That Conferences are crowded and Quarterly Official Boards are intractable? That many fields are extremely hard, and many men burdensome and inefficient? That some preachers' families are too large, and that some lay officials want their own kinsmen for preachers? That preachers follow selfish and personal ends, and penurious, worldly or recalcitrant Quarterly Official Boards deny the preachers a reasonable support? That climate and health oppose serious obstructions to our movements; and that schools, social opportunities, and places of residence become paramount considerations? That family connection, and strange as it might appear among Methodist ministers, even sometimes property relations, must determine direction and destination? That the youthful crowd out the mature, and make-shift appointments for ulterior personal ends rebound upon the managers? That even knowledge is a disadvantage, since when we know or imagine defects in worthy men at hand, we underrate or reject them in favour of unknown men abroad, not less objectionable it may be—since objections are what we revel in? That mistrust and unrest should make one suspicious of the other, each discontented in his relation and sighing for the day of deliverance? Is it not wonderful how many difficulties

have been found in this navigation, a thousand sands and shoals our fathers knew not of? Had we not better abandon the ship, or try to pull out and sail in other waters? Or had we better seek to flush the old channels, to keep open the gates to the fathomless seas that the mighty tides may yet pour in, to break down the hindrances the world and the devil have interposed? Shall we obtain the overflowing streams from the everlasting hills, as did the holy apostles, and the founders and builders of our Methodism in both Europe and America?

Whatever we do in polity we shall do very little without the abundant grace of God. And the abundant grace of God accomplishes nought unless received and improved. And this reception and improvement is personal work. Individually as ministers, individually as members of the Church Boards, individually as members of the Church, every man, yea, every woman, has here an important duty, a momentous responsibility. Who, then, is without blame? What is needed? Sometimes an act, sometimes inactivity, sometimes even suffering for Christ's sake; sometimes a word, sometimes silence; but always fidelity to God. Fidelity to God, His work, His Church will make the stationing of ministers easier and better. And surely the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit in every heart is at once our remedy and our strength; yea, our only safety and our only success.

In the last paper, on the "Methodist Itinerancy," two or three errors occured which it was too late to rectify, but which were quite obvious, and in no way affected the article, except, perhaps, at the close, where the word "conclusive" should read "concluding."

WIND AND SEA.

The winds of God may waft
  Thy wingèd seed of thought
To fields by thee unseen,
  Far from thy little plot.

There in the furrows soft,
  Moulded by other hands,
Thy tiny seed may bear
  Fair harvest in far lands.

God's winds blow as they list,
  Whither and whence unknown
Should He but give thy thought,
  Trust Him to waft His own.

CANADA AND ITS RESOURCES.*

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

It is not a little singular that in this period of the easy acquirement of general information, so little is known of the great half of the continent of North America, included within the British possessions. It shows, for instance, how little is known even of the broadest generalities, when the statement is received with surprise, if not incredulity, that, excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. Yet such is the case; for the United States, prior to the purchase of Alaska, was included within 3,036,000 square miles, while Canada stretches out to fill 3,470,392 square miles. It would, perhaps, help to convey some conception of the magnitude of Canada when the statement is made that in area, it comprises very nearly forty per cent. of the entire British Empire, the extent of which is recalled by the boast that the sun shines always on British possessions. A still further rather startling statement in relation to Canada is, that, including the great lakes which encircle it and which penetrate it, and the rivers of enormous size and length which permeate it, is found more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe.

The impression of magnitude, so far as Canada is concerned, is, however, often accompanied by a conviction, born of ignorance, that the Dominion is a region of frost and snow; that it is a sterile and inhospitable waste. So far as the climate of Canada is concerned, it should never be forgotten that, within the parallels of latitude which include the greater portions of the Dominion, the development in the United States has been the most marked. Indeed, no development in the history of the world is more rapid than the growth of the commerce of the Great Lakes. Reference to the extent of this lake commerce brings out another startling comparison. This statement is, that the tonnage and value products which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, compressed within seven months of the season of navigation of 1888, equalled that which passed through the Suez Canal in the entire year. Here, in the northern part of North America, between two inland lakes, with only one shore of these developed, a commerce has

* We reprint from the *North American Review*, by a distinguished native Canadian, the following account of the vast extent and almost exhaustless resources of Canada. It would not be in place in this MAGAZINE to follow Mr. Wiman in his commercial theories, but we may heartily thank him for his able and eloquent description of the vast natural wealth of our country.

been created which equals that between two oceans, whose traffic is almost as old as the universe, and contributions to which are made from every clime and country of the globe. Recall, also, the fact that the water communication of the lakes is competed with by the most perfectly-equipped railway systems of the age, while the commerce of Suez is practically without a competitor. This development of the States and cities bordering upon the great lakes, and the growth and productive forces which have been set in motion, not only on the shores of these inland seas, but on the wide stretches of country tributary to them, is a testimony to the advantages of a northern climate that it is impossible to ignore. So magnificent is this growth, so significant is the lesson that it teaches, that, so far as Canada and its climate is concerned, a true appreciation of her vast value is, from the advantage of her location, at length beginning to dawn upon the minds of observant men. The place that she should occupy, as the greater and northern half of the continent, can be no longer denied to her. A proper estimate will show Canada to be a country having few equals in extent, none in riches of resource, in accessibility, ease of interior communication, and, notwithstanding the smile that lightens up the face of the reader, none superior to her in the advantages of climate.

The steady movement toward the north of the wheat-producing regions of this continent is remarkable. The milling activities of Minnesota, the marvellous railroad development in the north-west, both toward the west and north, and more recently toward the east, for the special acommodation of the flour and wheat trade, tell the story, that so far as climatic advantage is concerned, wheat has found its greatest success in States to the extreme north. North of the Minnesota line, and within the Canadian territories, are wheat areas possessing all the advantages of the regions to the south, but, in richness, fertility and extent infinitely greater. It would be a startling statement to make, as showing the advantages of the much derided Canadian climate, that even in its extreme northern latitudes, the Dominion possesses a greater wheat-producing area than does the United States; that the soil of this wheat area is richer, will last longer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than can be produced anywhere else on the continent, if not in the world. Wheat is known to have been grown in the vicinity of numerous Hudson's Bay Company's stations for twenty consecutive years, without rotation, without fertilization, and annually producing crops averaging thirty bushels to the acre!

Climate is much more the result of altitude than it is of latitude.

According to Humboldt, Europe has a mean elevation of six hundred and seventy-one feet, and North America a mean elevation of seven hundred and forty-eight feet. It is a significant circumstance that the Canadian portion of North America has an altitude of only three hundred feet. In the extreme north-west of Canada, the falling off from the height of land toward the vast body of water known as Hudson's Bay is shown in the fact, that from even within the Minnesota line the rivers all begin to run toward the north. This low altitude, in its influence upon the climate, is second only to the effect of the marine currents, which are singularly favourable to Canada. These influences are shown in the startling facts that the mean temperature of Hudson's Bay is three degrees warmer during the winter than that of Lake Superior; and that it is on the southern and western shores of Lake Superior where the most important development of American enterprises has taken place—developments that have yielded in lumber, in iron and copper, riches of greater magnitude than produced elsewhere in the country; and within parallels of latitude included in this lake, an agricultural development more remarkable than elsewhere in the world.

The moderating influences of vast bodies of fresh water, that never freeze over, are well known. In the great chain of lakes that surround Canada, and the vast number of large lakes and rivers that diversify her surface, there is a fresh water area of one hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and, as above stated, comprising nearly one-half the fresh water of the globe. The effect upon the climate of this vast aggregation is most beneficial, so that in altitude, and in other influences that mitigate the extreme northern location of the land, there are found considerations of the greatest weight. These influences are shown in the warmer climate of the great territory of Alberta, which lies directly north of Wyoming, from the latter of which and into the former, stock is being regularly driven at the beginning of each winter, because of the presence within the Canadian border, the year round, of an abundance of grass. The experience of last winter showed conclusively that, while throughout Manitoba and the Canadian North-West territories the winter of 1888 was not excessively severe, as far south as Iowa and Nebraska the severest cold was felt, and as far east as even New York in the famous blizzard, which never found its equal even in Winnipeg, the most northern of Canadian cities. It is true that in the north-western portions of Canada the winters are long; that the frost is severe and continuous; but it is equally true that the climate is dry and invigorating.

But aside from this continued severity of the climate in the winter, there are compensations and advantages in the summer months in this extreme northern region of Canada which must not be ignored. For instance, what would be thought of a device that should provide, underneath the whole surface of a vast and fertile wheat-producing area, of a well-spring of moisture, that should continuously exude and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends down into the earth for sustenance? Yet this is precisely what nature has provided in the thousands of square miles of wheat areas of the Canadian North-West. Ages of long winters, continuous and often severe cold, have produced a frost-line in the earth far down below the surface, which being thawed out during the summer months is full of force. What seems, at first glance, a barrier to the productive power of nature, is, in this case, found to be contributory in the highest degree to man's advantage. For this vast area of ice, far enough below the surface to permit the growth of plants, holds in suspense and readiness for the land above, the needed elements of moisture, constant and assured, which in other regions comes only in the rains and dews that fall from the sky—a supply uncertain and uncontrollable.

But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada, incident to the climate; and that is, that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they equally imply the longest days in summer. Thus, there is an average of two hours per day more of sunshine during the period of the growth of wheat in the Canadian North-West, than is vouchsafed in any other locality where wheat can be produced. Not only is two hours of sunshine in each day an inestimable advantage, but the sun is stronger and more forceful at this period, and in this region, not only helping rapidly forward the ripening process, but the heat is continuously sufficient to cause an exudation of the moisture from the ice in the ground beneath. So that, in this far north land, conditions unite to make it the most productive, and the most valuable of all the wheat lands upon the continent. It would seem as if a conjunction had been formed by the heavens above and the earth beneath to illustrate, in the highest degree, the productive forces of nature in regions where man least expected this development.

It so happens, also, that the soil which enjoys these advantages of moisture beneath, and long, forceful rays from above, is particularly rich and inexhaustible. Lord Dufferin, an observant and reliable authority, said that throughout his whole journey of weeks through the Canadian North-West, he was constantly

reminded of the English kitchen gardens in the vicinity of London. Cauliflowers grew large enough to serve for three meals for an ordinary family, while potatoes four or five pounds in weight are nothing extraordinary. The average crop of wheat in 1887, in Manitoba was thirty bushels to the acre, while nowhere else on the continent did it exceed twenty bushels to the acre, and in Minnesota and Dakota did not average more than fifteen bushels. A mere handful of settlers in Manitoba produced in that year, a surplus of twelve millions of bushels of wheat, seven millions of barley, and two millions of bushels of potatoes—the latter crop being a failure so great in the States as to command throughout the greater portion or the year a rate as high as one dollar per bushel, while at points of production within Manitoba they could be had for one-eighth of that price. It is true that early frost in 1888 partially injured the crop; but early frosts are equally dangerous in Minnesota and Dakota, while last year, as far east as Massachusetts, there was serious damage done.

But it must not be inferred that the climate of Canada is represented by the regions to the extreme north which have just been referred to. The Dominion, from its vast extent, as has been truly said, "possesses all the climates of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, as might be expected, seeing that it extends from the latitude of Rome, in Italy, to that of the North Cape, in Norway, and is of almost equal area." The Gulf Stream, in the Atlantic Coast, and the Japanese current in the Pacific, are both singularly favourable to Canada. St. John, the chief city of New Brunswick, is in the latitude of Milan, Lyons, and Venice, and the whole province is within parallels which include Belgium, Holland and the German Empire, where populations are most dense. In Ontario the climatic conditions by the practical encirclement of the great lakes are especially favourable, and such stretches as are included in the Niagara Peninsula, and those bordering on Lake Erie, force themselves upon the attention of the thoughtful student of North America as among the most favoured spots on the whole continent. So far as climate then, is concerned, there is no one thing in all the catalogue of advantages which Canada possesses that is of greater value; for, in its variety, it favours the production of numerous cereals and crops, and, in its forcefulness and vigour, it stimulates the best efforts of its population. Malte Brum said of these regions: "Everything is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental energies of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers diffi-

culties, the climate which stimulates exertion, and the natural advantages which reward enterprise. Nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies!"

George Johnson, the accomplished head of the statistical department of the Dominion Government, at Ottawa, whose disposition and ability to furnish the fullest information regarding Canada are unequalled, makes some comparisons regarding the size of the Dominion that are very instructive. He says:

"It is difficult to afford an adequate conception of the vastness of this country. England, Wales and Scotland form together an area of 88,000 square miles; you could cut forty such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 309,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, continental Italy and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent), three British Indias in Canada, and still enough left over to make a Queensland and Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada and fifteen more countries of the same size."

In the light of such comparisons, the statement made in a previous page, that Canada comprises forty per cent. of the area of the entire British Empire, is not so incredible as at first sight appears. Judged by standards of American areas, the comparison is quite as interesting. Thus, the Province of Ontario, the fairest land of all the North American continent, is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, by twenty-five thousand square miles. Ontario, extending over ten degrees of latitude, and twenty degrees of longitude, the single Province covers an area larger by ten thousand square miles than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan combined; larger than Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin by eleven thousand square miles. The basin of the Hudson's Bay comprises two million square miles, in which are the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan Valley, measuring five hundred thousand square miles, and which, according to Lord Selkirk, are capable alone of supporting thirty millions of people. That he was right in this contention is proved by the indications of the enormous productive forces of this region since developed; and by the fact that a European area, similarly situated east of the tenth degree of longitude, comprehends very nearly the whole of England and Ireland, the north-east corner of France, the whole of Belgium and Holland, and the greater part of the valley of the Rhine.

The vast expanse of Canada may be judged by the extent of her rivers and bays. The St. John, in New Brunswick, the largest river on the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence, is five hundred miles in length, and is navigable for two hundred and

thirty miles. The St. Lawrence, one of the noblest of the great rivers in the world, has a length of seven hundred and fifty miles, entirely navigable. The Ottawa, which is a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, joining it six hundred miles from its mouth, is in itself five hundred and fifty miles long. The chain of great lakes is familiar to all who look at the map, but not so, to the north, in an almost unknown land, are the lakes Shebandowan, and Rainy Lake and River, a magnificent body of water, three hundred miles broad and two hundred miles long. The Lake of the Woods, too, is almost unknown outside of Canada, yet is a vast stretch of water of marvellous beauty, especially its westernmost portion, of 80 miles, consisting of land-locked channels,—a lacustrine paradise. Then comes the Winnipeg River, of which Lord Dufferin said: "Whose existence in the heart and centre of the continent is itself one of nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansion, and the tremendous power of its rapids." Here empties the great Red River of the north, starting from the northern portions of Minnesota, and the equally great Assiniboine, one five hundred miles and the other four hundred and eighty miles in length. Far beyond these is Lake Winnipeg, a fresh-water sea 300 miles long, from the north-west angle of which starts the Saskatchewan. The entrance to this noble river has been called "the Gateway of the North-West," for here is a navigable stream 1,500 miles in length, flowing nearly due west and east, between alluvial banks of the richest soil. Reaching the Rocky Mountains by this stream, beyond this range are the Athabasca and the Mackenzie Rivers, the navigation of the latter alone exceeding 2,500 miles, while the Fraser River and the Thompson River to Vancouver are streams of great magnitude. This enumeration of principal streams will give some faint idea of the vast areas of land through which they flow. But no better idea of magnitude can be formed of the extent of Canada than by the contemplation of the Hudson's Bay. This bay would seem like a projection of Providence for the good of mankind, by which is introduced into the heart of the continent an ocean in itself, midway between the great Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Fancy a bay so long as to extend from New York to Chicago, so wide as to extend from Washington to the lakes, projected like a huge tongue of sea into the land. What would remain of the fairest parts of the United States? Yet this is the proportion of the Hudson's Bay, say 1000 miles long and 600 miles wide, running from the north into the heart of Canada, carrying with it enormous riches in sea wealth

for the supply of fish food so greatly benefiting, if permitted, to the prairie States to the south.

Having almost exhausted the space allotted, by a description of the climate and the extent of Canada, the reader must be carried rapidly forward to a consideration of the marvellous resources which this northern half of the continent contains. Incidentally, in describing the climate of the north-western portions of Canada, allusion has been made to the agricultural possibilities of that region. There are comparatively few portions of Canada, however, but possess great possibilities in this direction. The Province of Ontario, which will be recalled as covering so vast an area, is peculiarly rich in this respect. The excellent statistician of the Ontario Government, Mr. Archibald Blue, of Toronto, says of his native Province:

"But Ontario has something more to boast of than broad expanse. It has a fertile soil, an invigorating climate, vast forests of merchantable timber, treasures of mineral wealth, and water-power of limitless capacity. It has extensive areas which grow a better sample and a larger yield of the staple cereals than any other portion of the continent; and it has more extensive areas not yet brought under cultivation which may be converted into grazing fields of unsurpassed richness, suitable for the production of the best qualities of butter and cheese."

In a report on the trade between the United States and the British Possessions in North America, made by J. R. Larned, of the United States Treasury Department, in 1871, it was observed that

"Ontario possesses a fertility with which no part of New England can at all compare, and that particular section of it around which the circle of the Great Lakes is swept forces itself upon the notice of any student of the map as one of the most favoured spots of the whole Continent."

Another American, whose worthy eminence none will dispute, has also described Ontario. The Hon. David A. Wells, in the stately pages of the *North American Review* of many years ago, wrote as follows:

"North of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the forty-fifth parallel, and included mainly within the Dominion Province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American continent, nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, and equal, if not superior, to those States as a whole in its agricultural capacity. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle; and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes, especially fit it to grow *men*. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver, or rivers whose sands contain gold."

It is unnecessary to go into detail as to the advantages which the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island claim, because space will not permit, except to say that no country in the world possesses a more favourable variety of climate, better soil, a more thrifty or a more industrious people than these provinces, many of them possessing great geographical advantages. This is especially the case with Nova Scotia. This province projects out from the mainland into the Atlantic Ocean like an immense wharf, being almost surrounded by tidal waters, no portion of the interior being at a greater distance than thirty miles from the coast. All of her coasts are indented and provided with fine harbours, accessible at all seasons of the year.

But, great as may be the agricultural possibilities of the Dominion of Canada, and the wealth in her vast wheat-producing areas that these may produce at the bidding of man, it is in the natural resources of the country that a still greater promise is found. In the matter of the fisheries alone, Canada stands unrivalled. Very few realize the vast stretches of coast-line along which Canada controls the greatest fisheries in the world. Bounded as the Dominion is by three oceans, it has beside its numerous inland seas, over five thousand five hundred miles of sea-coast, washed by waters abounding in the most valuable fish of all kinds. The older provinces of the confederation have two thousand five hundred miles of sea-coast and inland seas, while the sea-coast of British Columbia alone is over three thousand miles in extent! It is impossible to take these figures in and all that they imply, without realizing at once the enormous magnitude of this interest. But it is not alone in the matter of extent of sea-coast line that Canada has a surplus in fish wealth; but, in the extreme northern location which she occupies she possesses an advantage which is of immense value, and this is that the fish are not only better and firmer in northern climates than in southern climates, but that the supply of fish food, owing to the extreme northern location, is inexhaustible. The sea-coasts of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence on the east, the long stretches of the Hudson's Bay coast in the centre, and the three thousand miles of coast line of British Columbia on the west, are in themselves a great possession, while the fresh-water fish of the great lakes of the North-West should be relatively as great a contribution to the sustentation of human life as are the supplies of cattle upon the plains.

In timber, Canada possesses a wealth of very great importance. When the wide stretches of treeless prairies which this country

contains are recalled, and the rapidly disappearing forests within the United States, it is with a sense of satisfaction that one turns to the northern half of the continent, containing as it does the finest forests and the greatest supply of this most essential element of human protection and comfort. Within the catalogue of the woods of Canada, there are ninety-five species of forest trees, including nineteen of the pine family, while the space covered by timber within the Dominion is something enormous. Excepting the great triangular prairie east of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the United States boundary and a line drawn from the Red River to the Upper Peace River, the whole of Canada up to the northern limit of the growth of trees, presents one vast forest area, except where it has been cleared by the hand of man. It is needless to further dilate upon the enormous value of this area. It is sufficient to say that the source of supply for the next hundred years for the progress of the United States lies largely within the Dominion. Fully one-half of the lumber consumed in the West is now derived from the Canadian forests, climbing as it does over a wall in the shape of a duty of twenty per cent. The protection thus afforded practically operates as a stimulant for the destruction of the American forests. The white woods in Ontario are of inestimable value in the manufacture of furniture; and there are enormous supplies of bird's-eye maple, black birch, oak, basswood, black ash, and other highly ornamental woods, which are of great value for the highest grade of furniture and interior decoration.

Perhaps of all the surprises which the average reader encounters in discussing the wealth of Canada, nothing will startle him to a greater degree than this statement: That no country in the world possesses so much iron as Canada, in no land is it so easily mined, and nowhere is it quite so accessible to manufacturing centres. This is a statment which no doubt will challenge contradiction, and it is to be regretted that the space is too small to describe at length the location and extent of the iron supply of this Greater Half of the continent. Take the instance at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia; where, within a radius of six miles, there are found deposits of iron ore of the highest quality, equal to that of any other portion of the world, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, in the immediate presence of coke in abundant quantities, from seams thirty feet thick, lying directly on a railway, within six miles of the Atlantic Ocean! Could there by any possibility be a combination more fortunate than this? Throughout Nova Scotia there are deposits of ore of the greatest possible value; but, in Quebec, and especially in Ontario, the

value of the iron deposits is something enormous. Near the city of Ottawa there is a hill of iron called the Haycock mine, which would yield an output of one hundred tons per day of ore for one hundred and fifty years without being exhausted. On the line of the Ottawa, on the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern townships, on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, on the Central Ontario Railway, through Lake Nipissing, in Lake Winnipeg on Big Island, and on Vancouver's Island, there are enormous deposits of ore, all possessing this singular advantage, of almost a freedom from phosphorus. It has been truly said that "what the devil is to religion, that phosphorus is to iron." The peculiar advantage of the Canadian ore in this respect is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in the face of a duty of seventy-five cents per ton, this iron is being steadily used for the purpose of mixing with other ores, at Joliet, Ill., at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at other points.

Coincident with the presence of these great deposits of iron ore, are discoveries of even greater importance in copper and nickel, and in other metals hitherto absolutely nameless, but of surpassing value. The copper development at Bruce Mines, and especially and recently at Sudbury Junction, on the north shore of Lake Superior, is likely to be even more profitable than that of the famous Calumet and Hecla mines on the south shore of the same lake, whose payment of thirty millions of dividends on a capitalization of two and a half millions of dollars is a realization beyond the dreams of avarice. Already Ohio capitalists have invested over a million of dollars on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in these deposits. The development of nickel, of which there are only two or three known deposits in the world, is of great significance; while in gold and in silver, especially the latter, very excellent success has rewarded the efforts of the prospectors. Perhaps the most marvellous yield of silver that the world has ever seen was at Silver Islet, within the Canadian border, on the Lake Superior shore, where, for a space of two or three years, an output was realized that enriched the owners with a rapidity equalled only by dreams in the "Arabian Nights." In British Columbia immense quantities of gold are known to exist. and the fact that over fifty million dollars worth has been mined from only a dozen localities, hardly yet developed, is full of the deepest significance, as indicating what yet remains in that distant region to reward the adventurous effort of the denizens of this continent.

But it is not alone in these prominent metals that Canada is rich in natural resources. In phosphates, she possesses enormous quantities of the purest character. Analysis shows that Canadian

phosphates contain phosphoric acid up to forty-seven and forty-nine per cent., equivalent to eighty to eighty-eight per cent. of lime. No contribution to the wealth of the continent is of greater value than the development of the Canadian phosphates. In asbestos, in mica, antimony, arsenic, pyrites, oxides of iron, marble, graphites, plumbago, gypsum, white quartz for potter's use, silicious sand-stones for glass, emery and numerous other products, Canada possesses enormous quantities awaiting the touch of man. Lead is found in almost every province, especially in British Columbia, the lead ore there containing as much as fifteen and a half ounces of silver to the ton. The deposits of salt are the largest and the purest on the continent. In the matter of coal, it is another startling fact that Canada possesses the only sources of supply on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and that between these two there are stretches of coal deposits amounting to ninety-seven thousand square miles.

SUN-DAYS.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

Bright shadows of true rest! Some shouts of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek:
Eternity in time, the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days, and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Trasplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool o' th' day!
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days' showers!

The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky way chalkt out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast! and the out-courts of glory.

POTTER AND CLAY.

TWO STUDIES.—II. "RABBI BEN EZRA."

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

If the Wine-Song of Omar is, after all, but a threnody, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a psalm of triumph. One turns with a deep gladness from the dreary cry of the atheist, sweet and tender though the lament may be, like the note of the nightingale mourning in the moonlight among the rose-gardens, to this truer song of life, uttered in the broad sunlight of God's presence. In all the realm of poetry there is not another so noble embodiment of the philosophy of theism as our prophet-poet, Browning, has given us in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," unless we except that grand Christian poem, "In Memoriam."

Both poets have treated the same theme; both have met and sought to answer the same question concerning the secret of life and destiny, but with how different results. The scheme of life presented by "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is the direct reverse of that of Omar Khayyám. Yet through very force of contrast the one irresistibly suggests the other.

To the astronomer-poet, all there is of life is the time of youth, the ever-vanishing present. To Rabbi Ben Ezra, youth is but a period of preparation, not the season of all blessed experience.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the opening lines, and the whole is a steady and perfect climax:

> "Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made:
> Our times are in His hand
> Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

Omar knows only morning, followed by the blankness of night. Rabbi Ben Ezra sees that "at evening-time it shall be light":

> "For, note when evening shuts,
> A certain moment cuts
> The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
> A whisper from the west
> Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
> Take it and try its worth; here dies another day.'"

The element of sensuousness is entirely wanting in the poem.

Yet Rabbi Ben Ezra does not scorn or disparage the pleasures of the mortal or physical life; he is no mystic, no ascetic; to him the flesh is not forever the enemy of the spirit. On the contrary, he says:

> "To man, propose this test—
> Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

And again,

> "Let us not always say,
> 'Spite of this flesh to-day
> I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, 'All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
> helps soul!'"

The secret of the difference lies in the fact that this soul, seeking after the meaning of life, found—not emptiness and despair, but God, and a harmony in the universe, "*the Thee in Me.*" He saw mankind, not mere pieces in a game upon a board, but *men*, created in the image of their Maker.

> "Rejoice, we are allied
> To that which doth provide
> And not partake, effect and not receive!"

This secret grasped, comes the full joy of the soul that lives, and dares to live, not for to-day alone, but for eternity. There is no call for wine to drown regret and fear; pain and difficulty are recognized as ministers of good:

> "Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!
> Be our joy three-parts pain!
> Strive and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
> the throe!
>
> "For thence,—a paradox
> Which comforts while it mocks,—
> Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
> What I aspired to be
> And was not, comforts me:
> A brute I might have been, but would not sink
> i' the scale."

Full of beauty and sweetness as the present may be, there is

always something better beyond; life is crowned and made blessed by hope.

"Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame;
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old."

There is none of the gaiety, that mournful gaiety, of the "Rubâiyât" to be found in "Rabbi Ben Ezra." Rather the whole strain is one of solemn gladness, the joy of a calm, fearless soul whose faith and knowledge are mutually strengthened, whose eyes, looking reverently into the invisible, perceive the design of the Creator and the true relations of life. With what humility he proclaims the truth discerned:

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

Again, it is the familiar metaphor of the Potter and Clay, the symbol given by God to His chosen prophet in days of old:

"The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying,
Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words.
Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels.
And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.
Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying,
O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel."

We have already seen the fatalistic use which Omar makes of this figure. Turn now to Browning's interpretation of the same symbol. In it is embodied, in complete and harmonious form, the dominant idea of the poem.

"Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay—
Thou to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since time fleets, all is change; the Past gone,
seize To-day!'"

Omar mourns—

"O Threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

The true seer stands on the mount of vision and prophesies—

"Fool! all that is, at all,
Last ever, past recall:
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and Clay endure."

Life is not a meaningless swirl, "like Water willy-nilly flowing," nor "as Wind across the Waste," "I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing." The clear, dauntless eye of the soul beholds the truth—

"He fixed thee midst this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

Faith triumphs over sight and bursts forth into a sublime pæan of victory—

"What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

"Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
The new wines foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel?"

Yet the spirit of devout reverence never fails, even in the ecstasy of prophetic vision—

"But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men!
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

"So, take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

Faith has reached its height and sees death, not as a sinking into blank nothingness, but as the glorious consummation of a fearless, loyal life.

Let the spirit of scientific inquiry but be true to itself as it penetrates into new and wider realms; the joyful assurance of faith will still rise above the despair of agnosticism; hearts will thrill to the music of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" when the Wine-song of Omar shall have been forgotten; with the holy man of old we shall still say—

"But now, O Lord, thou art our *Father;* we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand."

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

THEY tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;
They say that, at any moment, the Lord of life may come,
To lift me from this cloudland into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning; I may not even hear
The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near;
Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall
The summons to leave this homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay.
Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light;
When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come for me.

JERRY McAULEY.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

A FEW years ago, had the Christian world been inquiring for a missionary to redeem the slums of New York, there was *one* man, about as unpromising a candidate for such a work as could well be imagined. He had spent long years in Sing-Sing prison. He had been at one time or another a gambler, bounty-broker, prize-fighter, drunkard, thief. "To the ordinary observer, he was about as hard and hopeless a case as one would be likely to encounter in tramping the worst streets of New York, day and night, for a month."

Yet that was the man God did send. It was Jerry McAuley.

Jerry was the son of an Irish Roman Catholic. At thirteen he started life in New York, and at nineteen had become one of the most daring, clever, and successful river-thieves of the city. He was the terror of the Fourth Ward. A fearful robbery had been committed. Though Jerry was not the guilty man this time, the rumsellers and people of the ward swore it on him, and he was sentenced to Sing-Sing for fifteen years and six months.

For the first few years he worked away, beguiling his weary hours with reading novels and planning for his escape. The following is his own account of his conversion:

"I had been in prison four or five years, when one Sunday morning I went in with the rest to chapel. I was moody and miserable. As I took my seat I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform, and who should I see there beside the chaplain, but a man named Orville Gardner, who had been my confederate in sin. 'Awful Gardner' was the name by which I had always known him. Since my imprisonment he had been converted and was filled with desire to come to the prison, that he might tell the glad story to the prisoners. I had not heard he was coming, and could not have been more surprised if an angel had dropped down from heaven. I knew him at the first glance. He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing, and while he was talking, the tears fairly rained down out of his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed and sobbed and cried, till I do not believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd. Tears filled my eyes and I raised my hand to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep. How I wished I was alone or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved!

"I knew this man was no hypocrite. We had been associated in many a dark deed. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then, unless some great, wonderful change had come to him. I devoured every word that fell from

his lips, though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible. The Bible! I knew there was such a book, but I had never cared for it, or read a word in it.

"I went back to my cell. I had generally contrived to have a novel on hand, but that day I had none. What I had heard was ringing in my ears, and the thought possessed me to find the verse which had so struck me. Every prison cell is supplied with a Bible, but alas! few of them are used. Mine I had never touched. I took it down, beat the dust from it and opened it. But where to find the words I wanted I knew not. There was nothing for it but to begin at the beginning and read till I came to them. On and on I read. How interested I grew! It seemed better than any novel I had ever read. I could scarcely leave it to go to sleep. I became so fascinated that from that day on it was my greatest delight.

"I never found that verse. I had forgotten it in my new interest in the book. One night, as I was thinking what a change religion had made in Gardner, I felt a burning desire to have the same. Something within me said, 'Pray!' I knew I ought to pray, but if there had been ten thousand people there I couldn't have been more ashamed to do it than I was there, all alone. I felt myself blushing. I recollected the 'whosoever' in the Bible. 'That means you,' said the inward voice. I fell on my knees, and was so ashamed I jumped up again. What a struggle I went through!

"One day a young lady visited the prison. She heard that I was seeking the Saviour, and asked to see me. She talked with me, and then knelt down to pray. I looked through my fingers and watched her. I saw her tears fall. An awe I cannot describe fell on me. It made my sins rise till it looked as if they reached clear up to the throne of God. What should I do? Oh, what can a poor sinner do when there is nothing between him and God but a life of dark and terrible sin?

"That night I was desperate. My knees were rooted to the cold stones of my cell. My eyes were closed and my hands tightly clasped, and I was determined I would stay so till morning. The sweat rolled off my face in great drops. Oh, how I longed for God's mercy! Just then it seemed as if a hand was laid upon my head and these words came to me, 'My son, thy sins which are many, are forgiven.' Oh, the precious Christ! How plainly I saw Him lifted on the cross for my sins! What a thrill went through me! I jumped from my knees. I paced up and down my cell. A heavenly light seemed to fill it. I did not know if I was living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted, 'Praise God! Praise God!' What a night that was!"

Jerry's conversion was soon known over the prison. Other prisoners began to seek the Saviour. It spread from cell to cell, until a great reformation was wrought. Jerry worked hard for the salvation of his fellow-convicts. There was half an hour each day in which the convicts were allowed to talk. Jerry improved every moment. He had his men picked out, and went from one to another saying the few earnest words he could say. About a couple of years after this Jerry got his release, and he believed in answer to prayer. He had served about half his time. His

certificate of pardon bears the signature of the Secretary of State and the Governor of New York.

"When I got out of prison," Jerry says, "I was more lonely than I had been in my cell. I could not go back to my old haunts and companions, and I knew no others. If I had found a single Christian friend at that time, it would have saved me years of misery." Alas, for poor Jerry, he found no such friend. His first downward step was drinking lager-beer, deceived, he declared, as to what it really was. His old appetite was awakened. "The night I stopped praying," he relates, "I felt as wretched as the day I went to prison, and now I began a career of sin and misery I can't fully describe. Satan got completely the upper hand of me. The dear Saviour, who had been so gracious to me in the prison, I let go. How I wonder that He did not let me go."

For several years poor Jerry led a fearful life. He plunged again into his old river-thieving business as daringly as ever. "But all the time," he confessed, "my conscience was far from easy. I remembered the days at Sing-Sing, when the glory of the Lord shone into my cell, and when I was shouting for joy. I knew I was all wrong, and yet I could not stop. When I felt the most troubled I would go to drinking, and try to drown conscience in whisky."

At last, through the earnest efforts of Christian friends, and after several lapses, Jerry was again brought into the way of peace. His wife, too, was converted. She had been a bigoted Romanist, and a confirmed drunkard as well. She proved a faithful Christian and a most devoted worker ever after.

One day Jerry had a sort of vision:

"I was singing at my work," he relates, "and my mind became absorbed. It seemed as if I was working for the Lord down in the Fourth Ward. I had a house, and people were coming in. There was a bath, and as they came in I washed and cleansed them outside, and the Lord cleansed them inside. They came at the first by small numbers, then by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands. Then something said to me, 'Would you do that for the Lord, if He should call you?' I answered, 'Yes, Lord, open the way, and I will go.' I felt that I could go down there, where I had always lived. I was used to the filth and misery, the drunkenness and Romanism, and I wasn't afraid of them. I felt sure I should be called to work for Jesus down there."

Jerry's vision, to a large extent, became a great reality. He broached the scheme of starting a mission in Water Street to some Christan people, who favoured him. By-and-by he had four hundred and fifty dollars collected for the purpose. A Christian man who owned the old house in the locality let Jerry have the

use of it. He commenced operations with a dinner on Thanksgiving Day. The provisions were supplied by some Christian friends and about one hundred and fifty of the poor gathered in. At the close Jerry started a religious service. It proved to be a meeting of great power. Jerry announced another for the next night. The house was filled, and many conversions took place, and so it continued every night.

Jerry resolved to do his best to feed their bodies as well as save their souls. He soon had his hands full. He would neither beg nor run into debt for the funds needed. He intended to trust entirely in God. During the first year twenty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-one meals were furnished to hungry men; lodging for five thousand one hundred and forty-four, and a great deal of clothing besides, all through the voluntary and unasked gifts that came in.

"One night," says Jerry, "we found the mission without a cent, and forty odd tramps to feed, and nothing to offer them. We had our meeting and some souls were saved; but when nine o'clock came, strange to say no one had handed us a penny. My faith trembled. I could scarcely keep from crying, as I looked into the hungry faces of my poor tramps and converts. I spoke to my wife about it. She replied, 'The Lord will provide. You'll see if He don't.' I closed the meeting with a heavy heart. A lady passed out, and after going five or ten yards suddenly stopped, and coming back to my wife, said, 'Mrs. McAuley, we keep a baker's shop in Cherry Street, and I just happened to think you had better send up and get five dollars' worth of bread.' There was God's hand in answer to prayer. We soon had enough and to spare.

"Another time we had used our last cent. I said nothing, but prayed secretly to the dear Lord to interpose for us. A man came in from the street and handed me a package. I opened it, and to my astonishment, found one hundred dollars. The sight of it nearly took my breath away. I looked at it a moment, and said to the poor fellow who brought it, 'Where in the world did you get this?' 'A man out on the sidewalk handed it to me and said, "Here, give that to Jerry." That's all I know,' he replied. I counted it again—it was all there, one hundred dollars. 'Whew,' said I, 'we'll never be poor again.'"

Jerry's field was a terrible one. To use his own description:

"But few can have any idea of the fearful dens with which this wicked locality was crowded. The basements were especially loathsome. They were merely holes in the ground under the houses. In each of these dark holes, without any window or outlet, with no sinks or anything in the form of an opening for any purpose whatever, except the entrance from the street, from four to six girls or women, and as many men, used to live. From these death-holes the girls would come out and ply their dreadful trade. Sometimes they would snatch the hat from the sailor's head and dart back into their den. If he was wise, he would keep right on, and let the hat

go, for if fool enough to go inside, it would be the worse for him. He would most likely be thrown out after being beaten and robbed, if not murdered, for sometimes men never came out of those holes alive. The inmates of these filthy dens died off rapidly, but their places were filled right away by others."

Jerry spent a sleepless night thinking of what could be done. He hunted up one of the principal owners of the property to lay the case before him. To his amazement he found that he was a very rich man living in Broadway, and considered a very nice, respectable gentleman.

"I went to him," says Jerry, "with my burden, but he paid no more attention to me than he would to the barking of a dog. I could not, for the life of me, understand how this fine gentleman could be so indifferent to things that seemed so terrible to me. My astonishment was not so great when afterwards I found out that each of these holes brought him in from thirty to forty dollars a month."

The success of the mission stirred the wrath of the very wretches it was endeavouring to save. All sorts of dodges were tried to break it up. One Fourth of July night they brought an old empty barrel and placed it opposite the door, and every time one rose in the meeting to testify, a pack of fire-crackers was lighted and dropped into the barrel. This made such a racket that nobody could hear even his own voice. Jerry said to the congregation, "Now I want you to watch me. The moment I say 'Sing,' just sing with all your might. When I say 'Testify,' be ready, and spring right up." A convert arose and opened his mouth, when bang, bang, bang went the fireworks. "Sing," shouted Jerry, and they fairly roared. "My! what lungs they had," added Jerry, "and you couldn't hear those old fireworks at all. Just as soon as 'Testify' was called out, a brother jumped up, and before they could get the next pack ready and rightly on fire he was through, and then we drowned the racket again with a grand old hymn. In spite of all, one soul was gloriously saved."

At another time, the meeting had just commenced, when a brickbat came crashing through the window close by the music leader's head. "Oh," he exclaimed, "what's that?" "Oh," replied Jerry, "that's nothing, they send whole paving stones sometimes, that is only a piece of brick."

On another occasion, a Christian man was standing in the meeting, with the open Bible in his hand, reading; he had just finished a sentence when a fellow gave an unearthly yell—like an Indian. "Silence!" shouted Jerry. The good man, who had never heard such a sound in his life, jumped as if he had been

shot. In a moment or two came another. Jerry went to the interrupter and quietly told him he must keep still or leave the room. It was not long until he uttered that terrible yell for the third time. Jerry was in for it now. He was a perfect giant, with broad, massive shoulders and sinews like a lion. He seized the big ruffian, and, after a tremendous scuffle, in which one of the doors was split to pieces, heaved him to the street.

Jerry sought for the protection of the police. It is said that the police service is efficient in that locality now, and has been for some years past; but it was little help Jerry got, at least, in the early days of his mission. He soon found how much the civic authority was controlled by some of the very foes he was battling against—Whisky and Popery. A couple of policemen were sent, but Jerry was informed their business was chiefly to "watch the mission." At another time, a brutal, foul-mouthed fellow was picked from the force, with orders from headquarters that he should be kept at this post. When he came on, the first thing he said was "Arrah, Jerry, I'll make it hot for yer," and he kept his word.

Once, while Jerry was endeavouring to clear the premises of a violent and abusive fellow, he was himself actually arrested. "How delighted the rabble were," adds Jerry, "and the policeman gave them a good chance to gloat over their seeming victory by walking me as slowly as possible down that wicked street, to show me up. 'There he goes,' yelled one; 'see the dirty turncoat.' 'Bad luck to the likes of ye,' screamed another, and so, with oaths and curses, devoting me to any place but heaven."

Through the intervention of Mr. W. E. Dodge, to whom Jerry's wife had applied, he was soon acquitted and released. "Get out of here," the Captain said, turning on him. "I thought," said Jerry, "you were going to lock me up, Captain." "Get out," he yelled. "Yes," answered Jerry; "I'll get out, but mark you, Captain, I'll be in this ward when you are turned out of it." Jerry's prediction came true, for he was soon afterwards dismissed in disgrace from the force.

If there was anything that Jerry heartily hated, it was hypocrisy. A fellow came in one day shaking all over as if he had the palsy. "What's the matter," asked Jerry. "Oh, the Lord sent me here," said he. Jerry eyed him suspiciously, and said, "I don't know whether He did or not, did no one else send you?" He professed to be a Christian and "all right." Jerry put him to bed, called a doctor and did all he could for him. "It is true," he said to Jerry, "I drink a little sometimes, but they all do where I came from." He was taken worse some days after.

"Oh!" he screamed, "I'm going to die." Jerry saw he was in no great danger, and said to him: "Oh, you're all right, you'll only go to heaven anyway." "Oh, but I can't die so." "Oh, yes, you can; it isn't hard for a Christian to die, you know." "Oh, help me, I'm dying." "Why, you ought to be happy, why don't you sing?" "Oh!" "Now, my friend," said Jerry, soberly; "you ought to get right with God. Just see how frightened you were, when the first pain touched you. Oh, why don't you get saved?"

"I failed," related Jerry, "to bring him out clear, though he claimed to be grateful, and made great promises to help the mission when he got well. One day he left, and we supposed he had gone for good, when a few days afterwards in he walked with a bundle of dirty clothes under his arm. 'Jerry,' said he, 'the Lord sent me to you to have these clothes washed.' 'Did He?' said I. 'Well, the Lord sent me to fire you out,' and out he went like a rocket, dirty clothes and all."

In spite of everything, the work went grandly on at the mission. Multitudes were saved. Scarcely a service but some terrible sinner was brought to Jesus, and with most of these, while it was deliverance from coming wrath, it was at the same time exchanging an earthly hell for a present heaven. Their conversion meant no more dread of the prison or gallows, no more weeks in the Tombs, or months in Blackwell's Island, or years in Sing-Sing. It meant liberty to walk upright in broad day without a price upon their heads. To others it meant no more dreadful carousals in beastly drunkenness; no more bruised and aching heads; no more smashed crockery and mutilated furniture; no more going to the pawn-shops; homeless wanderings in the streets; sleepless nights at the station-house, or in dirty dens, or in the gutters.

Sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty miserable men were on their knees—a position in which most of them had never been seen before. When asked to pray for themselves, some would say, "I can't, I never prayed in my life." "I can't pray in English." When told that Jesus understands all languages, and that prayer is only asking Him sincerely for what we most want, they would sob out, "O God, save me!" "O Jesus, I have been a very bad man. I want to do right. Help me." "O Lord, scratch out my sins, and keep them scratched out." Others, not knowing what to say, would repeat something that had been taught them in childhood. One man repeated the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Hundreds of drunken sailors were converted, and very many respectable sinners as well, who found their way to the mission

from all parts of the city. The mission prospered amazingly. New buildings were secured. A branch mission was opened with equally great success. In November last its sixteenth anniversary was celebrated, showing every sign of vigorous life and steady growth.

In September of 1884, Jerry was called home. He had but reached the age of forty-five; consumption had marked him as its victim. While expecting every moment to be his last, he pointed upward, and said, "It's all right up there." "Jesus is your Saviour," whispered his wife; he nodded assent and in a few moments he had passed away.

The Broadway Tabernacle, where the funeral services were held, was crowded to excess, while thousands lined the streets outside. Tender words from many eloquent lips were uttered, and copious tears of loving memory were shed.

At one of his meetings, Jerry had said, "When I'm to die, I want to die on my knees praying for lost souls. I don't care how you bury me. Any old box will do. I would rather some poor soul that I was the means of leading to the Lord, would put one little rose on my grave, than have the wealth of a millionaire." While the funeral service was in progress, a shabby-looking old man approached the door, and accosted a couple of gentlemen who were standing there: "Beg pardon, gents," he said, "but seeing as you were kinnected here, I thought I'd ask you a favour." He took off his battered hat, and felt in it with trembling fingers. "It ain't any great shakes," he said, as he took out a little bunch of white flowers. "And when you drop 'em in with the rest, Jerry, who was my friend, 'll know," and his voice trembled. "He'll know they come from old Joe Chappy."

A floral cross lay on the coffin. The rays of sunlight streamed in through the window, and lit it up with dazzling brightness.

It was a most impressive incident and striking type. It was, as it were, a shining witness from heaven to the efficacy of the cross—the cross of Calvary—in lifting to glory and to God the lowest and vilest of the fallen children of men.

God's angels drop, like grains of gold,
  Our duties 'midst life's shining sands,
And from them one by one, we mould
  Our own bright crown with patient hands.

From dust and dross we gather them;
  We toil and stoop for love's sweet sake,
To find each worthy act a gem
  In glory's kingly diadem,
Which we may daily richer make.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

I.

"The rocky Rhinns o' Galloway,
The Covenanter's sure retreat;
The wild waste moors o' Galloway,
Trod by the Martyr's weary feet!"

THERE is now a railway-station at Port Braddon in the Rhinns of Galloway, but forty years ago this unplanted wilderness was almost as thinly inhabited as in the days when the Covenanters found shelter among the gray boulders of its moors and in the rocky fastnesses of its storm-beaten coast. Here and there a lonely cottage loomed through the prevailing mists, or stood out bare and bald in the centre of some plain that was washed to its very bones by the rain floods, or down upon the shingle there was perhaps a little colony of fishers. But even in their hamlets life had a serious colour, for they were pensioners on the ocean, a fickle, cruel master who had in his gift death as well as life.

Forty years ago there was a little colony of this kind three miles south of Port Braddon, and beyond it to the extremity of the Mull of Galloway, nothing but lofty rocks full of caves which were tenanted by innumerable flocks of blue pigeons. It had no name, but among the inhabitants was known as "Carrick's," the man Andrew Carrick being proprietor of its whole six cottages. Carrick lived in a house built on the summit of the bluff. He was a man who would naturally have chosen the highest place he could find for a dwelling, and destiny had given him the site he would have selected.

Two hundred years before his birth there had been an Andrew Carrick, who, flying for life to these solitudes, had gradually acquired an affection for them, and had built the house in which his descendant and namesake lived. It was of gray stone and stood upon the cliff boldly facing the restless channel in which the Solway Firth and the Firth of Clyde and the Irish Sea hold such stormy revels.

But it was founded upon a rock and built of huge blocks of stone, and its deep narrow windows and thick doors defied the winds that waged nearly constant battle against its walls. "The Lone House" had originally contained only the "but" and the "ben" common to Scotch cottages, but Andrew's father had built a second story with dormer windows facing the moor and the sea. Besides there was a byre for the cattle and a small sunk cellar used as a dairy and storeroom.

The Carricks were of noble strain, and had been endowed with

a double portion of that "protesting" spirit inherent in their race. They had followed Wallace, fought with Bruce, protested with Knox, been "out" with the Covenanters, seceded with the Relief Kirk, and at the time my tale opens Andrew Carrick was in the midst of a soul-searching inquiry regarding the movement of Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk, with a most decided natural inclination to follow the great Doctor.

He was a shoemaker, and he sat upon his bench mending a fisherman's boot and arguing the question conscientiously out with himself, and the jerky or solemn way in which he pulled his waxed thread through the leather was doubtless an emphatic though unconscious commentary upon his thoughts He had a large stern face, with that remarkable length of jaw from ear to chin which is a leading trait in the portraits of all the men of Covenanting note. His hair was long and black, his brow seamed with firm broad wrinkles, his large gray eyes had no sparkle in them, but they gleamed with the haughty independence of virtuous honesty mingled with much spiritual pride.

By-and-by he became conscious of some sound interrupting the even flow of his thoughts. He lifted his head and looked toward the fire. On a creepie before it, and softly singing to herself, sat his youngest daughter, Jeannie. She had been combing wool, and her hands and lap were full of the fleecy stuff. He listened to her a moment, and then asked,

"What is it you're singing at a', Jeannie?"

"Just a line or twa o' Robbie Burns, fayther."

"Then think shame o' yoursel', lass. Is there naebody to put a word in your lips but that graceless ne'er-do-weel?"

"There's nae harm at a' in it, fayther."

"And there's nae gude. And where there is nae gude, there is plenty o' harm. Forbye, I'm thrang wi' a controversy that taks a' the grace and skill God has gi'en me.

She looked at him steadily, but did not speak, and Andrew softened under the look. Jeannie Carrick was not beautiful, but she had that charm which strictly beautiful faces often want. Her eyes fascinated, and her smile compelled. Every one was glad to please her, and sorry even when they lawfully grieved her. So in a few minutes Andrew said, more kindly,

"I dinna approve o' Robert Burns, Jeannie, but there's plenty o' songs that are lawfu', and no a'thegither devoid o' gracious memory. I'll put by my ain wark, and my ain thoughts a wee, and you can sing the 'Covenanter's Lament,' and I'll slip a word or twa in mysel, dearie."

Then he left his bench, and sat down beside her in the firelight, and, after a moment's silence, Jeannie began, to a wild, pathetic melody, the mournful "Lament,"

"There's nae Cov'nant now, Lassie!
There's nae Cov'nant now;
The solemn League and Covenant
Is a' broken through.

There's nae Renwick now, Lassie !
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching,
Upon the Martyrs' Hill."

The four last lines were almost like a sob, and Andrew's stern face reflected the sentiment, as if he, personally, had been bitterly wronged in the matter.

"The Martyrs' Hill 's forsaken
In summer's dusk sae calm ;
There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
To sing the evening Psalm.
But the Martyrs soundly sleep, Lassie,
Beneath the waving fern."

Then she stood up and looked at her father; and in a tone of triumph finished the verse,

"But the Martyr's grave will rise, Lassie,
Above the warrior's cairn."

He had joined her in the two last lines, for it seemed to be an understood thing between them, and a part of a programme often rehearsed.

The solemn enthusiasm of the singers was not a thing to be repeated or transferred to some other subject; and Andrew sat with his head in his palms gazing into the fire. He was enjoying a retrospective reverie which sufficed him. Jeannie drew her little wheel to her side and began to spin. There was silence in the houseplace, but a silence full of meaning, peopled with the distinct thoughts of minds which had not learned the modern trick of generalization, which were not crowded with events, but could set each one in space, and survey it from every side.

Very soon a heavy shower of rain smote the window smartly, and recalled Andrew to the actual.

"Whar is Ann?" he asked.

"She'll be in the byre."

"The kye ought to be milked ere this."

"They're lang coming hame, now that the grass is sae green."

He rose in a hurry, as if moved by some urgent thought, and went out. In a few minutes Jeannie heard Ann in the dairy straining the milk, and shortly afterwards her father returned to his chair and resumed his meditations. But they were evidently of a different character. A contemplation on the sufferings of the martyrs imparted to his dark, solemn face the rapt enthusiasm of a Jewish seer. His own trials gave it a very different expression. Anger, hatred, a sense of wrong or fear, were all there, but with nothing that elevated them above the natural feelings of the man. To sublime passion, all self must be taken out of it. And Andrew Carrick's anger that night was full of selfish considerations, though he gave them much more excellent names.

Jeannie watched him in silence, having in her own mind a glimmering of the subject which annoyed him. He seemed impatient of the movement of dishes in the dairy, but when Ann entered the room he never glanced at her. She smiled faintly at Jeannie, and began to prepare the evening meal, making as she moved about in the mingled twilight and firelight, a picture well worth looking at. She was fair and small, with a round, rosy face and good features. "A pretty, pleasant girl," would have been any one's first impression, but, to a closer scrutiny, the broad forehead, firm chin, and clever, capable-looking hands revealed a far nobler character.

She set the round table before the fire and began to put out the cups and plates and to infuse the tea. Then Jeannie laid by her wheel and watched her sister as she went quickly and quietly to and fro—watched her with interest, and perhaps a shade of jealousy, for there was an unusual brightness in Ann's face, a gleam of happiness that Jeannie could read only in one way. Walter Grahame had been in the byre when Ann was milking.

Few words were spoken during the meal. After it Ann said, "Fayther, Grahame brought you from Wigton a paper you'll be fain to see. It's the manifest o' Dr. Chalmers anent the Free Kirk, and the main step that will hae to be taken this vera month."

"Weel, weel! The message may be gude, though the messenger be ill to bide. Gie me the paper."

It was but a small pamphlet, but it had moved Scotland from Shetland to Galloway, and it stirred Andrew Carrick's heart like the blast of a trumpet. His swarthy face glowed, his eyes kindled, his fingers twitched the potent leaflets as if he was handling a sword. It took him a very short time to come to a decision.

"Lasses, I maun awa' to Edinbro'. What will I be sitting here for when the Kirk is in danger? My forbear and namesake was among the sixty thousand who signed the Covenant in the auld Greyfriars' Kirkyard, and I wad be shamed to meet him in anither warld if I wasna to the forefront now. I sall stand by Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk to the last breath I hae."

"Thae days are o'er," said Ann, quietly, "King nor kaiser could light again the fires in the Grassmarket."

"Weel, I'll stand by them to my last shilling, then, and maybe that's as gude a test as the ither ane."

He was in a fever of religious excitement, read aloud paragraphs of extraordinary power, and then amplifying on them with eloquence and acumen. "There will be a searching o' consciences now, bairns," he said, triumphantly, "and the men that hae had their sops out o' the dish o' patronage will hae the question to answer now. And there's many that willna thank Dr. Chalmers for putting it to them; but they are true men, and they'll be to answer it. I hae little doot o' the majority, but I'll be easier in my mind if I'm there, lasses;" and then he looked first at one and then at the other with singular indecision.

Ann stood on the hearth beside him, her knitting in her hand, her whole attitude full of interest. Jeannie sat on a low rush chair opposite, and its gay patchwork cushions made an effective background to her small dark head. The great national question did not interest Jeannie very much. She was thinking of the unusual light in Ann's eyes, and connecting it with the fact that Walter Grahame had been talking to her.

"I sall ride my pony into Wigton. I can get the railway from thar to Edinbro' and I sall be awa' the morn's daylight. You'll lock the doors at sundown, Ann, and you'll no let manbody nor womanbody o'er the threshold till I win hame again."

"I'll no promise you a' that, fayther, for it's a sin to mak a promise you arena like to keep. I'll want women to help in the spring cleaning and bleaching, and there's many an occasion that might bring baith men and women across the doorstane. You hae left aften before, and we aye did the thing that pleasured you. What are you feared for the now?"

"I'm feared for that Grahame o' Port Braddon. He sall not speir after my daughters, and he sall not come under my roof, for he is an evil seed. Now mind what I say."

"He canna help his name, fayther. Because there was a deil amang the Grahames, are nane o' them to be gude?"

"I'll no leemit the possibility. Ann. A phial may be marked 'Poison,' and there be nae poison there; but a wise body will just tak it at its name, and no be for expeerimenting wi' it, That's enou' o' Grahame; he isna for either o' you lasses, and I wad stop the joining o' hands in sic a bridal, though I called death himsel' in to strike them apart. You'll no daur to think o' it."

In Jeannie's downcast eyes there was nothing to intimate any resistance to Andrew's positive command, but Ann's face and attitude spoke dissent and protestation. Andrew supposed that, as a matter of course, his injunction, "You'll no daur to think o' it," settled the question, but an hour afterwards the girls resumed the subject in their own room.

"Do you think fayther is right about Walter Grahame, Nannie?"

"I'm sure he's right about Andrew Carrick, but I'm nae sure if he's at a' right for Ann Carrick."

"And what think you o' Grahame?"

"I think nae harm o' him."

"What said fayther to him in the byre?"

"He said, 'Maister Grahame, my daughters arena for your company, and the bit o' Scotland I own isna for your feet to tread. And I'll be plain wi' you and bid you keep to your ain folk and your ain place. And Walter,' he said, 'I'm sorry you dinna like me, Carrick, and I dinna ken what I hae done to anger you.' And then fayther said, 'You'll be going, sir, and if God please He'll gie you a gude night; and you'll keep in mind that you arena wanted here again while me and mine are in the Lone House.'"

"Puir Walter! And he sae blythe and bonnie and kind-hearted!"

Andrew did not think it at all necessary to renew his command concerning Grahame. He went to Edinburgh without a fear for his daughters. He was accustomed to leave them at intervals, sometimes to drive a few cattle into Dumfries market for sale, and once or twice a year he went to Glasgow to buy leather for his trade. At this time his journey was very convenient. The spring cleaning and bleaching had to be done, and Ann had been waiting for some such opportunity.

So as soon as Carrick left in the morning Jeannie went to the cottages for a couple of girls, and the great kists of fine linen were brought out for the yearly bleaching. This was Jeannie's special duty, and it was a kind of holiday to the lasses, for they carried it to the hill pasture, where there was a spring of clear water, and where the grass was green and long. To spread the fine damasks and webs of homespun napery upon the breezy hillside, to water them and turn them, and spend the intervals in chatting and eating—what could be more delightful? And when early on the second day Walter Grahame found out the merry party, it was almost like some idyllic picture from Gessner.

Under such circumstances love grew fast, and the lovers soon came to an understanding. Grahame was handsome, and young, and gay, and Jeannie was precisely in the mood to have her imagination and her feelings touched. Ann Carrick would have been in no danger. Her nature was as clear as crystal; she despised all secrets and subterfuges, and she was essentially a brave girl. But Jeannie was a coward, and nature had armed her with every stealthy art. She speedily determined to tell her sister nothing; for Ann was bonnier than she was, and Grahame had more than once remarked upon her beauty. She judged Ann by her own heart, and feared she might take her lover from her.

She was certain also that Ann would oppose any clandestine intercourse with Grahame, and Jeannie could not bear to give her lover up. Besides, Grahame also urged her to secrecy. To be slyly wooing the old Covenanter's daughter, upon his own hillside, and against his express command, added piquancy to the affair; and when the bleaching was over, Jeannie found plenty of messages to the cottages, and met him under the cliffs.

It was nearly three weeks before Andrew Carrick returned home. He came back with all the pride of a victor, and yet very glad to get back. "We hae triumphed gloriously, lasses!" he cried, "and I hae been well entertained by my cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, and I hae seen mair wonderfuls than I can weel speak o'; but oh! the comfort o' this sweet, clean housepIace, and the bite and the sup at my ain fireside! And when you hae been crowded up wi' thousands and tens o' thousands of ither people for three weeks, you'll feel the glory o' having nae neighbour but the quiet moor and the wide ocean!"

He pushed aside his cup and plate, and said a fervent word or two of gratitude. Then he began to walk restlessly about the room, and to say, "I'm thankfu' I went, lasses! It has been a grand time! I found Edinbro', the sel o' it, in a pairfect ferment. But I'll tell you, first o' a', that you are never to fear doing the kind deed. When my cousin Cosmo Carrick wanted to enter the divinity classes at St. Andrews, and hadna the siller, I let him hae the sum necessary; for seeing that the Lord hadna gi'en me a son to stand before Him, I was vera glad to help ane o' the name into the pulpit. I had never met the lad face to face, but when I tauld him wha I was, he showed me a vera pleasant sense o' his obligations. And he made much o' me, lasses, and gave me the best of a' he had. But that is neither here nor there. He was whar a' the Carricks hae ever been—in front o' the Protestation—and whar he went, I went; sae, as I may say, I hae been in the van o' the battle!"

"I am glad for you, fayther."

"You may weel be that, Ann. And having my share in the 19th o' May, 1843, I'm content wi' life. If auld Andrew Carrick should tell me in anither warld o' that day when he signed the National Covenant, I wouldna be ahint him with a grand story o' my ain. I was up and on the streets at four o'clock that morning, and even then they were full o' solemn earnest-looking men, wha couldna sleep nor rest for the thoughts within them. And your cousin Cosmo and I went from ane group to anither, stirring up the people to stand up for the Kirk and their spiritual rights, and for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

"It was near the noon hour ere the great gallery in the Holyrood Palace was flung open, and the Marquis o' Bute took his seat there for Her Majesty. I had bought mysel' a suit o' fine black cloth, and I linket on to your cousin's arm, and he said there wasna a meenister there that looked mair like the sacred office. Weel, lasses, a strange thing happened in the midst o' the levée. A big picture o' King William the Third, which was hanging opposite my Lord Bute, fell to the floor with a crash that gave everybody a stun.

"'Thar goes the revolution settlement,' shouted some one in the crowd, and the words were like those o' a prophet, and there was a dead silence for a minute or mair."

"What did Lord Bute do then, fayther?"

"'Deed, Jeannie, he just rose up and went awa' to St. Giles to hear the sermon; but I didna follow the grand march o' chariots and horsemen thar. I went to the Assembly Hall, whar Cosmo Carrick had provided me a seat, and I was still, and waited for the hour o' trial. The hall was crowded to suffocation, you couldna hae stood anither man in it, when Lord Bute came in and took his seat. Then a' the clergy and a' the audience rose to their feet—for you ken lasses, he sat there for the Queen's sel; and I'm for giving Cæsar his due just as long as Cæsar can keep his hands aff the Kirk and the Covenant therewith. Sae I stood

up with the lave, being in favour o' doing things decently and in order. Scotsmen are bound to hae their ain way when their ain way is the right way; but they are a' gentlemen, and no red-bonneted cut-throats, without respect o' pairsons and office."

"Was Dr. Chalmers in the chair, fayther?"

"Na, na! That wasna his seat. It belonged to Dr. Welsh, the outgoing moderator; and, when a' was quiet, he rose and made the complaint for the Kirk—God bless her!"

"And what wrang has been done to the Kirk, fayther?"

"Think shame o' yoursel', Jeannie Carrick, to ask sic a like question! It is kent through the length and the breadth o' Scotland that the ceevil authority has been aboon her in the speecial exercise o' her ain speeritual functions. They hae dishonoured Christ's crown by interfering wi' His supreme authority in speeritual matters—anent which, God kens, they are as ignorant as sucking bairns. Sae, as I said, Dr. Welsh spoke up for the Kirk. He told his brethren how she had been wranged and humiliated, and how a' her petitions for redress had been slighted, and 'sae then,' he added, 'all wha are for a Free Kirk must humbly and solemnly withdraw themsels to a separate place o' meeting, taking wi' them the Confession o' Faith and the standard o' the Kirk o' Scotland! Oh, lasses! My heart dirls yet at the thought o' it!"

"Weel, fayther, what then!"

"He neither lost his head nor his gude manners. He turned to Lord Bute—wha looked as if he didna care a pin aboot the matter—and bowed respectfully to him. Then he left his chair, and walked toward the door. Dr. Chalmers lifted his hat and followed him. Then Campbell o' Monzie, then Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Macfarlane, and then, I kenna wha next—man after man, row after row, till on the benches, that had been sae crowded, scarce a man was left. In a few silent, solemn minutes four hundred meenisters and elders had withdrawn. God kens them, every ane o' them."

"What did the audience the while?"

"They rose every man to his feet. At the first there was a great cheering cry, but before I could turn with the 'Hush!' upon my lips, a' was silent as death. Ane and a' stood gazing on the scene breathless. Dootless there was a prayer in every heart, and many were weeping—and, indeed, I couldna keep my ain e'en vera clear, special when I saw my cousin, Cosmo Carrick, walking bravely out amang the foremost."

He talked a little while longer on the same subject, naturally stating the case from the point of view in which it had most impressed him; and then, putting on his bonnet, went down to the cottages. We tell the story only as it concerns Andrew. This is not the place in which to revive the controversies of a bygone time. The men and women there were as anxious and eager on the subject as himself; and when they were gathered in Peter Lochrig's cottage he told the story again, with a great many

reflections he had not thought it necessary to make to his daughters. The meeting was continued until late, and he came home in a glow of spiritual satisfaction.

Only one thing had annoyed him. While talking of the building of a Free kirk in Port Braddon, Peter Lochrig spoke of Grahame as likely to give a strong helping hand; and when asked why he supposed so, answered that his son Walter was a kindly lad, and had expressed himself as in sympathy with the movement.

"And what was Walter Grahame doing down here?" asked Andrew, sharply.

To this question, Peter replied, dourly, that "there was nae law to hinder Walter Grahame daundering down the shingle if he wanted to do sae."

Of course there was not; but Andrew was angry at him for doing so, and finding Ann still in the houseplace when he got home, he asked her if Grahame had called during his absence.

"I havena seen the lad, and I havena spoke with him. Your wish has aye been a law to me, fayther."

"I ken that. Has Jeannie, think you?"

"Jeannie would hae told me if Grahame had come her road. She hasna named him."

"Then whatna for is he hanging round the Carrick cottages? Peter Lochrig spoke o' him in a vera familiar way."

"Maybe it is Sarah Lochrig he is speiring after. She is a bonnie lass."

"It is like enou'. Weel, Peter can guide his ain boat and crew. I'll no need to meddle nor make in that quarter."

"Jeannie," said Ann, a little later, as she was preparing for her bed. "Jeannie, fayther thinks Walter Grahame goes to Peter Lochrig's mair than likely. What will he do that for?"

Jeannie had been asleep, and at this moment she yawned wearily, "How can I tell?"

"Will it be to see Sarah?"

"You'll hae to ask Sarah that question. Are you jealous o' her?"

"Me! Jealous!"

"Aye; I thought you liked Walter. Dinna bother me anent him onyway. I'm sleepy and no heeding."

Her manner quite satisfied Ann. It was perfectly natural in its indifference and weariness. And Sarah was so handsome that it was quite likely Walter Grahame would be attracted by her. Ann dismissed any suspicions she had, and went to sleep without a doubt.

The dislike between Carrick and Grahame had been as yet a passive one, but unhappily there is nothing like a religious dispute for developing nascent hatreds. A meeting was called at Port Braddon to discuss the Free Kirk question, and Andrew was asked to relate his own observations and experiences. The farmers, shepherds, and fishers from all the country-side were present,

and he was exalted at the opportunity offered him. He had a grand picturesque tale to tell, and he expected to make a profound impression.

But old Grahame was an antagonism that damped and embarrassed him. He sat looking in his face with half-closed eyes, and such a doubting, disapproving smile on his firm, shut lips, that Andrew's eloquence was chilled, and he felt that, in a measure, he had personally failed. And when the question came to discussion nothing could warm or interest David Grahame. He smiled scornfully at Andrew's picture of a wronged Kirk, and said, "For his part, he thought the Kirk had tint her senses, and been smitten wi' the rebellious speerit o' the ten tribes; and, in sic a case, he would prefer to be wi' the minority."

Nothing could move him from this position, for by maintaining it he not only opposed a man he had an hereditary dislike to, but he also saved his money. He was not desirous of a new kirk. Those who were could build it. Consequently Andrew had to give much more than he had calculated to be his lawful share, for Grahame also influenced many who would otherwise have joined the new movement.

This little active dispute was like the letting out of water. The breach seemed to grow by the mere fact of its existence, although there was soon a very positive reason for an access of ill-feeling. It happened that a man in Port Braddon, wishing to help in the building of the new kirk, offered for sale the piece of land to the north of Andrew's tract. Andrew had long desired it, but when it was offered to him he "wad tak a night to think o' it."

While he was thinking Grahame heard of the offer, and made an advance of ten pounds. The owner insisted that Andrew Carrick had the first refusal, but as the money was for the kirk he considered it right to take in the end the highest bid. For nine days the two men bid against each other, and at last Grahame bought it. It was some consolation that he had been compelled to pay more than double its value, but Andrew was, as his daughter Ann said, "gey ill to live wi'," both during the negotiation and for some time afterward.

"The land lies sib to my land. In the course o' nature I ought to hae had it, and it was naething but evendown malice and ill-will in David Grahame bidding it up aboon my means."

He nursed this reflection night and day. It poisoned his food, and even his prayers; for he put down Grahame's contradicton as a kind of persecution of himself for his advocacy of Free Kirk principles; and he read against him, morning and night, the bitterest psalms he could find.

As for Grahame, he also felt himself to have equally good cause for ill-feeling. He had been "egged on" to pay out £200 more than the land was worth, and he believed in his heart that there had been a plot between Andrew and the seller of the land, to thus trade upon his pride and hatred. He was sure that all the Free Kirkers were laughing at him for falling into it Watty Lowe, an old half-witted town pensioner said to him, "It's a big

soom o' money you hae gi'en to the gude wark, Master Grahame. Folk never thought you were sae like to do the leeberal thing. But He taketh the wise in their ain craftiness. I wasna meaning to say that, Maister Grahame. I was just thinking o' it; and it came oot, as it were, unawares." And as "puir Watty" was a privileged character, Grahame had to put up with the remark; but he was sure it was only the frank utterance of what was the general opinion.

In ordinary circumstances the men would only have met at kirk, and the day and the place would have been a sufficient restraint; but at this time Andrew was in Port Braddon nearly every day. He had been made acting chairman of the building committee, and he conceived it to be his duty to inspect every stone and beam of the new edifice. Besides, though he would not have acknowledged it, there was a positive pleasure in showing himself so continually to David Grahame; for the very sight of the stern, dark man, on his Galloway pony, riding past his door every day, fretted Grahame unreasonably. He was a passionate, ill-tongued man, and he did not scruple to ask Andrew questions as to his frequent visits, the very suggestion of which was an intolerable offence to a man of his spotless moralities.

Andrew never spoke in reply; but if the old Covenanters looked at their persecutors as Carrick looked at Grahame, their intolerant hatred and revenge is partly accounted for. The pitying scorn in the glowing eyes, and the proud, stern face were bad enough, but add to it that complacent spiritual satisfaction which made the Pharisees so detested, and which doubtless accompanied all their allusions to "publicans and sinners," and something of Carrick's aggravating power may be conceived.

Both Grahame and Carrick spoke with fresh anger of each other in their families; consequently, Walter Grahame and Jeannie Carrick understood plainly that any question of marriage between them would be positively forbidden. But both of them had that nature which is at once selfish and weak, and which resorts naturally to deception in order to accomplish its own desires. Her father's orders had been sufficient for Ann. "There's nae gude can come o' an unblessed love," she said to Jeannie.

"But marriages are ordered for us, Ann; and what'll you do then, if you're mated wi' Walter Grahame? I hae heard say that the course o' true love ne'er runs smooth."

"I think that, too, Jeannie. It often has to meet wi' parting, and poverty, and death itsel'. But if God orders marriages, you may be gey sure He doesna order them to mak hate, and anger, and ill-speaking. A love God ordains willna breed thoughts o' murder. And what did fayther say anent marriage wi' Walter Grahame? 'He would hinder it, though he called death in to break the bands o' it.' I sall never look Walter's way again, and I counsel you, Jeannie, ne'er to heed him either."

"There's bonnier lads in Scotland than Walter Grahame," said Jeannie; and she began to turn her wheel with an air of total indifference about the matter.

So the summer and the winter passed, and another spring came to the patient earth. There seemed to be no change in the Lone House. Ann, alert, and cheerful, went in and out happy in her daily duty; and Jeannie sat in the houseplace, spinning fine flax or wool, or sewing, or knitting beside her father. For many months after this open rupture with Grahame, he was silent and gloomy; but as the spring brightened, and the earth lay smiling under April's sun and showers, he gathered up his soul strength, and Ann often heard him joining Jeannie, as they sat at work together, in some old covenanting psalm or battle hymn.

How could she dream that all these months Jeannie had been meeting her lover clandestinely, and that they had both persuaded themselves that their "ain way" was the only way in which they could possibly be happy? As for Carrick, Jeannie was the last human creature he feared. She sat on her creepie beside him at nights, and the hand that was to smite him lay lovingly across his knee, or was clasped in his own, as they knelt together by the small round table which was the family altar. Oh! how could he doubt her?

ST. MICHAEL, THE WEIGHER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the gain,
All the triumph and the pain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's conscious eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armour stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena-sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that break for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While earth's splendour and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down.

The Higher Life.

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS.

BY BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

"Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy."—Lev. xix. 2.

I. What is Scriptural Holiness?

II. Wherein is the special fitness of Methodist means of grace to promote it?

God declares in His word that "without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord." A condition so absolute in its character and so important in its results demands of us the utmost precision in definition. What is scriptural holiness? Can we reach its germinal idea? May we rely upon Divine aid to ascertain the mind of the Spirit?

Holiness is an inspired term which does not appear to indicate any particular virtue nor all the virtues combined, as it does the recoil of a pure soul from the commission of sin. In its radical sense it seems to be a peculiar affection wherewith a being of perfect virtue regards moral evil. In a word, it is evidently the abiding *abhorrence* of whatever a holy God has forbidden. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil." No severer test than this can be applied to our spiritual condition. No penance, no devotion, no charity can equal the scrutiny of such a test. No profession, no zeal, no rapture is comparable to it. The Father's eulogy of His Son, and the reason He assigns for the Son's eternal Kingship is, "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, Thy God hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows" (Revised Version). In this hatred of sin, and love of holiness, is the deep significance of the command, "Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." In this transcendent sense is the holiness of God the type and measure of the holiness of man.

If from the old dispensation we pass to the new, we find that holiness therein also implies a state of purity and an act of obedience. Christ is the only religious teacher known to man who demands of His people a moral condition antecedent to the act. He goes behind the act, behind the motive, behind the thought, and takes cognizance of that moral state out of which all these spring as the effects of a persistent cause. His doctrine is, that

what we think and feel and do are expressions of character which lie deeper than the will, deeper than the affections, deeper than the conscience; that this character is man in his modes of thought, in his emotional transitions, in the trend of his passional being; that this character is the sum of what a man is in all his appetites, passions, tendencies; and that out of this character issue man's totality and finality. If God is not a respecter of persons, He is of character, and that He has foreordained unto eternal life. Christ's demand for a moral condition antecedent to all mental and physical action is in harmony with the order of nature. There is a passive state of our muscular force and intellectual powers upon which the active depends, and of which the active is the living expression. If the arm is strong to defend, there must be healthfulness in the muscles thereof. If the faculties of the mind respond to the will, there must be latent vigour in the intellect. Man's moral nature is both passive and active, and experience is in proof that as is the passive so is the active. If the affections respond only to objects of purity, if the conscience only to the voice of right, if the will only to the call of duty, there must be inherent purity and strength in all our moral powers, when quiescent; this is the glorious significance of our Lord's words—"The prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in Me"—nothing in My nature or spirit, nothing in My thoughts or motives, nothing in My desires or purposes, nothing in My appetites or passions, nothing in My words or deeds, for underlying all these is My state of purity. Christ is the Saviour and Sovereign of the heart wherein He incarnates holiness. He must be at the fountain-head of life, that the issues thereof may be Divine. This is the high import of His Sermon on the Mount, when He opened His mouth and taught the people, saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart," implying an antecedent state of purity. He consents that the law is founded on the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, including in their essence every vice and virtue known to our race, commanding what ought to be done and forbidding what ought not to be done. He commands the external observance of the Ten Commandments, but He searches as with the candle of the Lord for the secret of the heart. Hence, he pronounces him a murderer who hates his brother; an adulterer, where look is lascivious; a perjurer, where oath is unnecessary. And, therefore, He demands that self-abnegation shall take the place of equivalent revenge; that love shall span both friend and foe; that charity shall serve in modest secrecy; that prayer shall be offered in holy solitude; that fasting shall be a

private self-denial; and all this to fulfil the command, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

In this evangelical sense, and as lying back of this hatred of sin and this state of purity, holiness is the readjustment of our whole nature, whereby the inferior appetites and propensities are subordinated, and the superior intellectual and moral powers are restored to their supremacy; and Christ reigns in a completely renewed soul. "And that ye put on the new man, which is after God created in righteousness and true holiness." In man's original estate the superior faculties were commanding because of his normal condition. He was holy inasmuch as heavenly order reigned throughout his being. Two effects followed the first transgression—a criminal act and a subjective change. When man consented to sin God withdrew the fellowship of His presence. In the darkness of the conscious guilt that followed the soul became confused, and in that confusion the inferior propensities usurped the mastery over the superior powers; sense became supreme, and with a mad sway held reason and conscience in subjection. This is the unnatural state of man. This is the condition of a fallen soul transmitted from parent to child. The history of the world, the lives of men eminent for intellect and iniquity, and our own experience, sadly prove that the wickedness and the wretchedness of humanity is the dominance of the animal in man, swaying reason and disregarding conscience: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." Hence St. Paul's meaning, "For I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." But this subjection is not self-destruction, nor the eradication of some annoying passion, nor the brutal humiliation of the body, as sometimes practised by monks and fakirs, but rather the subordination of the same to law. All the appetites of the body, all the passions of the mind, have their origin in the order and constitution of nature, and are designed for the happiness of man. A mastering propensity is a perversion. That which is innocent within the limitations of law, is vicious when the gratification is unlawful. Gluttony is the excess of temperance; adultery, of the lawful rights of marriage; revenge, of anger; pride, of self-respect; vanity, of a decent regard for the good opinion of mankind. The perfect man in Christ is he whose physical, mental, and moral powers are in full force but subject to law. In this completed restoration nothing but sin is destroyed. All that is natural is regulated, purified, exalted. To such God reappears in the fellowship of His presence, conscience is strengthened, and its dictates are obeyed; the affections are cleansed, and enshrine the

Holy One; the will is emancipated, and responds to the divine law. All passions find their contentment in normal indulgence; all desires have their appropriate gratification; all temptations are met with instant recoil. The equipoise of the soul is restored. Love is supreme. Rest is perfect. Christ is all and in all.

Out of such a condition flows a life "holy, guileless, and undefiled," for holiness is an act. It is perfect obedience in love to a law that is "holy, and just, and good." It is more than devotion. It is holy living. It is the spirit of devoutness carried into all the relations and concerns of life. It is self-abnegation, which seeks no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. It is calmness amid turbulence, meekness amid provocation, humility amid the pride and fashion of life. It is the reign of love amid the anarchy of this world's hate. It is the charity that thinketh no evil. It is a brotherly kindness that worketh no ill to man. It is benevolence incarnated. It is a horizon which takes in the whole of each day, so that conversation is pure as the breath of prayer; laughter as holy as a psalm of praise; the pursuit of wealth, pleasure, honour, saintly as the eucharistic feast—such a life is beautiful with "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." In such a life the Sabbath of the soul never ends.

But is not such a state rather a lofty ideal to awaken holier aspirations never to be realized, a goal of renown to excite heroic struggles never to be triumphant, than one of the grand possibilities of Christian faith? God never commands what He does not require. He never requires where there is not ability to perform. He is ever consistent with Himself. Through all the ages, under all dispensations, He has made requisition for this one thing. He foreshadowed His will in the shoeless feet of Moses on the Mount; in the spotless garments of the priests in the sanctuary; in the blemishless sacrifices on the altar of atonement; and, transcending all these in glory, in the sinless life of His Son. This requirement rests upon a necessity, and the necessity rises to a privilege. Privilege is the correlate of duty. As where there is a wing, there is air; as where there is a fin, there is water; as where there is an eye, there is light; so where there is a demand, there is grace to comply. God cannot demand less; He does not require more. As worship is companionship, there is a manifest fitness in this ordination. If a soldier should be brave, a teacher learned, a friend true, man should be pure.

It is the belief of the Christian Church that Christ is a Saviour; that His mission was twofold; objectively, to readjust our rela-

tions with the Divine Government, so that "God could be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus," and subjectively to re-create us in His own image. But by a laxity of faith this re-creation is held to be but partial at most. Nevertheless, He is esteemed a Saviour from some depravity, from some besetting sin, from some downward tendency; that He so renews us that the outline of His image is seen, and that he imparts to us some love, some hope, some faith This is the comfortable profession of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. But it is not sufficient. It is an inception without a consummation. Either it is not His plan to complete the work prior to death, or He has not the ability or the believer does not exercise the faith equal to the end. Accepting the latter as the underlying cause of the deficiency in the common experience of the Church, let a nobler faith measure the possibility of His power, and find in Christ one who saveth to the uttermost. Scripture and experience are in accord that man may be holy and live. The exhortation is—"Having therefore these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Over against this apostolic injunction let us place one declarative promise, which shall be the measure of His ability and our privilege. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin." This is more than pardon of actual transgression; more than subjugation of inherited depravity; more than deliverance from the dominion of sin. It is the completion of regeneration, it is entire sanctification.

But this exalted state of grace is not immunity from the infirmities incident to an imperfect body; or from the mistakes inevitable to a weak understanding; or from the liability to sin; or from the necessity and possibility of growth in grace. Structural imperfections, disease, and death imply man's fall, and because of which he cannot respond fully to that primal law under which he was created a perfect being. These are defects not to be remedied by entire sanctification; but by the resurrection of the just: "He knoweth our frame, remembereth that we are dust." Yet to the pure is given the grace of patience and resignation to endure the ills of a body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost. And it is a fact that, by the sobriety it demands, by the restfulness it imparts, by the joy it creates, holiness tends to health and length of days: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation." Nor is this entire consecration to Christ inconsistent with the possible errors which arise from an enfeebled intellect, or from limited knowledge. Such may not be inseparable from the purest intention and the holiest life; yet liability to

such will be largely diminished by the presence of an informing and guiding spirit. And it is a matter of experience that with holiness there comes an intellectual elevation, a sharpening and quickening of all the mental powers, whereby the "perfect man in Christ" discerns more readily between right and wrong. And the heavenly calm that reigns in all his being, and the "perfect peace" wherein he is kept, conduce to tranquillity of intellect, correctness of taste, candour of intention, carefulness of judgment, and impartiality of decision. Perfect knowledge and perfect love may be separable, yet in this higher state of grace even the thought-life of the soul is subject to the sway of the Lord, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." What thought is we may not define; how thoughts originate we may not explain; but whether thoughts come from original perceptions, or from the combined action of the memory and the imagination, or are projected by Satanic influence, the mind may be master of itself, and evil thoughts may become our possessions by retention, or be dismissed at will. Thought is a mental act, and, like the "idle word," or the "deeds done in the body," has a moral character. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." The imagination acts directly on the moral character, and by its abuse the will is weakened, the mental energy is dissipated, and the whole life is polluted. Hence the prayer of the Church: "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name." Nor is there any warrant in Scripture, or any proof in experience, that holiness is freedom from temptation or liability to sin. Temptation is the appointed test of virtue, and liability to sin belongs to probation. The tendencies to sin may be arrested, and will diminish as the believer abides in Christ. But the terrible struggles against the tempter will continue to the dying hour. Many will be the fierce conflicts, and in unguarded moments, and under powerful Satanic influence, there may be a blind impulse to yield to some attractive object of solicitation; but the pure spirit will recoil therefrom as from the breath of pestilence. All solicitations to disobedience are harmless till the soul is conscious of a disposition to comply therewith. In the heat of the desperate strife the mind may realize intense excitement, but when there is no surrender, the tempter is never hurtful. Of the Saviour it is said, "Who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And it is no part of our belief in the doctrine of "Christian Perfection" that growth in grace is not a duty and a possibility. There may be an end of conscious sinning and impurity, but

under the law of spiritual development the heavenly virtues expand forever. The maturity of the graces possessed is that of exclusion of their opposite vices. Beyond that there is an infinite hereafter. There is no height of purity beyond which a redeemed spirit may not attain a higher ascension. Heaven will be an eternal approach to God.

But what special fitness is there in Methodist means of grace to promote scriptural holiness? For more than a hundred years Methodists have testified to this great truth. Their testimony has been intelligent, conscientious, joyful. The word of their testimony has been, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." For this purpose were they called to be a Church. To give prominence to this central, subjective doctrine was Wesley chosen by Providence to be chief in a religious movement scarcely second in majesty and importance to the Reformation under Luther. Rising superior to the ecclesiastical questions over which others had fought, and that triumphantly, he invited the people to their Bibles, to the spirituality of the apostolic Church, to the "kingdom of God, which is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And the universal spread of these sentiments is now esteemed the high mission of a Church which has survived him just ninety years.

It would, however, be a crime against history to create the impression that Wesley was the forerunner of the revival of this cardinal truth. What Wycliffe and Huss and Savonarola were to Luther, Kempis and Law and Taylor were to Wesley. They called his attention to the necessity of that purity of thought, to that self abnegation, to that personal crucifixion and resurrection, wherein is the fulness of the divine life in man. But it was for him to take an advanced step. His "Imitation of Christ" was to be a joyous realization; his "Christian Perfection" was to be a conscious attainment; his "Holy Living and Dying" were to be sublime realities. What they wrote he translated; what they thought he experienced; what they prescribed he practised.

Intent on his special mission, his marvellous genius for organization was consecrated to the creation of such methods in the formation of his societies as were most efficient in holy living. From the "Holy Club" at Oxford to his dying chamber in City Road he aimed at this one objective point. With the calm courage of a Divine conviction, sustained and inspired by a personal experience, he solemnly committed the Wesleyan movement to the entire sanctification of the believer. Neither controversy, nor misunderstanding, nor persecution diverted him from his high calling. Whatever else he did for Christian education, for Christian charity, for Christian civilization, he did to promote this chief end.

As other religious movements had had their providential origin, and that for a definite mission, he and his followers were to be distinctive in spreading Scriptural holiness over all lands. Resolved on this, he opened the door to those who desired to flee from the wrath to come, and then organized all who had entered into classes subject to negative and positive general rules, best adapted to develop the Christian life to maturity. In nothing more is his genius for method to attain sainthood so apparent as in the class-meeting, wherein the life of each week is reviewed, for the correction of errors, for the removal of doubts, and wherein those who are mature in this grace become the teachers of those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" the class-meeting is the nursery of Scriptural holiness. So effective is this means of grace in this regard, that similar gatherings are held in other denominations, not a few of whose ministers and laymen are rejoicing in the light.

Through all the decades since 1791, when Wesley ascended to his reward from yonder parsonage, Methodists have recognized their special mission to promote personal holiness. It is prominent in their discipline, it is conspicuous in their standard works, it is the burden of their noblest hymns. Their theology is essentially that of full salvation, their literature is permeated therewith, their ministers are educated therein, their experience thereof is a sublime fact, and their record of it is in the biographies of their glorified hosts. While on one point there has been an honest difference of opinion on the part of some, whether perfected holiness is a consummation at the time of conversion, or subsequent thereto, and that by an act of faith, yet all are in accord on the essential point; and while the common belief and experience of the Church are in harmony with the views of Mr. Wesley, in his sermon on "Sin in Believers;" with Mr. Watson in his "Institutes," with Bishop Foster in his "Christian Purity," yet the feeling prevails that zeal for a holy life is preferable to zeal for a dogma. Fidelity to this great mission will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the secret power of Methodism. That power is not in her doctrines, for they are as old as the Lord. Not in her itinerancy, for it is as old as the Apostles. Not in love-feasts, for they are as old as the primitive Church; but rather in the "word of her testimony." If to-day her people are numbered by millions; if her altars are thronged with penitents; if her schools of learning and houses of mercy bless all lands; if her children are taught of the Lord; if her literature, like the leaves of the tree of life, is for the healing of the nations; if her sons have risen to honour in every department of life; if her missions encircle the globe—these are the fruits of her holy living.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Methodist Church.

Manitoba and North-West Conference.—This Conference assembled in Grace Church, Winnipeg, June 20th, Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent was present at all the sessions. He delivered an earnest and practical address at the second session, touching on the live subjects of the day. He addressed the candidates for ordination at the reception service; preached the ordination sermon on Sabbath, delivered a thrilling address at the educational meeting, and in various ways assisted the Conference by his wise counsels.

Rev. W. Rutledge was elected President, and the Rev. A. Andrews, Secretary. Five probationers were received into full connexion and were ordained, one of whom was Egerton Ryerson Steinhaur, well known in Ontario, and another was Edward Paupanakis—an Indian, who has already done good service. Eight young men were received on trial as candidates for the ministry, and sixteen others were continued on trial. Eleven ministers were transferred into the Conference and only one had been transferred from the Conference, so that the ministerial staff is greatly increased, but still there is room for more—forty additional men could be employed at once.

The good work is increasing within the bounds of the Conference. The increase in the membership is 1,815. The increase in five years was 5,610. The amount of money raised for all ordinary purposes exceeds that of last year by $2,604.20. The College has had a prosperous career for the short time it has been established, and the Principal, Rev. Dr. Sparling, has been successful in his efforts to raise funds. He is now visiting friends in Ontario and Quebec, and hopes to be still more successful. The missionary income in this Conference is greatly increased.

Dr. Eby spent a few days at the Conference, and was full of zeal on behalf of Japan. He was greatly pleased with his reception from the brethren of the Prairie Conference.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—The Centenary Church, St. John, was the seat of this Conference. Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite was elevated to the Presidential chair, and the Rev. Thomas Marshall received the next place of honour as Secretary of the Conference.

Rev. Drs. Lowry and Reddy, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were present, and were greatly interested with the proceedings of the Conference. They are well-known evangelists. Dr. Lowry is senior editor of the valuable periodical, *The Divine Life*, and was a delegate to the Wesleyan Conference in Toronto twenty years ago, from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Foster was also present, and delivered one of his grand lectures.

There was a lengthy discussion respecting the union of the Maritime Provinces; some contended that as now constituted they are too small, and that unnecessary transfers are made from one Conference to another.

Many brethren in this Conference are benefited by the Sustentation Fund, as, like some in the Western Conferences, the amounts they receive are much smaller than they ought to be.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Bayfield, within the bounds of this Conference.

It is gratifying to find that the Book Room in the East is extending its business; inasmuch as the sales exceed those of the former year by $3,554.53.

Interesting incidents were related while Educational matters were being discussed. It was stated that of the one hundred ministers composing the Conference, more than half of them had been students at Mount Allison. A conservatory of music is about to be established in connection with the ladies' department. A few large-hearted friends had contributed $2,000 towards the object.

The summer school of science has commenced at Parrsboro'. The attractions of the school this year are greater than on any previous occasion. The most talented instructors in the various departments of natural science will be present, and direct the classes in the study of botany, zoology, geology, physics, mineralogy, physiology and elocution. It is expected that some prominent educationists from the United States will be present during the session. A course of public lectures will be delivered by the following gentlemen:—Dr. Allison, Dr. Sawyer, Dr. McNeill, Prof. Chas. McDonald, and Dr. Burwash.

Nova Scotia Conference.—Liverpool was the place where this Conference assembled. At the first session there were sixty-five ministers and eighteen laymen present. Rev. J. Teasdale was elected President, and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., Secretary. One new circuit and two new missions were formed. Only one probationer was received into full connexion; four candidates for the ministry were received. Two ministers who had been laid aside for some years were restored to the active work.

Dr. Stewart, the theological professor, is greatly esteemed by his brethren in the Eastern Provinces. He preached the ordination sermon at this Conference, and at one of the sessions his brethren presented him with an address, accompanied with a gold watch.

For some years the brethren in the East suffered great pecuniary privations. The funds are now gradually improving. The increase this year for all purposes in Nova Scotia Conference exceeds $10,000, and there is also an increase of more than 150 in the membership.

As a Church, says the *Glad Tidings*, we have our responsibility and opportunity. Methodism is nothing if not evangelistic and aggressive. In theory at least, every president, every pastor, every local-preacher, every class-leader, every prayer-leader, every band-worker, every church member is an evangelist, whose business is to say to all, "are you a new creature in Christ Jesus." Grand theory! What about the practice? Dumb, inert, helpless. God forgive us!

Newfoundland Conference.—This Conference met at Carbonear, and was the last of the eleven Conferences of the Methodist Church to be held. It is small in numbers, but not less important on that account. The brethren are doing heroic work in this old Methodist mission field. Rev. T. H. James was chosen by his brethren to fill the presidential chair, and the Rev. W. Swan was re-elected Secretary. One venerable minister, Rev. Mr. Fox, and an influential layman, the Hon. C. R. Ayre, had finished their course. Suitable reference was made to their memory. Notwithstanding the poverty of many of the people, the contributions to the Missionary Fund were $600 in excess of last year.

The College and Children's Home in St. John's are both doing good work, though sickness among the pupils has greatly lessened the success.

Methodist New Connexion (England).

This Conference assembled at Dudley. The Conference was preceded by a holiness service. Rev. A. R. Pearson was elected President by acclamation, and the Rev. J. Gibson filled the position of Secretary. There has been an increase in the membership of the Church in four-

teen years of 6,800. The Sunday-schools are increasing in numbers and efficiency. The increase in the number of scholars is 2,400, an increased number of whom have become church members.

The mission in China is prospering. Rev. J. and Mrs. Innocent have created a Training Home for women and girls in honour of their late daughter.

The class-meeting question has excited much discussion for several years. Many would abolish the class-meeting as a membership test, and this sentiment prevailed, inasmuch as in future the test is to be attendance on all the means of grace.

The term "Society" is no longer to be used, that of "Church" being substituted in its place.

The College at Sheffield was reported as prospering.

The Book Room reported a good year, as the profits had increased.

The question of Methodist union occupied considerable time. The Methodist Free Churches had sent a memorial to the Conference on the subject. The outcome was that a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the Free Churches, and, if possible, arrange a basis of union to be submitted to the next Conference.

Primitive Methodist Conference (England).

This Conference assembled at Bradford, Rev. Jos. Toulson was elected President. Great harmony exists among the various branches of the Methodist family, hence at the various Conferences fraternal visits and letters were invariably exchanged. At this Conference a whole session was occupied with fraternal visitors, who delivered earnest and pungent addresses, to which the Rev. Thomas Guttery, formerly a resident in Toronto, replied on behalf of the Conference.

On Sabbath the pulpits of Nonconformist Churches in the town were occupied by members of the Conference, and three large camp meetings were held.

An impressive service was held in honour of the ministers who had died during the year, the number was unusually large. No less than twenty-six devoted men had finished their course, fifteen of whom were on the list of superannuates.

The Methodist Free Churches Assembly (England).

This branch of the Methodist family arose in 1835, and received further accession by the disputes of 1849. It has become a strong body and has missions in the West Indies, Eastern Africa, China and New Zealand. The Assembly met in Cornwall. Fourteen candidates for the ministry were recommended, but only nine were accepted.

A scholarship in honour of the late Rev. M. Miller is to be established at the Theological Institute.

The Connexion employs an evangelist, also a General Sunday-school Secretary, and a travelling temperance lecturer.

A Book Room is established in London, which issues a monthly magazine. It would be a grand accomplishment if all the minor bodies of Methodism could be amalgamated, as there does not seem to be much probability of a union being effected with the Parent Body.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference.

This Conference met in the city of Cork. The President of the Wesleyan Conference in England presided. Five ministers had died during the year, two of whom, Revs. J. B. Killman and J. D. Powell, were men of more than ordinary ability.

Canon Connolly was introduced to the Conference. He presented letters of condolence from some of the Bishops of the Irish Protestant Church. Great sympathy was felt for the bereaved in the sad catastrophe which occurred a few days before the opening of the Conference.

Nine candidates were accepted for the ministry and six others were ordained. The Methodist College at Belfast presented a very gratifying report. The McArthur Hall for

ministers' daughters is rapidly progressing toward completion. More than four hundred pupils are attending the College.

The net increase of members is only sixty, but more than 700 were lost by emigrations and deaths, 624 were continued on trial. In the army there are 1,339 declared Methodists. More than $60,000 had been expended on church edifices. The Sunday-schools contain no less than 25,298 scholars.

A new town mission is be established in Belfast.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Within the past thirty years there has been a net increase of 111,000 members.

Mr. William Strange, who has been fifty years manager of the Book Room, London, was recently presented with a check for one hundred guineas, as a token of esteem in which he is held by the Book Committee.

Rev. Hugh P. Hughes states that the income of the London West End Mission, now of metropolitan fame, meets the expenditure, and that in regard to spiritual results, by the blessing of God, they will soon number 1,000 members.

Mr. Nix, Mr. Hughes' right-hand man, performed a deed recently which resembled the days of Whitefield Accompanied by a band of workers, Mr. Nix went to Epsom Races and held a meeting daily for a week. A tent was erected, furniture vans were furnished, and all the money required was forthcoming. A lady of title placed a house at the service of the missionaries, who were one hundred in number. The first evening seven services were held. Hundreds of people flocked to the tent. Several took the pledge and some professed conversion.

Mr. William Lethaby and his wife are doing a noble work as missionaries for Methodism in the land of Moab.

As these notes were being prepared news reached us that the Rev. D. C. Kelly had been elected President of Conference. A full report may be expected in our next number.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

One hundred and fifty-two camp-meetings are advertised in a late issue of the *Christian Advocate*, New York.

A fine new church was recently dedicated at Albion, Mich., by Bishop Newman, and declared to be out of debt. The cost was $40,000.

Chau Chu Sing, a converted Chinaman, has been licensed as a local preacher, and will engage in missionary work among his own people in Los Angeles, Cal.

A wealthy Methodist of Cincinnati has given the use of a house and eleven rooms for a Methodist hospital within a block of the Deaconess Home.

Bishop Fitzgerald says the deaconess movement is the most important movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church in recent years.

Lam Foon and family and Fong Sin and family recently sailed for China from California. They are some of the oldest Chinese Methodists. When Lam Foon set up in business, ten years ago, he made a vow that when he was worth $3,000 he would give up his business and go to China to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. He goes out as a self-supporting missionary.

The number of deaconess workers, in the Chicago Home is now twenty. Of these, two are consecrated deaconesses, seven are in the visiting deaconess probation work, five are in Wesley Hospital as nurse deaconesses, one superintends the work of nursing among the sick poor at their homes in the city, and one is head nurse at the hospital. The others occupy positions of responsibility in the home and school.

Mrs. Bishop Warren has set aside $100,000 for the establishment of a school of theology in connection with the Colorado Seminary at Denver, to be known as the Iliff School of Theology. Her son, Mr. W. S. Iliff, has given $50,000 for suitable buildings for the school. Both sums will be paid within five years.

A university is about to be established at Utah. Fifty acres of land have been donated for the purpose.

The land is estimated at $1,000 per acre. The same Railway Company that donates the land, has also given 288 town building lots. The Company also agrees to give other lots or $10,000 in cash. The citizens of Ogden have given $25,000, and an edifice is soon to be built not to cost less than $50,000.

The Lucknow, India, Christian College has 11,507 pupils enrolled, of whom 2,027 are Christians. Of the institution Bishop Fowler says: "The Lucknow Christian College is a noble institution, doing magnificent work. I have met its students and professors, have seen its grounds and plans for new buildings, am acquainted with its field and opportunity, and I regard it as our most important agency in building the Christian empire that must soon occupy this land. We *must* furnish suitable agencies before we can secure our best workers."

Rev. Dr. Sheridan Baker, author of "Hidden Manna" and "Living Waters," has given $3,000 for Bishop Taylor's Transit Fund.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Goucher having offered to give $50,000 to the Woman's College as an endowment fund, provided the College secured an additional sum of $40,000 for the same purpose, Dr. Morgan, undertook to raise this amount, and has secured $15,000, and hopes soon to raise the balance.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The annual report shows that this Church has, travelling preachers, 4,687; local preachers, 6,309; total preachers, 10,996. White members, 1,123,498; coloured members, 645; Indians, 4,958; total preachers and members, 1,140,097. Net increase during the year, 32,641. Sunday-schools, 12,215; teachers, 85,694; scholars, 672,796; churches, 11,432; estimated value, $16,030,254. Parsonages, 2,358; value, $2,705,404. Collected for Church extension, $50,361.99; for Foreign Missions, $225,825.16; for Domestic Missions, $104,473.33; total for missions, $330,355.47. Woman's Missionary Society collected in 1878-9, $4,014.27; in 1888-9, $62,739.43; total collected in ten years, $423,439.43.

Rev. Dr. Haygood has been offered sixty acres of land for the campus and $100,000 for the beginning of a university for females at Sheffield, Alabama. It is proposed to put $1,000,000 into the enterprise.

The new hymnal contains 929 hymns, instead of 1,063, as in the old book; new hymns to the number of 281 having replaced 415 old ones.

Items.

The Wesleyan Theological Society at Ottawa has appointed Mr. Wm. Ayres, B.A., of Prince Edward Island, as their missionary to Japan. The Society defrays all the expenses.

The Japan District meeting was held in March; 16 unordained preachers, 15 ordained ministers and 13 laymen were present. Three were admitted on trial for the ministry. There are also 13 evangelists employed, and 10 young men were admitted into the theological school. The membersip has increased 331; giving a total of 1,600. The financial exhibit was eighty per cent. in advance of the previous year. Three Methodist Episcopal ministers were present as fraternal delegates. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland has organized the missions into an affiliated Conference.

Dr. Sutherland is the first official visitor to the Canadian Methodist Mission in Japan. The meeting at which the Conference was organised was held in the Kobiki-cho Church. A basis of Union was formed, which was presented at a meeting held at Oroyoma, of the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The name of the proposed new church will doubtless be Nippon Mesojiouto Kyo-kwai. Dr. Sutherland's address before the union meeting was remarkably frank and clear. He has, under God, done much toward solving the difficult "Union Question." (The two foregoing items are from the *Tokyo Adv.*)

The Methodist and Presbyterian

Churches at Arnprior held union evangelistic services for a month. The effect upon the community was good. The Scripture, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," was beautifully illustrated.

The Pilgrim's Progress has been printed in the Amoy colloquial in Romanised characters, making the eighty-third language in which the Allegory of the immortal dreamer has been issued, more than any other book except the Bible.

Archdeacon Watkins, D.D., of Durham, originally a Wesleyan minister, has been appointed Oxford Bampton Lecturer for 1890, his subject being modern subjective criticism in relation to the Fourth Gospel.

It has been resolved to hold a General Council or Pan-Congregational Council in London, England, which will consist of Congregational ministers and laymen from all parts of the world.

One hundred and seventeen young Indians, belonging to tribes in Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Arizona, having finished a five years' course at the Government school at Carlisle, Pa., left for their homes on July 8. Six were regular graduates, and all speak English. The young men have had good training as mechanics and farmers, while the girls have been well instructed in household duties.

At the Baptist anniversaries in Boston, more than a score of young men presented themselves at the missionary meeting and said, "We are willing to go to the heathen and give our lives to missionary work—will you send us?"

The latest news from Malange, one of Bishop Taylor's missions, is that an entire family of natives, five in number, have forsaken their idols and turned to Christ.

Rev. John Morton, who has been labouring as a Presbyterian missionary in the island of Trinidad for the last twenty years, is visiting Canada, and is telling what God has done in that mission. The mission was commenced in 1868, and there are now 46 schools with an attendance of 2,000 children. Three female teachers from Canada are in charge of the largest schools, and the others are chiefly managed by natives who have been trained at the mission in English and Hindi. Missionaries are also wanted in Conva and Demerara.

The Sixth International Missionary annual meeting has recently been held at Binghampton, N.Y. The missionaries present were from eleven fields. Africa, two; Bulgaria, one; Turkey, four; Burmah, four; India, eleven; China, thirteen; Japan, two; Persia, six; Siam, one; Singapore, one; West Indies, two; making a total of forty-seven. There were also present three natives of foreign countries, one of whom was Mr. Honda, who was the first native of Japan, ordained as a minister in the Methodist Church of that land. He has not only sat in a Provincial Congress of his native country, but been chosen as President thereof. His friends earnestly desire to make him a candidate for membership in the Parliament of 1890, but the new constitution excludes ministers as it does priests, and Mr. Honda does not at present have any purpose of abandoning his ministerial calling for even such enviable civil honours and usefulness.

The Hon. S. H. Blake was expected to be elected President but as he could not be present, Mr. F. F. Belsey, of Rochester, England, was elected. Dr. Withrow reported for the Sunday-schools in Canada. The number attending Sunday-schools throughout the world are about twenty millions; more than eighteen millions are using the International Lessons. It is a remarkable fact, that the Sunday scholars in Britain is about one in five of the population, and there are one million more scholars in the Sunday-schools than in the day-schools, and in London 12 per cent. of the population are connected with the Sunday-schools.

At one of the sessions it was decided to send a memorial to the European Sovereigns, asking them to exert their influence in favour of a proper observance of the Sabbath.

Book Notices.

Plato and Paul; or, Philosophy and Christianity. An examination of the Fundamental Forces of Cosmic and Human History, with their Contents, Methods, Functions, Relations, and Results Compared. By J. W. MENDINHALL, PH.D., D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, 777 pages. Price $3.50.

This title, if open to the objection of being somewhat lengthy, has the merit of being accurately descriptive of the work. It is not a mere label, but a definition. And the more carefully it is examined the more profoundly will the reader be impressed with the arduous and difficult character of the work which the esteemed and able author has undertaken. Plato and Paul are selected as being respectively the representatives of Philosophy and Christianity; the first standing for the former of these, and the second for the latter. According to the conception of the author of the work under review, both these great forces "are engaged with the same problems, employing different and, sometimes, opposite methods in the attempt to solve them, but anticipating in the final rehearsal a vindication of the same truths, or the same form of truth."

The object of the stately volume before us is not, as we understand it, to array Philosophy and Christianity against each other, or to degrade the one in order to exhalt the other; but to show by the careful examination and comparison of their respective methods, that the dream of the former can only be realized by the latter. That the guesses of philosophy can only be verified by Christianity. So far from these being antagnostic to each other, the author holds, and undertakes to prove, that Christianity may be amply justified by the philosophical method, and, to use his own words, "that its philosophical basis is as impregnable as the more common historical basis on which it supposedly and safely rests."

It will be seen from these observations that the aim of this work is apologetical; and the defence which it sets up for Christianity takes the form of a philosophical demonstration. Admitting the strength and adequacy of the Theological, the Experimental and the Historical argument, he contends that the Philosophical is no less strong and unanswerable. In other words, he holds that "*Christianity is true Philosophy*, or the *philosophy of truth* in a religious form." It is this argument that is unfolded and emphasized in this volume. In the execution of this design, Dr. Mendinhall subjects philosophy to a thorough examination. Beginning with Plato, in whom he finds an impersonation of the philosophical spirit and method, the systems of philosophy are passed in review.

It is scarcely needful to say that no intelligable account of this process, which occupies more than three hundred closely-printed octavo pages, can be given in a paragraph. If it were incapable of answering any higher end; the light which this part of the book sheds upon the philosophical systems, ancient and modern, would well repay a careful perusal. The result of the examination is to reveal such a breakdown of Philosophy, apart from revelation, as to demonstrate the need of the superior certitude of the Christian faith. The chapter which deals with this is profoundly interesting.

But all this, as the intelligent reader will readily understand, is merely preparatory to the main development of the argument which is the main object of the author—an argument of real importance, but for the nature and details of which we must refer the reader to the volume itself, which will amply repay a careful perusal.

The People's Bible: Discourses on Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London. New York: Funk & Wagnall's, 18 and 20 Astor Place. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 360. Price $1.50.

This great work, which has now reached the twenty-second volume, is too well known, and too highly prized by ministers and Bible students to need any elaborate commendations from us. It is only necessary to say that with the issue of each succeeding volume it confirms the hold which it has long since acquired upon the most thoughtful portion of the Christian Church. It is valuable not only on account of what it puts into the mind of the thoughtful reader, but also on account of what it strikes out of the mind itself. It is eminently suggestive as well as instructive. At the same time that it brings great masses of precious ore to the surface from the mine of truth, it does what to the student of Holy Scripture and especially to the preacher is still more important, it lays bare the lode which he may work for himself.

Dr. Parker is a minister of the spirit rather than of the letter. He leaves the technicalities and niceties of Biblical criticism to be dealt with by others, and seizes as directly as possibly upon the living thought which is wrapped up in the text. Words and phrases are indeed explained, and the allusions to ancient customs are expounded, but all this is held in strict subordination to the great end which the writer has in view, which is to lodge the truth taught in the passage in the mind, and to do this in such a way to most effectually influence the afterthinking and the life. It is in this way that passages which the shallow student has considered dry and uninteresting are clothed with a freshness and beauty which makes them a surprise.

The work can scarcely be called a commentary; and it would scarcely be an accurate description of it to call it so many volumes of sermons. It would probably come nearer to a correct definition to call it a commentary on the whole Bible in the form of popular lectures. One misses in it the technicalities of the commentary, and the tediousness which too often characterizes books of sermons. No preacher ought to be without it; and the work when it is completed will form in itself an invaluable family library. Dr. Parker is an independent thinker, and doubtless has his idiosyncrasies like other men, and we are not prepared to vouch for the absolute correctness of all his opinions, but in saying this we are saying only what should be said of all writers not supernaturally and plenarily inspired.

The African Methodist Episcopal Review, April 1889. Subscription, $1.50 per Year. Philadelphia: Publishing House of African Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is a good Quarterly of about 120 pages. The articles, though not all of a high order, will repay a careful perusal. No one could have supposed that the coloured people could have made such rapid progress in education as they have done. Their progress in other respects has been equally marvellous. Here is one extract from the number before us, illustrating this fact:—

"Twenty-four years ago, the five million of newly-enfranchised freemen were not worth altogether five million cents. They were naked, helpless, inept. Within a decade they had $12,000,000 in the savings banks alone. They lived on wages, and flourished on conditions that would have exterminated the Northern white labourer in a generation. To-day they claim a value in the Southern States alone of $100,000,000. In Georgia they own nearly a million acres of land. In 1865, hardly one in a thousand knew the letters in the alphabet; in 1880, more than twenty in a hundred above the age of ten years could read and write."

The Hon. Fred. Douglas, who was formerly known as "the coloured orator," expresses himself as "per-

fectly astonished at the progress made since emancipation. . . The wonder is that they have managed to live at all, but they have lived, multiplied and progressed in all things which go to make up substantial greatness."

So long as the coloured people will be sober and industrious, pay attention to education, and keep up their church-life, as many of them are doing, they are sure to be a progressive people.—E. B.

The Tests of Various Kinds of Truth. Being a Treatise of Applied Logic. Lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan College on the Merrick Foundation. By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., D.L. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The venerable author of these interesting and instructive lectures is too well known in this county to need any introduction from us. The subject treated in this volume is not only one of great interest but one upon which Dr. McCosh is thoroughly at home. To it he has devoted the study of a lifetime, and on it he speaks with the authority of a master.

Deaconesses: Ancient and Modern. By REV. HENRY WHEELER, Author of "Memory of the Just," "Methodism and the Temperance Reformation," "Rings of Light in the Valley of Sorrow," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 315.

This is a book for the times, and deserves a fuller notice than we can give it at this moment. It is, as the author tells us, an attempt to bring before the reader a brief historical outline of the ancient order of deaconesses, its disappearance in the Middle Ages, and its revival in modern times. The aim of the book is the advancement of woman's work in the Church, for which it seems to be well calculated. And whether all who read it may be able to take as radical ground as the writer, who is of the opinion that "the Church will not reach her highest development and power until, in spiritual right and privilege in Christ Jesus, every line of distinction between male and female is obliterated, as it is between Jew and Greek, bond and free," they will at least be ready to concede that there is a vast amount of spiritual work which in the very nature of things can be more appropriately and effectively done by consecrated women than by men, and that the employment of her labour in these special fields, to the fullest extent possible, is a duty that the Church owes to God and to the world.

Mad Margaret and Little Gunnvald. A Norwegian Tale. By Nellie Cornwall, Author of "Grannie Tresawna's Story," "Daddy Longlegs and his white heath-flower," etc. T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, London. Toronto: William Briggs.

To readers like ourselves who know nothing of the language of Norway some of the names in this book will prove a rather severe trial to their orthoepy. But in spite of some things in it which may prove unpronounceable, it will be found full of interest, abounding with pictures of real life in the land of the Midnight Sun, and teaching lessons which cannot fail to make the heart better.

Christian Education. Five Lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University on the Foundation of the Rev. Frederick Merrick. By REV. DANIEL CURRY, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 131.

Like everything else that proceeded from the same gifted pen, this little book is well worth reading. Dr. Curry has apparently condensed into these five lectures the best thoughts that he had gathered during his lifetime on a subject in which he always took a lively interest, and one which is of great intrincsic importance.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE."

THE
Methodist Magazine.
OCTOBER, 1889.

ON THE RHINE.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN, D.D.

FEUDAL TOWER AT ANDERNACH.

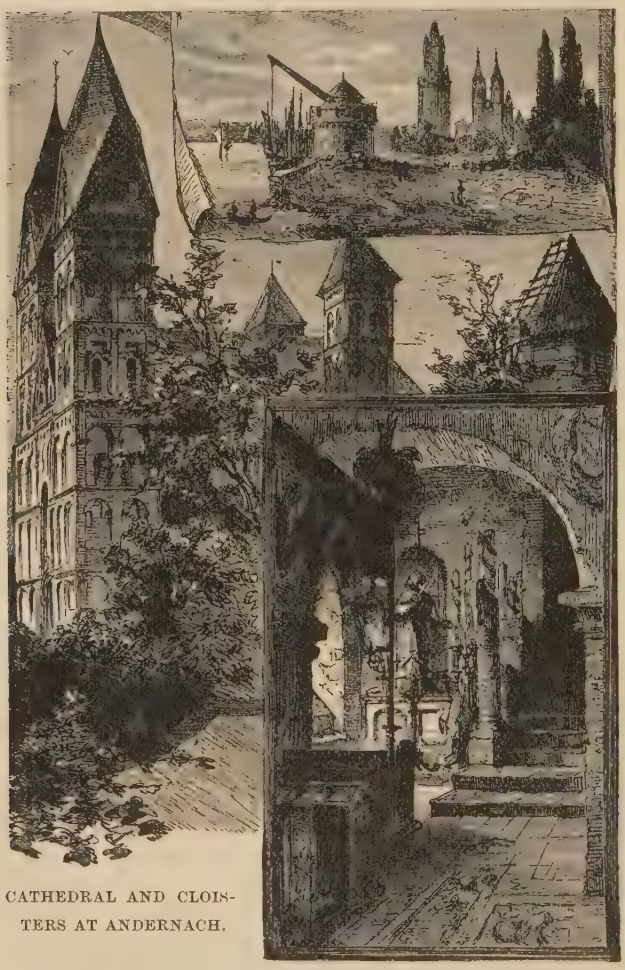
A TOUR in Germany naturally begins with the Rhine. Other rivers of Europe may be more picturesque; one, at least, is considerably longer, but none can compare for varied interests and true importance with the "beautiful Rhine"—the frontier of empire, once a barrier in the way of all-conquering Rome, and in modern times the prize of contending nations.

To understand the scenery of the Rhine it is necessary to linger here and there upon its banks, climbing one and another vine-clad height, scarcely deserving the name of mountain; or, better still, ascending some of those narrow valleys which curve upwards from the margin of its waters to fair nooks among the sheltering hills. Enough, perhaps, has been said of the ruined castles which grimly crown the beetling crags. Are not their names in *Murray,* with the stories, more or less authentic, associated with their robber lords? And has not Byron, in a few imperishable lines, described in a manner which leaves nothing more to be said?—those

> "chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
> From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

* Abridged in part from Dr. Green's volume on the "German Fatherland." Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.—ED.

"And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud:
Banners on high, and battles passed below;



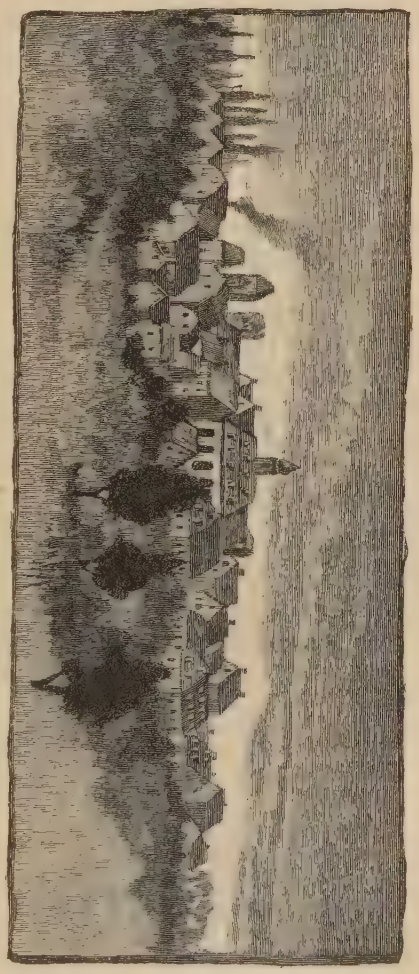
CATHEDRAL AND CLOISTERS AT ANDERNACH.

But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will."

Two of our cuts illustrate the quaint structures of Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers and bastions, and its strange legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the wayside cross to do works of charity through the town.

A short distance above is the old Moravian Settlement of Neuwied, where the Moravian brethren still keep up the Herrnhut traditions which have gained for them the name of the Quakers of Germany. We cannot linger over the romantic part of the Rhine, which has been described so often; still less do we care to tell, or to hear over again, the tales of enchantment, which so sadly lose their flavour when read on the deck of the steamboat, or in the yet more comfortable railway carriage. Had there been a day to spare in our upward route, we should probably have spent it on the Moselle, or, as we must now call it, the Mosel, in a visit to quiet, wonderful Trèves (or Trier), where it dozes among its vineyards, in the complacency of a calm, not unattractive, old age. Few travellers, comparatively, turn aside to see this old Roman city—older, as it claims to be, than Rome herself. Its remains, however, are marvellously interesting, and to the traveller who cannot cross the Alps, give a not inadequate impression of the Italian classic remains.

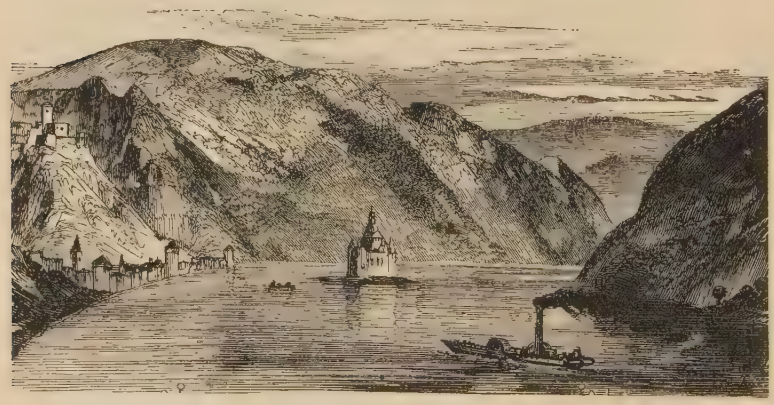


MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

Our frontispiece depicts a scene on the lovely Moselle river, at

the picturesque old German town of Kochem. The priest and party in the boat in the foreground are evidently engaged in some religious ceremony, probably carrying the sacrament to the sick in the Roman manner in which, in Catholic countries, this service is usually performed. The beauty of the Moselle river and surrounding scenery is widely famed in both story and song.

Above Coblenz the Rhine becomes narrowed within the limits of a magnificent ravine, which extends as far as Bingen. Vineyards cover every slope, castles crown the heights, picturesque villages are dotted here and there upon the banks—familiar names and scenes on which I need not here dwell. Passing Oberwesel, a little way pass the Lurlei rock, on the opposite bank, all beauties seem combined of scenery and quaint architecture. The



VIEW ON THE RHINE AND PFALZ CASTLE.

lofty round tower, called the Ochsenthurm, attracts every eye. Then comes the curious "Pfalz" in the middle of the stream; and, a little farther, Bacharach, perhaps the "Altar of Bacchus"; so called from a rock in the bed of the river seen above water in very dry seasons, when the vineyards promise well. Now follow in quick succession the vine-bearing hills whose names are famous in all the world. It is curious to see how eagerly every rood of ground on these steep slopes is cultivated, the earth being embanked, terrace above terrace; and the vines, we are told, being planted in baskets where the declivity would not retain the soil in any other way. How the irrigation and manuring of the tender plants are carried on amid these difficulties, how every season brings its task of anxious toil; in short, what a laborious, absorbing, and precarious form of industry this is, many have

already told. Even in passing by rapidly, as we must, it is easy to discern traces of the unremitting and arduous toil which makes these hill-sides, perhaps, for good or evil, the most carefully cultivated ground in Europe. But of yet greater interest is it to trace

PICTURESQUE BITS ON THE RHINE—RUDESHEIM AND THE BINGERLOCH.

the course of the river as it here crosses an ancient mountain barrier. Between Bingen and Boppard the Rhine cuts across a chain of mountains running nearly at right angles to the course of its stream.

The storied memories of this lovely river are well characterized in the following fine poem by Herman Merivale:

"By queenly Aix to pretty Bonn—
And then athwart the river,
In sheer idlesse we wandered on,
As fain to stray forever.

"In golden shine the royal Rhine
His dancing wave uplifted;
The rafts by Loreley's mountain shrine
And song-famed reefs were drifted.

"The glory fell on wood and dell,
On ruined shrine and fastness,
Where the stream-spirit weaves his spell
Of legendary vastness.

"For still with murmur and with roar
Ran on the storied river,
As if each robber-haunted shore
Should haunted be forever.

"Once more from his despairing height
Young Roland on his maiden
Gazed through the dim and mocking night
Bereft and sorrow-laden—

"While o'er the pale and broken nun,
With love-troth vainly plighted,
The Dragon Rock frowned sadly down
On heart and passion blighted.

"Once more the wild marauding bands
Broke law and fear asunder,
And wrought their death-work through the lands,
For vengeance or for plunder;

"And foreign force and foreign hosts
Brought sword and fire to pillage
The restful homes, the peaceful coasts,
The ingle in the village.

"The homes are gone—the hosts have passed
Into the great uncertain;
The fateful pall is o'er them cast,
The impenetrable curtain.

"The harsh steam-whistle calls and wakes
Their echoes shrill and lonely;
The busy traveller, passing takes
Note of the moment only.

"But, storm or shine, the rushing Rhine
Flows on—the deathless river,
Whose harmonies, by grace divine,
Reverberate forever."

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

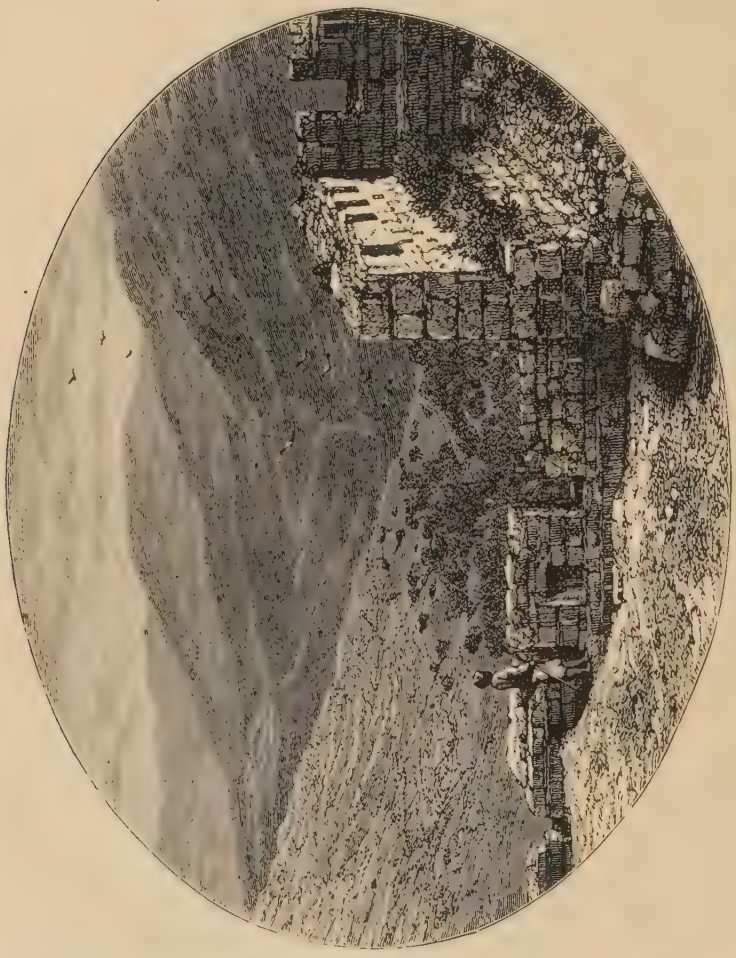
BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

XIII.

A TRIP TO THE JORDAN VALLEY.

On the morning of the Thursday of our stay in Jerusalem there was a great excitement among the members of our party. We were about to have our first experience of camp-life, and to make our first, some of us our very first, essay at horse-riding. Early in the morning there was a tremendous neighing and snorting outside the window of my bedroom, and I found a whole army of horses—a couple of score or more—tethered in front of the house, and piles of saddles and bridles and other horse-gear littering the hall. The preceding day, our dragoman had asked us whether we could ride, and what sort of horses we wished to have? and my answer had been emphatically given, "I cannot ride at all, and I want a quiet horse that won't throw me off or run away with me;" and the dragoman had smiled, and promised me he would suit me. Accordingly, immediately after our early breakfast, I said to him, "Now Mr. Heilpern, have you got that horse for me; that quiet horse that won't run away?" "Come with me," he said, moving toward the restless line of tethered horses, and then singling out one, "Here's a horse will carry you through splendidly." I looked at the animal. It had a pensive appearance. It had originally had a whole skin, I suppose, but like the knees of a little boy's trousers, it had long been worn through at the shoulders and other salient points, and the patches had not been repaired, either through lack of material or insufficiency of leisure. Its colour was gray, that is where the original colour could be seen. In fact, it looked as if it had seen hard times, and its owner had forgotten to groom it for a month or two. It was a sad-looking beast; and I felt sad, too. I had been looking forward to my horse with exultation, and to my riding him with depression. I had read of Arab steeds and Bedouin coursers, but I had never thought of coming so far to bestraddle so sorry a Rosinante. So I demurred. I said it was a wretched-looking beast, I didn't like it. An acquaintance came up at the moment, and laughed at my prospective mount. This increased my dis-

gust. "You take him, sir, said the dragoman. I know the horse, it has been with me through the land before, and will carry you safely and well, and you'll be laughing at some of the others by-and-by." But I didn't take it. I objected so strongly that I was given another, and better-looking beast, and, at the last



MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

moment, my rejected gray was given to a lady whose first mount had proved too skittish for her to manage. The dragoman's praise was not undeserved after all, for the little gray improved in appearance from day to day, was a splendid walker, and willing to canter when required, and carried her mistress safely and comfortably; and many a time afterwards did she and I chat and

laugh together over the ugly duckling, as she called it, which I had judged by its looks.

It took us some time to get ready for the start, but at length we were off, passing on our left the hill of Evil Counsel so-called, and the traditional site of the country-house of Caiaphas, and entered the valley of Rephaim, mentioned in the Book of Joshua as the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, and the scene of one of David's victories over the Philistines. In half an hour or a little more we rode close by the Tomb of Rachel, where some Jews were wailing as we passed. A small modern building with a dome now marks the spot, where, in giving birth to Benjamin, the beloved wife of the old patriarch passed away. "And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, . . . and it came to pass as her soul was in departing, for she died, that she called his name Benoni, but his father called him Benjamin. And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Seven years he had toiled for her in his wooing, and they seemed to Jacob but a few days for the love he bore her. Long, long years after her death when, far away in the land of Egypt, he too was dying, the tender memory of his bereavement is still fresh in his mind. "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way. . . . And I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem."

An hour from the tomb, over a rough road, brought us to the Pools of Solomon. There is little doubt that these are the pools mentioned in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." They are three enormous cisterns of marble masonry: the lower, 582 feet long, breadth at the east end 207 feet, at the west 148 feet, depth at the east end 50 feet. Dr. Thompson says: "When full it would float the largest man-of-war that ever ploughed the ocean." The middle pool is 248 feet above the lower one, its length 423 feet, its breadth at east end 250 feet, at west end 160 feet, its depth at east end 39 feet. The upper pool is 160 feet above the middle pool, its length is 380 feet, its breadth at the east end 236 feet, at the west end 229 feet, its depth at the west end, 25 feet. These enormous cisterns are in splendid preservation, and the course of the aqueduct can still be traced by which they supplied water to the temple, a distance of some twelve or fourteen miles. To-day it is conveyed as far as Bethlehem, and

close beside the time-worn aqueduct we now took our way toward that town.

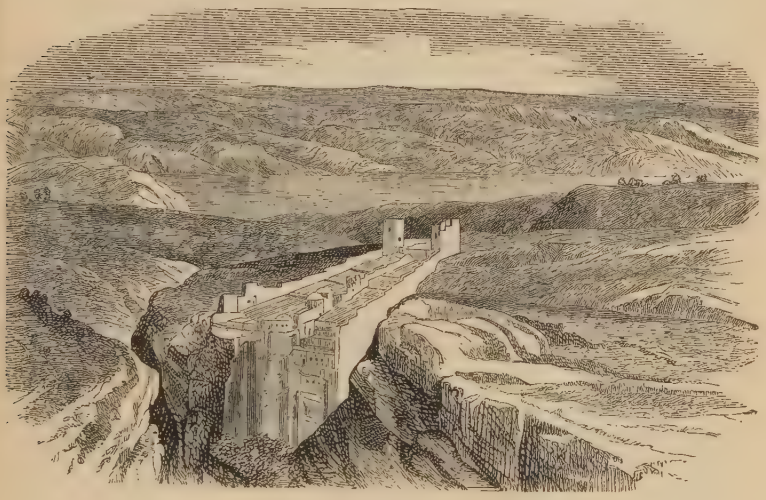
A short distance below the Pools, in a valley richly fertile, lies the village of Urtas, which is supposed to occupy the site of Etham, where, as Josephus says: "Solomon was in the habit of taking a morning drive." If this be so, and it is more than probable, the fertile valley corresponds with the gardens of which he speaks. "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted in them of all kinds of fruits," and here are laid the scenes of the Song of Songs. An earthly paradise, indeed, must this valley have been,

POOLS OF SOLOMON WITH SARACENIC CASTLE.

under the lavish wealth and taste and wisdom of the royal poet. In less than an hour after leaving the pools, a sharp turn in the mountain-road gave a view of a long line of white buildings crowning a hill across a valley, and we had our first view of Bethlehem. I have already described our visit in my paper in last December number, and some of my readers may remember that I broke off my narrative where, in mid afternoon, we turned the last ridge that commanded a view of the city, and after a farewell look toward it, rode on over the wilderness of Judea, toward the Convent of Mar Saba, and camped in its neighbourhood. Our path lay over a region of utter desolation. Great bare rounded hills, separated by deep gorges, extended for miles and

miles in every direction, and as we crossed the table-land we could see over them to the right the Dead Sea and the hills of Moab, and, at one point, catch a glimpse of the white tower on the summit of the Mount of Olives, far away to the left.

As we left the table-land and began to descend toward the Dead Sea, our path was rough and steep in the extreme. There was one bit which I shall never forget. The path skirted a deep ravine, and was a simple track among loose stones and over uneven rocks, worn in some places perilously smooth and slippery. A single false step, a single slip or stumble, and horse and rider would probably roll together far down the mountain side. It



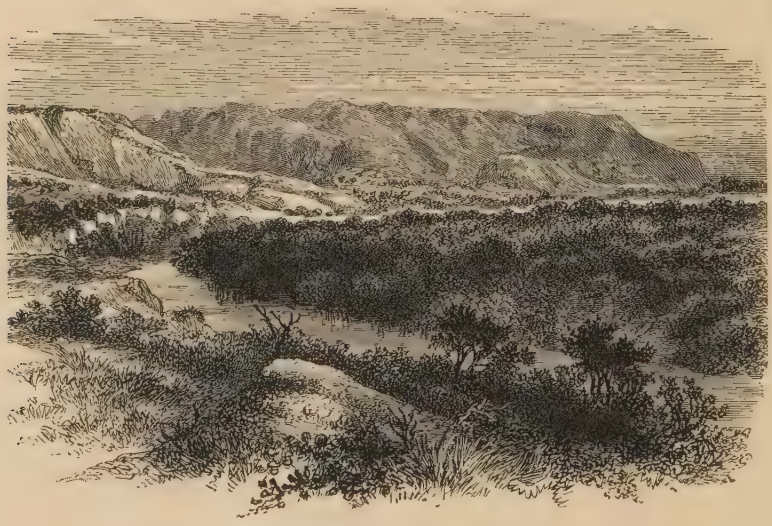
CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

was a ride to test the nerves of an accomplished horseman, and, be it remembered, it was my first day in the saddle.

As we rode down the last bit of steep hill we caught sight of the Convent of Mar Saba which we were to visit before camping. It is a most extraordinary place, its massive buildings, erected on the edge of one of the wildest and most desolate ravines in the world, far away from any other human habitation, save the black tent of the wandering Bedouin. Mar Saba, or St. Saba, is a saint held in high honour by the Greek Church, who came here in the latter part of the fifth century, and dwelt thus apart from his fellows, until his reputation for sanctity gathered round him a number of followers. From that day to the present, an unbroken succession of monks have made these wilds their home,

their only companions the wild birds that fly about the ravine. The place must be seen to be realized; no pen can give an impression of its weirdness, of the awful ravine over which it hangs, or of the solitude which surrounds its terraced walls. The evening was rapidly gathering as we wound down from the convent to our camp in the valley of the Kidron, and right glad were we, after the novel experiences of the day, to see the white tents pitched ready for our reception, and to partake of the excellent dinner that our cooks had provided for us.

The following morning we crossed the ravine, wound along the side of the opposite hills till we reached their summit, and soon



THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

had one of the finest views in Palestine immediately before us. Away in front, in the distance, stretched the long wall of the mountains of Moab, with Mount Nebo in full view, to the right flashed the waters of the Dead Sea, while far away in the dim distance to the north, a hundred miles or more, gleamed the snowy peak of Hermon, and at our feet lay the Jordan Valley, a bright line of foliage showing the course of the river. An hour or two more brought us to the shores of the Dead Sea, and several of us, myself included, were soon testing for ourselves its far-famed buoyancy, by a plunge in its cool waters. I can bear unqualified testimony as to the extraordinary buoyancy of its waters. It is not easy to swim, it is not easy to sink—indeed I

should say it is hardly possible—but one can lie down and float with perfect ease. It is exceedingly bitter and salt to the taste,

THE DEAD SEA.

but the bathing is very pleasant, though the excessive amount of salt rather irritates the skin afterwards, especially if there be any abrasion of the surface. I confess that I was agreeably disap-

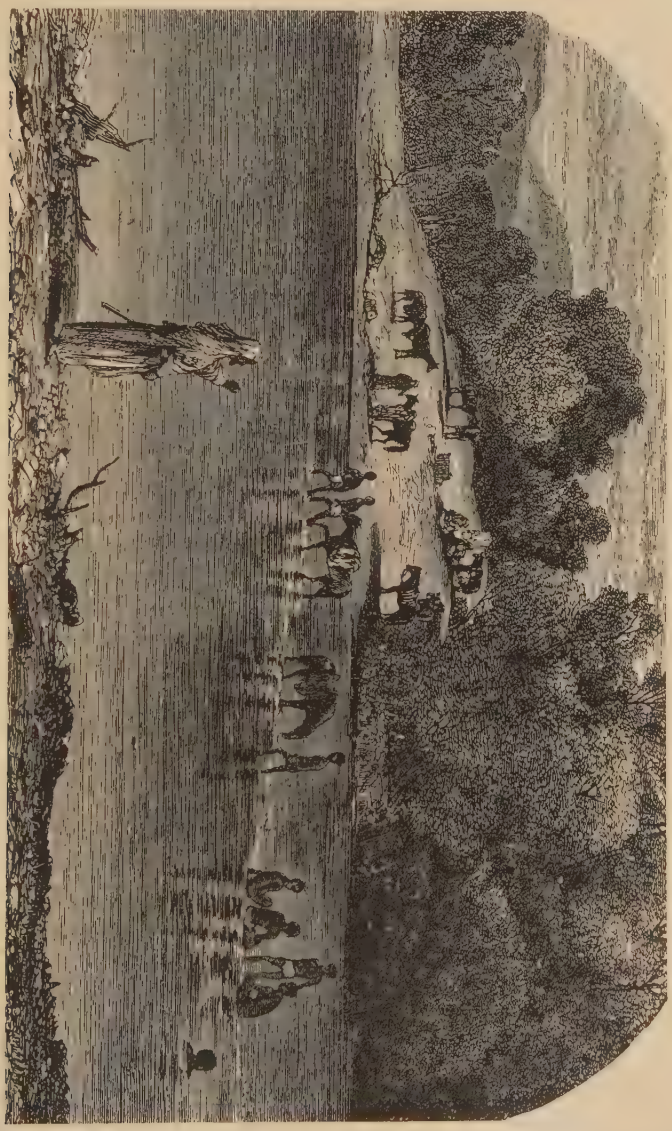
pointed in the appearance of the sea. I had pictured it as a gloomy region, brooded over as by the very shadow of death; I found it that morning glittering in the sunlight, while above it hung a sky of clearest blue. But it is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the pouring sun, later on in the season, must, no doubt, render its shore a dry desert of salt-coated sand.

A couple of hours' ride from the Dead Sea, through a sandy, swampy country, brought us to the bank of the Jordan, at the place which, according to Greek tradition, is the scene of our Lord's baptism. It is a lovely spot, surrounded with rich foliage of clustering trees, between which the river sweeps along in a rapid muddy current, so swift that it is dangerous to venture more than a few feet from shore. Here, annually, come thousands of pilgrims to bathe in these waters as a religious duty and privilege.

It was intensely hot when we reached the Jordan, and the sun beat down with dangerous fierceness, but a careful bathe in the cool waters, and luncheon and rest in the shadow of the trees, renewed our energies for the ride to camp. Whatever be the opinion as to the authenticity of the place, as the site of our Lord's baptism—and it is open to grave objection on the score of distance from Nazareth—there can be no doubt that here the Israelites crossed on their way from Egypt; and we now rode along in the route they must have taken across the valley to our tents, pitched on the site of their first encampment at Gilgal. It was fearfully hot and oppressive in the deep valley with its still and burning air; and the sight of our tents on a rising ground at Gilgal was a welcome one indeed.

Gilgal was, as I have said, the first camping ground of the Israelites after crossing Jordan. Here the manna which had fed them in the wilderness ceased to fall, and here they erected the twelve stones which they had brought from the bed of the Jordan when its waters were cleft for their passage. Here the first Passover in the Land of Promise was celebrated, and here Joshua saw the vision of the "man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand, and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." In later times the grand assemblies of Samuel and Saul were convened here; here Saul was anointed king, and here the whole tribe of Judah assembled to welcome David after Absalom's unsuccessful revolt. Here, too, Elisha received Naaman, the Syrian, and made

wholesome the poisoned pot. It is also probably the site of modern Jericho, and the traditional house of Zacchæus is shown to travellers.



FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

Riha, as the Arab village on the site is called, is a wretched place, inhabited by a population notoriously vicious, and untrustworthy. I remember, just after dusk, as we were encamped at

Gilgal, hearing a curious whirring call, presently repeated again and again, and growing louder and nearer. We soon learned it was from a crowd of the neighbouring Arabs who wished to dance for us, and I shall never forget the strange scene that followed. Into the circle formed by our tents there came about a dozen or fifteen Arabs, arranged in a line and keeping time with their feet to a strange, weird sing-song. Before them, skipping, jumping, gesticulating wildly, was a leader brandishing a sword, and evidently giving the time and direction to the strange drama. With sword flourishing, and body twisting in extraordinary gestures, he sang and shouted and his followers kept up their rhythmic tramp, as we gathered in circle around them, holding up candles to see the curious sight. What faces—dark, treacherous, cunning, utterly ruthless and malicious—the flickering lights showed us. What wild eyes gleaming, and white teeth in wolfish jaws, and subtle snake-like lithesomeness in the writhing bodies. A little of it was quite enough; and giving the leader some *backsheesh*, we soon sent them off, to quarrel and fight among themselves through half the night over the division of the spoils.

PLAINS OF JERICHO.

The next morning we travelled first to the site of ancient Jericho, the famous city of Palm Trees, whose strong walls fell by the power of Omnipotence, without a single stroke from the host who so strangely encompassed it. It is now a heap utterly desolate, with little to indicate its site but a few traces of ancient

foundations. From the mound on which it stood one looks out over a cheerless, uncultivated waste of what was once, and could be made again, by proper cultivation and irrigation, a scene of marvellous beauty and fertility. Before us, to the west, rise the heights of the Judean wilderness, the highest point of which, Mount Quarantania, is the traditional scene of our Lord's Temptation.

At the foot of the mound on which the ancient city was built springs the fountain of Ain-es-Sultan, as the Arabs call it, the Fountain of Elisha, as travellers call it; which is undoubtedly the spring whose bitter waters were made sweet by the prophet, at the request of the inhabitants of the city.

From Elisha's Fountain, we turned once more our faces toward Jerusalem, and rode up the long steep and sinuous pathway—the road spoken of by our Lord in the Parable of the man who *went down* from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and the Good Smaritan who relieved him. It was a toilsome climb, and the heat was most oppressive, though every hundred yards of ascent brought us very perceptible relief, as we exchanged the close air of the valley for the brighter, breezier atmosphere of the hills. We had a noon-tide halt by a well-side for lunch, and a halt for half an hour at Bethany, to visit the reported tomb of Lazarus, and the site of the house of Simon the Leper; and then in the bright, sunny afternoon we rode over the summit of Olivet, and stopping awhile to meditate in Gethsemane, and drink from the Pool of Siloam, reached at length our quarters on Mount Zion.

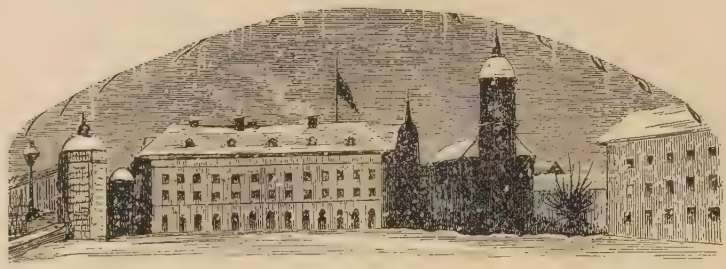
THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MATTHEW RICHY KNIGHT.

As up the village street I passed at night
All lights were out, and in one slumberous sea
Were met and lost both joy and misery.
But stop! not all; I saw one lonely light,
That in the pitchy frame did shine more bright,
And I will tell you what it showed to me,
That you may feel the sob of sympathy
Which stirred me then, and stirs me as I write.
A shoemaker was bending o'er his last;
His eyes were wet, and yet his heart was brave;
Close by, within an open door, slept fast
Two babes—*the mother slept in a new grave;*
And as he yearned for her, her spirit passed
Before him, but no power to see God gave.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE.

II.



VIEW IN DARMSTADT.

On our way from Northern Germany to the Black Forest we pass through the old Grand Ducal city of Darmstadt, capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. It is a handsome town of 44,000 of a population, chiefly Protestants, and possesses a library of 450,000 volumes, and a picture gallery of great value. It has to English-speaking people a pathetic interest as the home of the Princess Alice of England, whose tragic death—a sacrifice to her mother-love—so deeply touched the heart of the nation.

The Black Forest—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is one of the most picturesque regions of Central Europe. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the Black Forest Railway, a singularly bold engineering construction, climbing 2,000 feet in twenty-three miles, and passing through thirty-eight tunnels, and over one hundred and forty-two bridges. Dr. Green thus describes his visit to this romantic region:

"We adopted the easiest and in some respects the most striking route, taking the main line up the Rhine valley as far as the roadside station of Offenburg, where we changed into the newly opened Black Forest Railway; at first gently ascending past fair meadows and among wooded hills, but soon finding ourselves amid wilder, grander scenes, zigzagging upward past gigantic pine-clad rocks, where the recent railway workings had laid bare the granite heart of the mountain in great scars, which the kindly vegetation had not yet had time to festoon with beauty; then along the edge of a steep slope where the forest climbs above and below, across wild glens of stupendous depth, and through

ceaseless and most tantalizing tunnels. We begin to learn now what the Black Forest really is; although to say the truth, the gloom which suggested the name is unfelt on such a day as that of our excursion. The hill-tops are bathed in sunlight, every clearing between the woods is brightly green; swiftly as we speed along we catch the glint of innumerable flowers among the trees; and the shadows which lie across every deep ravine only bring out more vividly the splendour of the slopes. There are times, no doubt, when among these hills the mists lie low, and hoarse storms mutter among leafless branches, and the sturdy pines bend

FARM BUILDING IN THE BLACK FOREST.

beneath their weight of snow. Then around the stove, wild, weird legends are rehearsed, such as have given the Schwarzwald a foremost place in imaginative literature and art. But it is impossible to believe in spirits, goblins, or witches to-day. Perhaps the railway has scared their very memories away from these recesses; or the sunshine brings out qualities yet more enchanting. The number of people who, in one way or another, make a comfortable living out of these grand woods, from charcoal-burning to the most elaborate and beautiful carving, must be very large. We saw none who seemed wretchedly poor, and I do not remember in all our walks being once asked for alms. Nor, on the

other hand, were there evidences of great wealth. There were no mansions or parks. Here and there stood farmhouses with surrounding buildings, that were plainly the abodes of well-to-do people; but these bore only about the same relation to the rest as the half-dozen larger houses in a children's "German village" do to the quaint and uniform little rows among which they are set up. The reader must pardon the comparison, it was irresistible. Everywhere we saw toy-houses of our childhood, magnified, as it were, to gigantic size; and the churches, too, with their round cupolas and little spires. Nor only so, but the very trees were there

BLACK FOREST WAGGON.

in *facsimile*, standing in avenues, with their oddly-clipped tops tapering conically to a point. Like other artists, the Dutch, or rather *German* ("Deutsche"), toymen had, after all, only imitated what they had seen.

The "Dutch" clocks of all kinds, from the simplest and cheapest up to the most elaborately and artistically carved, tempt the purchaser; and almost everything into which wood can be carved or shaped may be found, and the prices, which are astonishingly moderate, are plainly marked.

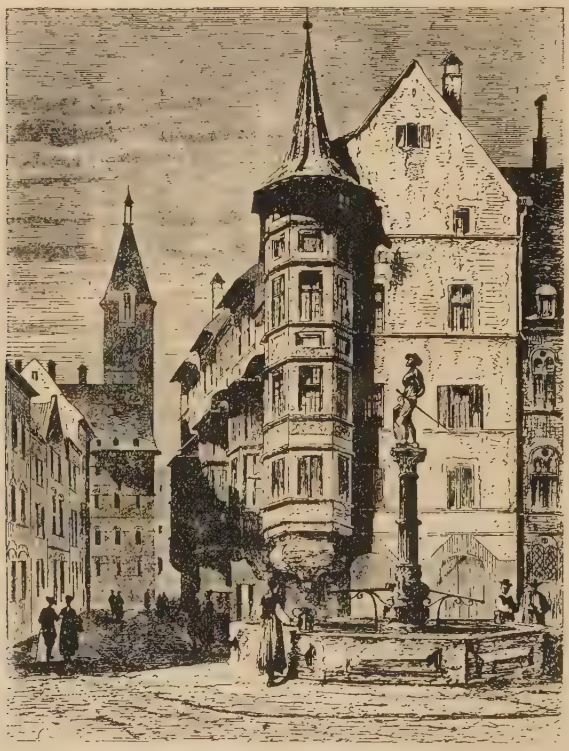
The quaint old Black Forest towns abound in the most curious architecture. On market-day the little squares are like a page out of the Middle Ages, with their odd peasant costumes. In Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, the architecture partakes of a bolder

INTERIOR OF A TOWN IN SIMONSWALD.

type, as shown in our cut, on page 310; the picturesque oriel window is a very strongly marked feature.

The following graphic sketch of life in Switzerland is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Eby, the accomplished missionary of the Methodist Church in Japan:

"It is night when we enter Zurich. Most travellers who have written about Switzerland have been so enraptured with its gigantic mountains, those natural battlements of freedom, that they have forgotten the people, or seeing them industrous, have

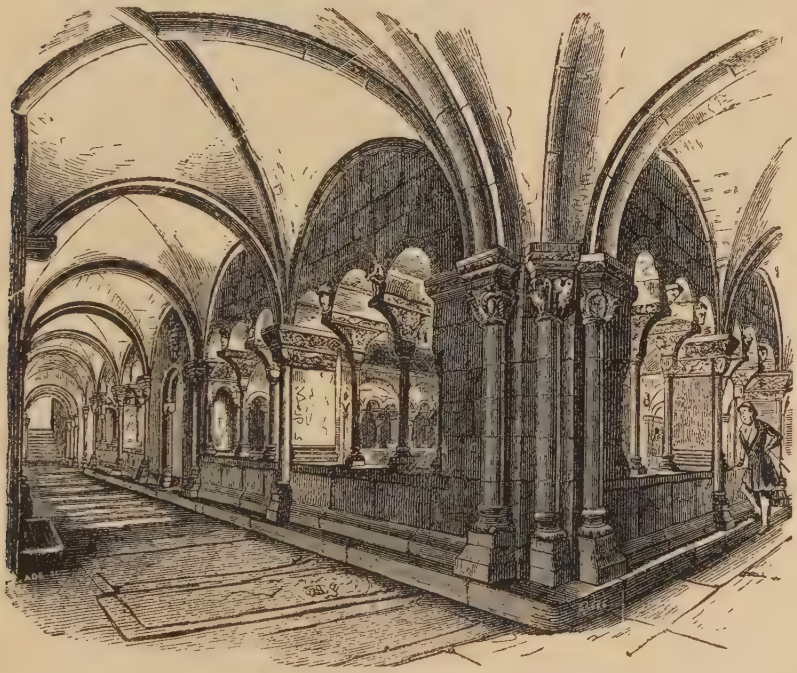


MARKET PLACE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

set them down as one of the happiest and most enviable people of all Europe. A year's residence, however, in both French and German Switzerland, has given me quite another idea of the state of affairs. A person could live his lifetime there and not see the shady side, but as a missionary among the people themselves, I have had the amplest opportunity of seeing things as they are.

"In the first place, politically, Switzerland is a republic, and has been vaunted to the skies. The name republic generally carries

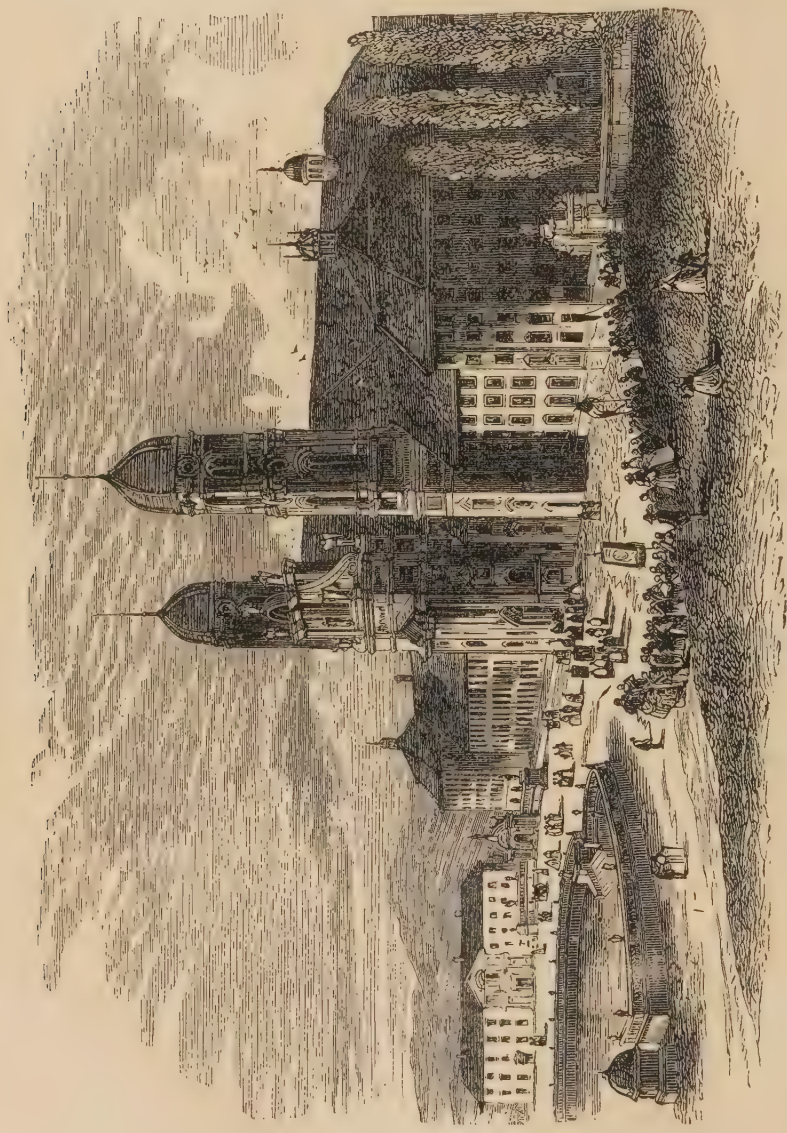
with it the idea of personal freedom and universal interest in the affairs of the country. But in Switzerland there is more red-tapeism than in Prussia, and less political freedom. I had been over nearly one-half of the countries of Europe, and only in Switzerland was my passport demanded. A servant girl cannot go from one village to another without a pass and a permit; and I saw in no Protestant country, whatever, such a sneaking terror of the law.



CLOISTERS, GROSSMINSTER, ZURICH.

"They are industrious. Yes, they have to work like slaves to eke out an existence. Men have immense silk manufactories, and make millions out of the bones and blood of thousands of young girls of an overstocked population. They work from five in the morning until late at night, and frequently scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. A sturdy mason or carpenter, or other mechanic, has to work his fourteen hours a day for from sixty to eighty cents. The men work, the wives have to be slaves, the children work as soon as they are out of the cradle, and the old women work until they fall into the grave, and yet they can hardly get potatoes and coffee enough to live

on. You ask why they don't emigrate? simply because they cannot. It would take long years of tremendous labour for a



'CHURCH AND ABBEY OF EINSIEDELN.

young man to lay by a hundred dollars with which to start in the world.

"In a religious point of view, they are partly Protestant and

partly Roman Catholic, and the different cantons are as clearly marked off as to their religion as if the conscience were a thing to be regulated by treaty. Protestantism has dwindled down to a mere form, the women and children go to church, while the men spend their time in wine shops. One minister near me once preached a sermon, somewhat evangelical in its tone, and then said to his audience, 'That's the way the evangelicals preach; you may believe it if you like, for I don't.' Most are rationalists, and very few would impress you with the idea that they were the followers of Calvin and Zwingle. Yet feeble as real religion is, the absence of Popery is marked. You step over the bounds of a Protestant canton into a Roman Catholic one, and you can notice the change at once. One of the most palpable differences is in the number of beggars.

"As to their morality, notwithstanding all that has been said about the sobriety of wine-growing countries, drunkenness is a very prevalent vice. You are awakened in towns by the midnight orgies of students, and in villages men squander away their time and money over their bottles, while their wives slave at home to keep their little ones from starvation.

"We embarked on a steamer at Zurich. The water is as clear as crystal; you can count the pebbles at the bottom. But what a motley crowd we have on board! Women, young and old, dressed in the different costumes of half a dozen cantons, and sheepish-looking men following them; monks in plenty, with kirtle and cowl and breviary. What does it mean? Why, they are on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin—to holy Einsiedeln, in the Canton Schwytz. Let us turn pilgrims, too, and visit the same place. We land at Rapperschwyle, and start on a three hours' tramp over the hills. The way is ever-varying, and presents at every turn new pictures of grandeur. We become enraptured at the scene, and at the conversation of a young lady pilgrim, when a little ragged urchin rushes up, gets down on his knees in the dust in a twinkling, and commences to gabble his 'Vaterunser' (Our Father) as fast as a steam-engine. On the way we stop to refresh ourselves at a sacred fountain, called Mainard's Well, after the saint who founded the monastery to which we are going. On a sudden appear two strapping boys, with outstretched hands, begging a few centimes. A short lecture on the evils of laziness sent them skulking away. Near the end of our journey, a well-dressed, able-bodied mechanic stops our company, pulls off his hat, and says, '*armer Reisender*,' that is 'poor traveller,' and he

wants money, too. Instantly my hat was presented, and '*armer Reisender*' repeated. He, nonplussed, grinned a moment, and then passed on.

"We reach Einsiedeln, embosomed in hills, cut off from the

SALT MINE, AUSTRIA.

world certainly, but somehow the world gets in. The monastery is a fine large building, from the beginning of the last century. The village has some 3,000 inhabitants, and it is said that 150,000 pilgrims come annually to worship the image of the Virgin and

Child in the church. The figures are perfectly black, and clothed in the richest array of jewellery and gold. There are great rows of confessional stalls, where the faithful kneel. On the wall near

CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY, IN A SALT MINE.

the door, are suspended scores of expressions of thanks for prayers answered and favours received. Such as, 'To God and His mother, the holy Mary, we give thanks for the restoration of a sick cow;' and many others of a similar character. In front of the building is a fountain, with seven spouts, out of one of

which it is said the Saviour drank, but which one it is, no one knows, as each pilgrim drinks from all, to be sure of drinking from the one the Saviour used. The great business of the place consists in the sale of rosaries and other religious paraphernalia."

We conclude this rambling chapter with a brief sketch of the famous Salt Mines of Cracow, of which we give a couple of engravings. The mines are entered by numerous shafts, with galleries at seven different levels, leading to a labyrinth of passages and immense excavations, extending to a total length of five hundred miles. Some of the chambers are as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, but those now excavated are much lower. One of these is fitted up as a chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, in which the altars, statues, columns, pulpit, etc., are all hewn out of the salt. In another is a lake six hundred and forty feet long and forty feet deep. These mines have been worked from the early part of the eleventh century. The kings of Poland drew from them considerable revenue, and depended upon them for the endowment of their queens.

AT THE GATE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Beside a mighty city's gate,
Where passed at morn the proud and great
To seek a sacred shrine that stood
Within the precincts of a wood,
A crippled beggar sat, and loud
Besought the ever-passing crowd.
His need was sore, but they denied;
"We seek to find out God!" they cried,
As by the altar, on the sod,
They knelt—"We seek to find out God!"

The day declined. The great and proud
Who sought that morn the shrine, and bowed
Their heads as though in reverence there,
Forgot the shrine, forgot the prayer.
But, lo! the man whom they denied
A pittance as they passed in pride,
Dead by the gateway, knew what they
So vainly sought, as day by day,
They toward the holy altar trod,
He—he alone—had found out God!

THE CANADIAN CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

ESKIMO KINDLING FIRE.

AFTER centuries of seclusion and neglect, broken only by the infrequent visits of ambitious seekers for the North Pole, or mercenary hunters for the right whale, and by the semi-religious, semi-commercial ministrations of the Moravian missionaries, the Eskimo of the Labrador and Hudson's Bay region suddenly had the eyes of the world turned inquiringly upon them.

The shocking story was published far and wide that a winter that did not change to spring in the usual way had cut off their supply of food, and that in consequence they were devouring one another with the ghastly relish of a Fiji cannibal. Although this report happily proved untrue, the Eskimo are sufficiently interesting to arrest attention at all times, and are little enough known to furnish an adequate excuse at this time for a brief paper upon them.

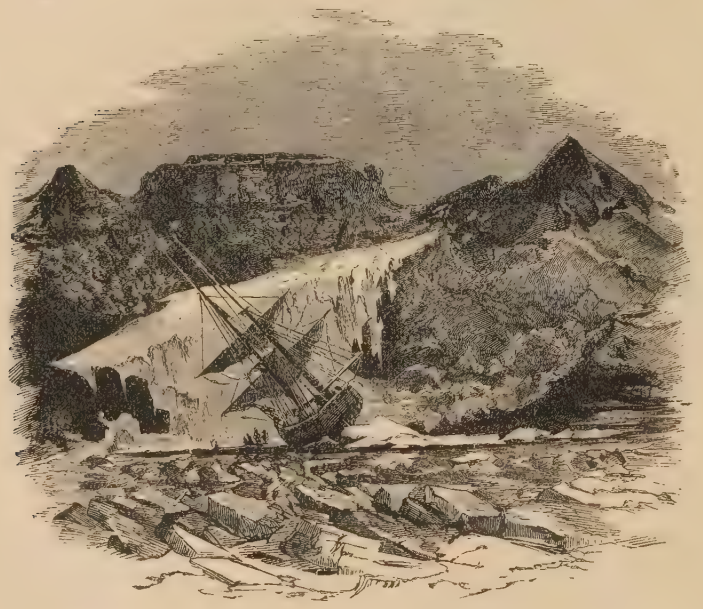
To aid me in presenting the earliest glimpses of the Eskimo, I am fortunate in having before me a manuscript prepared by the late Robert Morrow, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, an accomplished student of the literatures of Iceland and Denmark.

That to the Norsemen, and not to the Spaniards, rightfully belongs the credit of first discovering America is now settled, and

* Abridged, with the Author's kind permission, from an admirable article in *The Cosmopolitan* Magazine.

that when the Norsemen first touched American soil they found the Eskimo already in possession is also certain. Yet it was not these bold adventurers who gave this curious people the name by which they are most generally known.

The name "Eskimo" was given to them by the Abenaki, a tribe of Indians in Southern Labrador. It is an abbreviation of "Eskimautsik," which means "eating raw fish," in allusion to their repulsive custom of eating both fish and flesh without taking the trouble to cook it. The Eskimo themselves assert very em-



NIPPED IN THE ICE.

phatically that they are "Innuit;" that is, "the people," just as though they were the only people in the world (and, by the way, it is worth noticing that each particular tribe of these "Huskies" thinks itself the entire population of the globe until undeceived by the advent of visitors).

When Eric the Red sailed across from Iceland to Greenland (somewhere about the year 985), he found many traces of the Eskimo there; and when Thorvald, some twenty years later, ventured as far south as Vinland, identified as the present Martha's Vineyard (with which he was so delighted that he exclaimed: "Here is beautiful land, and here wish I to raise my

dwelling"), the unexpected discovery of three skin boats upon the beach affected him and his followers much as the imprint of a human foot did Robinson Crusoe. They found more than the boats, however; for each boat held three men, all but one of whom were caught and summarily despatched, for reasons that the Saga discreetly forbears to state.

But retribution followed fast. No sooner had the invaders returned to their ships than the natives attacked them in great force, and although the Norsemen came out best in the fighting, their leader, Thorvald, received a mortal wound. He charged his men to bury him upon the cape, "at which he had thought it best to dwell;" for, as he pathetically added, "it may happen it was a true word which fell from my mouth that I should dwell there for a time." His men did as they were bid. They set up two crosses over his grave, whose site is now known as Summit Point. They then hastened homeward.

After the lapse of two years, one Thorfinn Karlsefne, fired by what he heard of the wonderful discoveries made by the hardy sons of Eric the Red, fitted out an imposing expedition, his boats carrying one hundred and sixty men, beside women, cattle, etc., and set sail for Vinland. He reached his destination in safety, and, remaining there for some time, improved upon his predecessor's method of treating the natives. Instead of aimlessly killing them, he cheerfully cheated them, getting huge packs of furs in exchange for bits of red cloth. He has thus described his customers' chief personal characteristics: "These men were black and ill-favoured, and had straight hair on their heads. They had large eyes and broad cheeks." All of which shows that, although the Eskimo have changed their *habitat* since then, they have not altered much in their appearance.

After two years of prosperous trading, the relations between the Norsemen and the natives became strained, and they were vanquished by sheer force of numbers, and deemed it prudent to make off without standing upon the order of their going.

With the departure of the Norsemen, the curtain of obscurity falls upon the Eskimo and is not lifted again until we find them, not luxuriating amid the vine-entangled forests of Vinland, but scattered far and wide over the hideous desolation of the hard north, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold. Just when they thus moved northward, and why, does not yet appear. If their innate and intense hatred of the Red Indian be of any service as a clue, it is, however, within the bounds of

ABANDONING A SHIP IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

reason to believe that they were driven from their comfortable quarters by their more active and warlike fellow-aborigines, and given no rest until they found it amidst the icebergs and glaciers of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, where they may now be met in bands numbering from a dozen to a hundred or more. Throughout the whole of this Arctic region they fearlessly range in search of food.

The Eskimo are, in fact, the only inhabitants of a vast territory, which includes the shores of Arctic America, the whole of Greenland, and a tract about four hundred miles long on the Asiatic coast beyond Behring's Straits, thus extending over a distance of from five thousand miles east to west, and three thousand two hundred miles from north to south. Notwithstanding this wide distribution, there is a remarkable uniformity, not only in the physical features of the Eskimo, but also in their manners, traditions, and language. Consequently, very much that may be said of the Canadian Children of the Cold (that is the Eskimo of Labrador and Hudson's Bay) would be equally true of the other branches of the race.

For a good deal of interesting information concerning them we are indebted to the writings of such men as Ribbach and Herzeburg, Moravian missionaries, who, with a heroic zeal that only

those familiar with their lot can adequately appreciate, have devoted themselves to "the cure of souls" among the Eskimo. There are six of these Moravian missions scattered along the eastern coast of Labrador. Nain, the chief one, was established as far back as 1771, Okkak in 1776, Hopedale in 1782, and Hebron, Zoar, and Ramah more recently.

The bestowal of so attractive Biblical names helps very little, however, to mitigate the unfavourable impression produced by the forbidding surroundings of these tiny oases almost lost in a seemingly illimitable desert. Sheer from the sea, except where broken by frequent gulf and fiord, the coast-line towers up in tremendous and unpitying sternness, and at its base the breakers thunder with a force and fury that knows little pause throughout the year. From end to end, the shore is jagged like a gigantic saw with innumerable bays and inlets, sprinkled thick with islands, and underlaid with hidden reefs, which make these waters difficult to find and dangerous to navigate.

The interior of the country is equally repellant. Although toward the west it becomes less mountainous and slightly undulating, like the American prairie, it presents nothing but an inhospitable and savage wilderness, covered with immense forests broken by numerous swamps and lakes, and untouched by human foot, save when now and then a band of Red Indians venture thither, lured by the hope of food and fur.

The Eskimo upon the eastern coast of Labrador are, as a rule, small of stature, not much exceeding five feet. Those upon the western shore, however, are taller and more robust; they are quite strongly built, with hair and beard sweeping down over their shoulders and chest. When the good seed sown by the patient missionary finds lodgment in a Husky's heart, he usually signalizes his adoption of Christianity by indulging in a clean shave, or at least by cutting his beard short with a pair of scissors, in deference, perhaps, to the judgment of St. Paul that "if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him."

They all have small, soft hands, broad shoulders, big, flat faces, large, round heads, and short, stubby noses,

"Tip-tilted, like the petals of a flower,"

and very generous mouths, which, being nearly always on the broad grin, make free display of fine rows of sharp, white teeth. In complexion they are tawny and ruddy, and the face is of a much darker shade than the body. At spring-time, when the

sun's burning rays are reflected from glistening banks of snow, they become almost as black in the face as negroes; but new-born babes may be seen as fair as any American infant. Their eyes are small and almost uniformly black, and peep brightly out at

ESKIMO VILLAGE IN WINTER.

you from beneath a perfect forest of brow and lash. Their hair is black, also, and very thick and coarse.

Their ordinary food is the flesh of the seal, with its attendant blubber, and the fish that abounds along the shores. They are not particular whether their dinner is cooked or not. They are

also very partial to tallow, soap, fish oil, and such things, which they look upon as great delicacies—a big tallow candle being rather more of a treat to an Eskimo youngster than a stick of candy to a civilized small boy.

That these peculiar and decidedly repulsive tastes are, after all, based on the laws of nature is clearly shown by the fact that when the natives around a mission station adopt a European diet (and they soon become passionately fond of bread and biscuits), they inevitably grow weak and incapable of withstanding the intense cold.

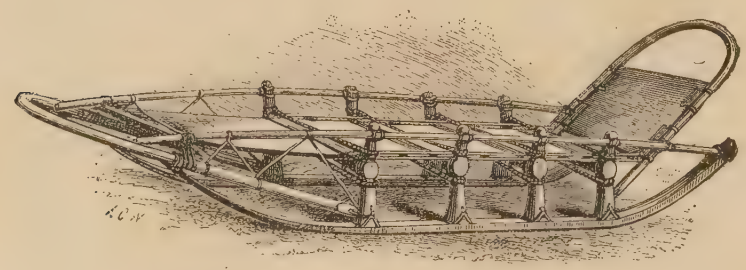
The seal is, in fact, everything to the Eskimo. What the buffalo was to the American Indian, what the reindeer is to the European Laplander, all that, and still more, is the seal to these Children of the Cold. Upon its meat and blubber they feed. With its fur they are clothed. By its oil they are warmed and lighted. Stretched upon appropriate frame-work, its skin makes them seaworthy boats and weather-proof tents; while, unkindest use of all, with its bladder they float the fatal harpoon that wrought its own undoing. To sum it all up in one sentence, take away the seal and the Eskimo could not exist for a month.

There is not much room for fashion's imperious sway in Labrador. Sealskin from scalp to toe is the invariable rule, and there would be no small difficulty in distinguishing between the sexes, if the women did not indulge in a certain amount of ornamentation upon their garments, and further indicate their femininity by appending to their sacques a curious tail reaching almost to the ground, which they renew whenever it becomes so dirty as to shock even their sluggish sensibilities. Still another distinguishing mark, permissible, however, only to those that have attained the dignity of motherhood, is the *amook*, a capacious hood hung between the shoulders, which forms the safest and snuggest of all carrying-places for babies that would otherwise be "in arms."

In addition to the records of the Moravian missionaries, the reports of Arctic explorers and the stories brought back by whalers and sealers concerning the Eskimo, much information has been gained of late through the measures taken by the Canadian Government to determine the practicability of Hudson's Bay as a commercial highway. For three successive years expeditions on an extensive scale have been despatched to that little known region, and observing stations have been maintained throughout the year at different points along the coast of Labrador, and the

shores of that great inland sea, which has not inappropriately been termed the "Mediterranean of Canada." As one result of these expeditions, much attention has been drawn to the natives. Lieutenant Gordon, who has commanded all three, has many kind words for them. He finds them docile, amiable, and willing to work, and apparently much pleased with the prospect of increased intercourse with the white man. Occasionally one is met with that has been sufficiently enterprising to acquire the English language, while many others understand well enough what is said to them in that language, although they cannot be persuaded to speak it.

They are wildly fond of any article of civilized clothing, and the head man at one settlement exhibited no little pride in the possession of a stand-up linen collar, almost worthy to be placed beside one of Mr. Gladstone's.



ESKIMO SLEDGE.

When stores were being landed at the stations, the Eskimo would gather about and offer their services, which were always accepted, and then all day long they would toil cheerfully side by side with their white brethren, requiring no other remuneration than biscuits. When so much has been written by Arctic explorers about the incorrigible kleptomania of the natives they encountered, it is no less a matter for surprise than for gratification that Lieutenant Gordon can bear this testimony as to the moral status of the Eskimo at Hudson's Bay: "One word may be said in regard to their honesty. Although scraps of iron and wood possess a value to them which we can hardly appreciate, they would take nothing without first asking leave. Not even a chip or broken nail was taken without their first coming for permission to the officer who was on duty."

No doubt the fact that practical liquor prohibition prevails has something to do with this commendable showing. The law,

aided and abetted by the vigilant missionaries, shuts out everything stronger than lime-juice, and the path of the Eskimo is free from the most seductive and destructive of all temptations, except when some unprincipled whaler offers him a pull out of his flask. This, however, is a rare occurrence, and there is no record of any such disturbance ever having been raised as would in more highly civilized communities call for the interference of the police. Although the simplicity of their life and their freedom from many modern vices conduce to longevity, these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the strain put upon their constitutions by the severity of the climate and the incessant struggle for food. Consequently, they soon age, and seldom live beyond sixty years.

The doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness finds few adherents in Eskimo land. The rule seems to be to eschew washing throughout the year, and many a mighty hunter goes through life innocent of a bath, unless, indeed, he should happen to be tumbled out of his *kayak* by some irate walrus with other than sanitary designs in mind.

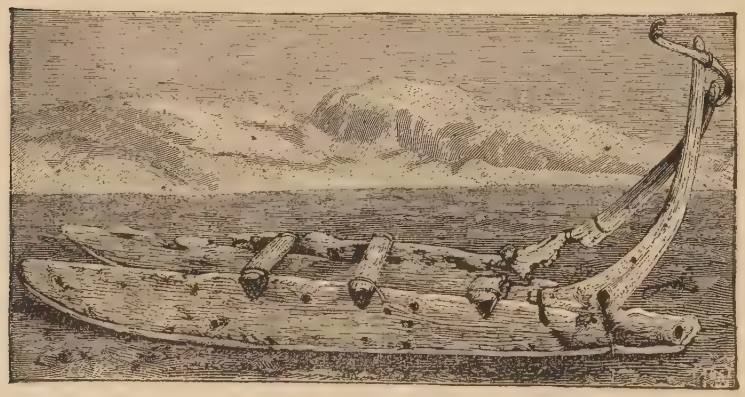
So familiar has the world been made through the medium of Arctic exploration literature with the *igloos* (huts), *kayaks* and *umiaks* (boats), sledges, dogs, harpoons, and other possessions of these people, which are precisely the same wherever they may be found, that reference to them seems unnecessary, especially as the Canadian Eskimo offer nothing peculiar. But, before concluding, a few words must be added as to the moral and intellectual characteristics of this race. Their intelligence is considerable. In some instances they display not only a taste but a talent for music, chart-making, and drawing. One case is mentioned where a mere lad drew an excellent outline of the coast for over a hundred miles, indicating its many irregularities with astonishing accuracy. They are capital mimics, and are apt at learning the songs and dances of their white visitors. But they are poor men of business. They generally leave to the purchaser the fixing of the price of anything they have to sell.

Stealing and lying were unknown among them until these "black arts" were introduced by the whites as products of civilization, and unhappily, the natives are proving apt pupils. They are also somewhat given to gambling. Although by no means without courage, they seldom quarrel and never go to war with one another.

As to religion, the Eskimo, before they accepted Christianity,

had little or none that was worthy of the name. They believe in the immortality of the soul, but liberally extend this doctrine to the lower animals also, which they endow with souls. They hold, also, that human souls can pass into the bodies of these very animals.

With respect to the Higher Powers, their creed is that the world is ruled by supernatural beings, whom they call "owners," and, as almost every object has its owner, this would seem to be a kind of Pantheism. After death human souls go either up or down; but in curious contrast to the belief of all other races, the good, in their opinion, go to the nether world, where they bask in a land, not of milk and honey, but of inexhaustible seal meat and blub-



ESKIMO SLEDGE.

ber. The bad, on the other hand, go to the upper world, where they suffer, not from excess of heat, but from frost and famine.

Like all aborigines, they have their own legend of the Deluge, and to this day they proudly point out a large island lying between Okkak and Hebron, rising to the height of nearly seven thousand feet, which they claim was the only spot left uncovered by the Flood, and upon which a select party of their antediluvian ancestors survived the otherwise all-embracing catastrophe.

The future destiny of this interesting race may be readily forecast. In common with the Red Indian of the plains, the swarthy Eskimo may adopt with reference to the white man those words of fathomless pathos uttered by John the Baptist in reference to the Messiah, "He must increase, but I must decrease." It is merely a question of time. All over the vast region he inhabits are signs showing that his numbers were far greater once than

they are at present. The insatiable greed of his white brothers is rendering his existence increasingly difficult. The seal and the walrus are ever being driven farther north, and that means a sterner and shorter struggle for life. As the Indian will not long survive the buffalo, so the Eskimo will not long survive the seal. There are, perhaps, fifteen thousand of them now scattered far and wide over the tremendous spaces between Labrador and Alaska. Each year their numbers are growing less, and ere long the last remnant of the race will have vanished, and the great lone North will return to the state of appalling solitude and silence that only the Canadian Children of the Cold had the fortitude to alleviate by their presence.

ALONE!

ATHIRST and weary lies the strand,
Mocked by the sunny, salty sea;
The waves came dancing hand in hand,
And leap and laugh, in childish glee,
Among the barren dunes of sand.

There, leaning wistful to the land—
As once in fear it sought to flee,
And, paralyzed by God's command,
Was chained to duty—stands a tree,
Sore buffeted by blast and brand.

It leans, in longing to the land—
And laughter seems in all the seas,
And wrinkled laughter in the sand;
Seems laughter in the breeze to be,
That only fevered when it fanned.

But nightly, nearer, bends the sky,
And nearer the sympathetic moon;
God's robes of cloud go trailing by
Inviting touch, assuring boon;
So far the land, but heaven so nigh.

Soul, leaning wilful to the land,
Whom God hath set by His salt sea—
'Tis hard for thee to understand
The larger world that stoops to thee,
Above thy barren dunes of sand.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MISERIES OF A PALACE.

BY MISS MAY TWEEDIE.

"O READER, we will pity the crowned head as well as the hatted and even hatless one," is the pathetic comment of Carlyle, as he deals with some perplexing phases of royal character.

This spontaneous ebullition of sympathy reveals its highest pathos when applied to a royal life of such intense suffering and difficulty as that of Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine, eldest daughter of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and his wife Sophie Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England. A volume of memoirs from the pen of this distinguished lady which have recently, through the effort of Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, become accessible in an English translation—dedicated to her brother-in-law, the late Emperor of Germany—vividly recall days long since passed into history, and give a picture of life in the court of Berlin at that remote period as interesting as it is appalling.

The brief limits of a magazine article consign to oblivion the many minute, and by no means cheerful, details which invest this volume with almost painful interest as well as touching gloom, affording space for only the most prominent events in the life of this unfortunate Prussian princess. To be thoroughly understood, this sketch must be prefaced by a cursory review of the character of her royal parents. Frederick William I. was the son of Frederick I., a liberal-minded, splendour-loving monarch. But not a semblance of either quality did he transmit to his son, who, on ascending the throne in 1713, emphasized his intolerance of all display by reducing within two months the expenses of his state administration and household to one-fifth what they had previously been, gradually introducing similar reforms into every department.

The object of this strict economy—correctly designated by contemporary sovereigns as "sordid avarice"—was ambition to make Prussia one of the leading military powers of Europe. To attain this end he sacrificed even the comfort of his household. He deprived them of the necessaries of life, and compelled the Queen and her daughters to assist in the domestic work.

Frederick's ungovernable temper inflicted indescribable misery on his family. Yet on the slightest provocation this "explosive bear" wept with childish copiousness, revealing in many instances a kind heart, in others merely the subservience of his emotional

nature to selfish interests. Possessing but little ability to discern character, he selected as chief advisers Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt, unworthy men, capable of ruining any young sovereign. The Royal Consort, Sophie, one of the most beautiful princesses of her day, and "perfect in all the arts of deportment," was withal cruelly obstinate, seldom concurring in the wishes of the King, and caring little for her children, except as they subserved her ambitious designs.

Such was the parentage of the Crown Princess Wilhelmine, born in 1709—the second of fourteen children—and three years the senior of the world-renowned Frederick the Great, the brother to whom she was so ardently attached, and over whom she exerted so great an influence. But four years intervened between the grand ceremonial of christening—witnessed by three kings—and the introduction of the youthful princess to her first governess, Mademoiselle Leti, a clever but violent and revengeful Dutchwoman. This lady immediately added to her functions as teacher that of matchmaker—being employed in this capacity by the Prince of Anhalt, who thus early in his administration conceived the idea of promoting his interests by arranging a marriage between the Princess Wilhelmine and his uncouth, dissolute nephew, the Margrave of Schwedt—a project which Leti was to aid by fostering in her juvenile charge a proper degree of respect and affection for her unwelcome suitor.

But the attempt to carry out this plan requiring for its completion the removal of the King and the Crown Prince, and the elevation of the Margrave to the throne, to which he had a remote claim, involved so many diabolical plots, intrigues and attempts on the life of the King, that His Majesty becoming aware of the commotion, withdrew his consent given in the initial stages of the affair; and having wreaked his rage on the least culpable offenders, decided to prevent further trouble from this source by marrying the Margrave to a Russian princess. He however refused most peremptorily to acquiesce in the wishes of the King, retiring in the meantime, to reappear in a similar connection at a subsequent and much more exciting period in the history of the Princess.

Leti, annoyed that the match was broken off, and that no further prospect remained of receiving presents from Anhalt, vented her wrath on her unfortunate pupil. Abusive epithets, accompanied by blows and ill-treatment, resulted, on more than one occasion, in prolonged illness. The Queen, whose faculty of perception and maternal solicitude were somewhat dormant, except in cases affecting her own interests, permitted this treatment to continue without interruption, till the Princess,

exhausted with suffering and terrified by threats, sank into a state of melancholy.

An interesting event chronologically allied to this portion of our review is a visit to Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, accompanied by the Empress and a suite of four hundred persons. The stalwart Czar observing the King, who stood ready to greet him as he left the ship, rushed forward and seizing his hand shook it vigorously, remarking with quaint cordiality, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you," reserving a much more enthusiastic greeting for the Queen, who, unfamiliar with the peculiarities of Russian courtesy, assumed a hauteur quite embarrassing to the friendly Czar. "The Czarina"—to quote the humorous description of the Princess—was "small, broad and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity or appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with dirty-looking silver embroidery. She wore a dozen orders, and around the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule." A slight hesitation on the part of the Empress to comply with a trifling request, gave the Emperor an opportunity to epitomize his system of domestic government in the remark, "You will lose your head if you do not obey me!" This barbarous court departed after a stay of two days, carrying with them many valuable presents.

But to return to events more intimately connected with the Princess. Mdlle. Von Sonnsfield, an excellent and accomplished lady familiar in the Prussian court, succeeded Leti as governess. This happy appointment gave the Princess a life-long and devoted friend. Under her benign tuition music, history, philosophy, English, and Italian lost the mysteries which Leti's long sessions, beginning at eight a.m. and continuing till nine p.m., failed to elucidate, and became not merely intelligible but enjoyable. Reading was a cherished though surreptitious occupation, indulged in only when the meagre library under the bed could be drawn from its hiding-place without attracting the attention of the King, who despised all learning, considering needlework and household duties of paramount importance. But for the more enlightened views of the Queen, the education of the Princess would have been sadly neglected.

We now come to the regions of narrative from the intricate mazes of which must be extricated the "double marriage project," a plan to unite the courts of England and Prussia by

arranging a marriage between the Duke of Gloucester, grandson of George I., and the Princess Wilhelmine, and the Crown Prince and Princess Amelia, sister of the Duke of Gloucester. This matrimonial drama—for such it was destined to become—gives Queen Sophie unenviable prominence as its instigator and relentless supporter—so relentless that though her home was for years darkened by perpetual quarrels, and her children tortured through a vain ambition to elevate her daughter to the English throne, yet with implacable obstinacy she clung to the project, facing the direst opposition with the fearless assertion: "I will overturn the German nation if driven to it in this matter!"

Owing to some skilful manœuvring on the part of the English court to prejudice King George against the double marriage, he was not as "impressively eager" on this point as Queen Sophie. Alarmed lest the alliance of the Duke of Gloucester with a clever young princess might lessen their influence with the King, the leading ladies of the court, the Princess of Wales, and others, despatched several emissaries to Berlin to play a game for them there. The most absurd reports of the Princess suddenly became current in England, none however less flattering than that of one Polnitz, who described her as a "monster of ill-temper, proud, haughty and deformed!" King George, influenced by several considerations—few more potent than a moderate degree of attractiveness in a daughter-in-law—hesitated to sign the marriage treaty.

But wily Queen Sophie determined to outwit her foes. With the co-operation of parsimonious Frederick William, eager for prospective financial advantages to secure the marriage of his daughter, she contrived to lure her "taciturn, splenetic" parent to Berlin, not without many agreeable private speculations as to the result. Great demonstrations greeted the arrival of this august monarch, every one was enthusiastic, except the unfortunate Wilhelmine. She was immediately monopolized by the artistes of the court, and bewildered by lectures on deportment and dress; such elaborate preparations for one solitary interview with "His Britannic Majesty," a stolid, rigid scrutiny by candle light, unbroken by the faintest sign of approval, quite disgusted the Princess with English royalty.

But a great load was rolled from the parental hearts during this visit. Queen Sophie was triumphant. "The negotiation, protracted for years, was brought to a victorious issue—the Double Marriage Treaty was signed." But neither subtle tactics, nor fervent appeals, subsequently induced King George to consent to the celebration of the marriage. This decisive step was

successively evaded by the excuses, "Parliament had not been consulted; the contracting parties were too young."

Irritated at the postponement of the marriage, and indignant at the refusal of King George to continue the contribution of recruits to his army, Frederick William gradually entertained less friendly feelings toward England. The relations between the courts rapidly cooled, preparing the way for the second act in this sad drama.

Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, determined to sever every vestige of connection by treaty between Prussia and England, avert all possibility of a matrimonial union between the countries, and strengthen his own position by gaining the support of his influential neighbour. He accordingly opened negotiations with Grumkow, who, dazzled by brilliant venal inducements, became his willing accomplice. Count Seckendorf, the clever, fascinating envoy of the court of Vienna, opportunely arrived in Berlin, accompanied by a large suite of Hungarian soldiers, the smallest of whom stood six feet high. These he presented to the delighted monarch, together with many flattering messages from the Emperor. Nor did the brilliant fêtes given by Seckendorf fail to make an impression on the King, who was no enemy to good living, provided he did not have to pay for it.

The Princess, meantime powerless to gratify personal preference, or interfere in the most trifling detail affecting her marriage, spent the time most sorrowfully, surrounded by intriguing maids and tormented by the Queen. Jealousy incarnate, Her Majesty doomed to brevity every period of concord between the King and Princess, and embittered the life of the latter by continual fault-finding. Never oblivious to the English project, her manœuvring kept the court in perpetual agitation. George II., now King, met the ceaseless negotiations of his dauntless sister with tantalizing indifference, and repulsed the most touching personal appeals with the excuse Parliament had not been consulted.

An attack of gout at this juncture made the irascible old King of Prussia more irritable than ever. The entire household quailed before his angry violence. The Crown Prince and Princess, never allowed to leave his bedside, compelled to eat what they absolutely loathed, had to endure indescribable misery. Famished with hunger and tormented by alternate scoldings and blows, the Prince talked of flight and the Princess coveted death. Subjected to such treatment, the latter succumbed to an attack of small-pox. Exiled to an icy-cold room, shut out from all the world except her beloved brother Fritz, her situation by contrast was most agreeable. An interval of peace followed the King's recovery and departure to Potsdam.

Grumkow and Seckendorf quickly renewed the family contentions. Indefatigable in surreptitious efforts to prevent the English alliance, they induced the King to accept the distasteful Margrave Schmedt as a suitor for his unfortunate daughter. "If the Queen," said His Majesty, "does not agree to this marriage and the conditions I propose I shall break with her forever, and she retires with her worthless daughter, whom I shall no longer acknowledge, to her dower-house of Oranienburg." "Though the King torture me to death, I will never consent to such marriage," was the defiant reply. As a compromise she proposed the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth—an excellent young prince and prospective sovereign. Frederick William grumbled assent, but as the Princess married in opposition to his wishes he would consent to give no dowry. The Princess refused to leave home penniless and denounced by her father.

At this juncture, the domestic sorrows of Her Majesty began to excite so much sympathy among the Berlin public that the English envoy despatched Dr. Villa, English chaplain of the city, and a teacher of the Princess, to London. His eloquent representation of the troubles of the court of Berlin and glowing description of the Prince and Princess excited universal interest. The entire nation favoured the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Prussian Princess. The Prince, though never having seen his cousin, declared himself hopelessly in love. George II. despatched his envoy to Berlin to make a proposal for the hand of the Princess. The arrival of this functionary was celebrated by a magnificent dinner. The guests became immoderately drunk, Frederick William reaching such a state of exhilaration as to propose the health of Wilhelmine, Princess of Wales, thus disclosing the whole secret of the envoy's mission. Bewildered by congratulations and demonstrations of delight which greeted his toast, the King burst into maudlin tears. The private rooms of the Princess were quickly invaded by the Queen's ladies, with a torrent of domestics in the rear, shouting, "Long live the Princess of Wales!" No one retained a vestige of composure except the Princess, who, on learning the cause of the commotion, quietly resumed her work.

The marriage was now accepted as a certainty. Soon, however, a violent break with England took place, and Frederick William having driven every one nearly mad, arranged to have the Princess become a nun. To add to the prevailing confusion, Fritz at last attempted flight from the court, a step often averted by the tears and entreaties of his favourite sister. He fell into the hands of his father, who seized him, tore his hair out in handfuls and beat him till he bled. Similar scenes of violence often darkened

his life. A subsequent attempt of the King to kill his unfortunate son resulted in the transfer of the latter to the Custrin—a dark, gloomy fortress—there to languish for a year.

These tidings left no leisure for prolonged or overwhelming grief in the court of Berlin. Prompt action only can avert more awful proceedings on the part of His Majesty. Arrest and death must be the fate of many, should the secret correspondence of the Prince with England, the Queen, Princess and others fall into the hands of the King. Hours of inquiry and days of search reveal no vestige of the hidden casket of letters. The Queen and Princess prostrate with terror, haunted by visions of unprecedented cruelty, yield to despair, when Katt, Frederick's reader, stealthily forwards the casket to the Queen. After some deliberation it is broken open, disclosing hundreds of old, yellow letters, many written with lemon juice. These burned, the Queen assigns to the Princess the terrible task of writing an equal number of new ones with old dates! No sooner was the task completed and the casket sealed, than the King arrived. A pitiable scene, most graphically described by the Princess, ensued.

"The Queen was alone in His Majesty's apartment waiting for him, as he approached. At the sight of her in the distance, he exclaimed, 'Your son is ended at last!' 'What,' cried the Queen, 'have you had the barbarity to kill him?' 'Yes, I tell you. Where is the casket with his letters?' Wringing her hands and crying incessantly, the Queen got it for him. He immediately broke it open, unsuspiciously tore out the letters, and left the room. Returning shortly, my sisters and I approached him to kiss his hand. He no sooner saw me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently, that I fell insensible to the ground. The King tried to kick me and repeat his blows, but was prevented by the Queen and my sisters. It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition! The King was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen and his mouth foaming. The Queen was crying and wringing her hands, all around were pale as death, and I—I was in the very depths of despair, I was shivering from head to foot and a cold perspiration poured off my face. He then said my brother was not dead, but, 'by all the holy angels,' he would kill him. He abused me, saying that I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and accusing me of being implicated in my brother's plans to escape, swore I should pay for it with my head. He then ordered me to be confined to my room."

Crowds of people from the street with sobs and groans witnessed this stormy interview, originating no end of sympathetic exaggerations. The report ran through Berlin that the unfortunate Princess had been put to death. Sorrow prevailed everywhere His Majesty, frantic with rage, arrests, punishes, banishes, where there is a trace of co-operation or connection with the desertion of

his son. The Princess—confined in an attic room, guarded by sentries, dieted on bones devoid of meat, cooked in salt and water; terrified by the frequent visits from insolent lackeys of the King, with threats of exile to a convent, for months deprived of the visits of friends; frenzied by the knowledge that her brother, covered with rags and vermin, unshaven and half starved, lies in prison with no hope of release—is on the verge of insanity.

Huge cheeses from the Queen are sometimes smuggled into the room, containing letters enjoining opposition to proposals of marriage made by the King, and fidelity to the English alliance, which she intends yet to achieve! An attempt to bind the Princess by oath to her wishes is dexterously evaded on religious grounds. Mdlle. Von Sonnsfield is at length admitted to this prison. The study of the sciences begins, matters brighten. An occasional note arrives from the Crown Prince. Baskets of provisions, smuggled in by the thoughtful Berlin people, avert starvation. Thus a year rolls monotonously away. At length marriage projects are renewed. After many significant movements on the part of the King, a stately pompous embassy, equipped with formidable documents, invaded the isolated apartment. With great suavity, but greater mendacity, they interviewed the terrified Princess.

"Grumkow, the spokesman, in soft phrase and with strict clearness, makes it apparent to the excited girl that marry she must the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and that without the consent of her mother, which is unattainable at present, but by the peremptory command of the King, whose will is supreme. 'Submit,' says Grumkow, 'and your brother is to be completely set at liberty. You will be given a larger dowry than any of your sisters and restored to the favour of the King, likewise the Queen will be treated more kindly.' The Princess, sobbing bitterly during this address, composed herself to reply, 'I gladly sacrifice myself for my family, hoping peace will thereby be restored to it.'"

The betrothal, celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the state-room of the castle, was a sad scene. The King approached the Prince of Baireuth and Princess, causing them to exchange rings. The Queen cast revengeful glances on all around; the guests and ladies, overcome by the sad circumstances attending this event, tearfully kissed the hem of the robe of the Princess, who with heroic calmness pledged herself to a man to whom she had merely been presented. A brief engagement gave the Princess an opportunity to meet the Prince occasionally, and become in a measure attached to him. She respected him for his generosity, temperate habits, abhorrence of profanity and other vices, which had made the Prince of Wales and rival suitors so obnoxious.

The spiteful malignity of the Queen, which knew no cessation,

and many glowing descriptions of the court of Baireuth, said to surpass in magnificence that of Berlin, made the Princess anxious to sever the painful associations of her home. Tedious and deceptive financial arrangements completed, it was with a degree of pleasure she hailed her wedding-day. In the magnificent state-room, robed in a court dress of cloth of silver, with imposing train, beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, surrounded by many guests, the Princess was at last—married! At the wedding party her beloved brother suddenly appeared.

"'I was so overcome with joy,' writes the Princess, 'that had not Grumkow supported me, I should have fallen to the ground. I rushed to him, clasped him in my arms, and was quite beside myself with happiness; I laughed, cried, and talked the most utter nonsense. I threw myself at my father's feet, and in deep, heartfelt gratitude said so many touching, tender words that he began to cry. Upon this the whole company began to weep. There was nothing to be seen but pocket handkerchiefs, and the scene resembled the most affecting situation in a tragedy.'"

Baireuth was a bitter disappointment to the expectant bride. The intriguing old Margrave, father of the Prince, was a worthy successor of the Queen. Spiteful, jealous, pompous and penurious, he embittered every moment of the life of his unfortunate daughter-in-law. His daughters were not more agreeable. The court functionaries, peasants, rather than gentlemen, were incapable of conversing on any other subject than horses and cattle! Daily they drank themselves into a state of boisterous hilarity. Every one surrounding the court seemed coarse, dangerous and tiresome. The apartments of the Princess—a suite of three rooms, hung with antiquated paper, floors carpetless, with broken window-panes and tattered curtains—were as gorgeous as any in the castle! Badly cooked dishes of vinegar and onions were staple articles of diet.

Illness at length added to the despair of the Princess. Neglected by her husband, who occupied his time with trifling amusements; so poverty-stricken that she lacked means to buy even a dress—the "large dowry" being a loan to the Margrave, set down to her account but never paid—she had ample time and cause for bitter reflections. Sought in marriage by four kings, yet settled in this disgusting court, her situation was almost unbearable. The King visited Baireuth, with tears of sympathy, everything but relief for pecuniary embarrassments. He returned to Berlin, summoned the Prince to join his army, and ordered the Princess to Berlin. Afraid of incurring the King's anger, the Hereditary Prince hurried away, leaving the Princess destitute of means to undertake the journey. Sorely against her will, she solicited help from the Margrave. Insolently repulsed, she wrote to her father.

An angry letter from the King wrested a meagre sum from the Margrave. A cold, dreary autumn journey brought the exhausted Princess to Berlin. Fainting with fatigue, she was met by the heartless mother with "What do you want here? Why have you not remained in Baireuth, where you can hide your poverty? You will disgrace us all." Anticipating a kinder welcome from her father, who arrived next day from Potsdam, she was doomed to bitter disappointment. After a chilling greeting, he remarked, "I pity both you and the Prince; you have not even bread. I am a poor man, but will try to give you a few thalers from time to time; and you," he remarked, turning to the Queen, "can occasionally give her a dress!" The sympathy of her husband and brother was the sole consolation of the sorrowful Princess in the many scenes of humiliation which embittered her visit.

Unable to derive support from the Hereditary Prince, to whom the King refused any adequate remuneration for his services in the army, and dependent on her brother for clothing, she meditated flight to Holland, the pawning of her jewels, and life in disguise! Forced to spend some time at Wausterhausen, and where six small dishes served twenty-four persons, cold and hunger resulted in illness. A cool farewell was the last interview with her father. He died shortly after her departure. Deeply attached to him, with commendable magnanimity ascribing his faults to a hasty temper and baneful credulity, rather than a bad heart, she keenly lamented his death. "Remain at Baireuth. What on earth do you want here, where you will be received like a dog? Don't come to a devil's den, where you will hear only groans and cries, and where every one is ill-used," was the reply of her brother to a request to be allowed to visit her dying parent.

Though the death of the Margrave and the succession of the Hereditary Prince to the Margravate secured relief from financial embarrassments, the comforts of an elegant home, and luxuries hitherto unknown, yet the Princess was doomed to suffer from the neglect and coldness of her idolized brother. Elated by succession to the throne, conscious of the brilliant career opening before him, King Frederick scornfully twitted his sensitive sister on her comparative poverty and "little court." Her heart was well-nigh broken. Not knowing the solace of religion, she turned to a cold and sceptical philosophy. Among the first of those questioning minds that strove after intellectual freedom, she and her brother Frederick studied the English philosophers—Newton, Locke, and Shaftesbury—and the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. After years of struggling and groping through

the labyrinths of science in search of solace for her sorrows, the Margravine pathetically writes to Voltaire, "I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live."

The memoirs of the Margravine end abruptly, without any special record of the last fifteen years of her life. Her touchingly tender letters to her brother and correspondence with Voltaire, continued till her death, throw light on her declining years.

In the light of her memoirs, the Margravine seems to have possessed great strength of character. Her influence on the intellectual development of her country was great. A centre of learning and culture hitherto unknown in Germany was formed by her. Her intellectual force and goodness entitle her to a high place among the remarkable women of the eighteenth century. Her health, shattered by incessant sorrows and anxieties, gave way, causing her death at a comparatively early age, long before her brother had achieved the greatness she ever foretold for him. Her end came on the 15th of October, 1758, in the same night, at the same hour, that her brother was surprised and defeated by the Austrians at Hochkirch.

The news of her death, coming at such a critical moment, fell on Frederick with overwhelming force. The one heart which he had loved, the one friend on whose judgment he had ever relied, the sister he had so adored—was gone!

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labour slips from weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint Thine earth and vex Thine heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR.*

BY THE LATE REV. E. P. ROE.

Like so many other people, I came from a very old family, one from which there is good proof of an unbroken line through the Dark Ages, and all ages, to the first man. My forefathers (not "rude," to my knowledge) were among the first settlers on the Atlantic seaboard. My mother died some years before I attained my majority, and I cannot remember when she was not an invalid. Such literary tendencies as I have are derived from her; but I do not possess a tithe of her intellectual power. Her story-books in her youth were the classics; and when she was but twelve years of age she knew "Paradise Lost" by heart. In my recollections of her the Bible, and all works tending to elucidate its prophecies, were her favourite themes of study. The retentiveness of her memory was very remarkable. If any one repeated a verse of the New Testament she could go on and finish the chapter. Indeed, she could quote the greater part of the Bible with the ease and accuracy of one reading from the printed page. The works of Hugh Miller, and the Arctic Explorations of Dr. Kane, afforded her much pleasure. Confined usually to her room, she took unfailing delight in wandering about the world with the great travellers of that day, her strong fancy reproducing the scenes they described. A stirring bit of history moved her deeply. Well do I remember, when a boy, of reading to her a chapter from Motley's "Dutch Republic," and of witnessing in her flushed cheeks and sparkling black eyes proof of an excitement all too great for one in her frail health. She had the unusual gift of relating in an easy, simple way what she read, and many a book, far too abstruse and dull for my boyish taste, became an absorbing story from her lips. One of her chief characterisicts was the love of flowers. I can scarcely recall her when a flower of some kind, usually a rose, was not within her reach; and only periods of great feebleness kept her from their daily care, winter and summer.

My father, on the other hand, was a sturdy man of action. His love for the country was so strong that he retired from business, in New York, as soon as he had won a modest competency. For forty-odd years he never wearied in the cultivation of his little valley farm. During the last summer of his life, when in his

* Abridged from an Autobiography in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

eighty-seventh year, he had the delight of a child in driving over to my house in the early morning, long before I was up, and in leaving a basket of sweet corn or some other vegetable which he knew would prove his garden to be ahead of mine.

My father was very simple and positive in his beliefs, always openly foremost in the reform movements of his day and in his neighbourhood. His house often became a station of the "underground railroad" in slavery times, and on one night, in the depth of winter, he took a hotly-pursued fugitive in his sleigh and drove him five miles on the ice, diagonally across the Hudson, to Fishkill, thence putting the brave aspirant for freedom on the way to other friends. He incurred several risks in this act. It is rarely safe to drive on the river off the beaten track at night, for there are usually air-holes, and the strong tides are continually making changes in the ice. When told that he might be sent to jail for his defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law, he quietly answered, "I can go to jail." The thing he could not do was to deny the man's appeal to him for help.

He often practised close economy, in order to give his sons a good education. The one act of my life which I remember with unalloyed pride and pleasure occurred while at boarding-school in Vermont, preparing for college. I learned through my mother that my father had denied himself his daily newspaper; and I knew how much he would miss it. We burned wood in the large stone seminary building. Every autumn great ranks of hard maple were piled up, and students who wished to earn a little money were paid a dollar a cord for sawing it into three lengths. I applied for nine cords, and went at the unaccustomed task after study-hours. My back aches yet as I recall the experiences of subsequent weeks, for the wood was heavy, thick, and hard as a bone. I eventually had the pleasure of sending to my father the subscription-price of his paper for a year. If a boy reads these lines, let me assure him that he will never know a sweeter moment in his life than when he receives the thanks of his parents for some such effort in their behalf. No investment can ever pay them better.

In one of my books, "Nature's Serial Story," my father and mother appear, slightly idealized.

Toward the close of my first year in College, a misfortune occurred which threatened to be very serious. Studying by defective light injured my eyes. They quickly became so sensitive that I could scarcely endure lamplight, or the heat of a stove, only the cold out-door air relieving the pain. So I spent much time in wandering about in the boisterous weather of early spring in

Williamstown. At last I became so discouraged that I went to President Hopkins, and told him that I feared I must give up the purpose of acquiring an education. Never can I forget how that grand old man met the disheartened boy. Speaking in the wise, friendly way which subdued the heart and strengthened the will, he made the half-hour spent with him the turning-point of my life. In conclusion, he advised me to enter the senior class the following fall, thus taking a partial course of study. How many men are living to-day who owe much of the best in their lives to that divinely-inspired guide and teacher of youth!

I next went to another man, great in his sphere of life—Dr. Agnew, the oculist. He gave my eyes a thorough examination, told me that he could do nothing for them, that rest and the vigour acquired from out-door life would restore them. He was as kind and sympathetic in his way as the college president, and charged but a trifle, to relieve me from the sense of taking charity. By the time I entered Auburn Theological Seminary my eyes were quite restored, and I was able to go through the first year's course of study without difficulty. In the summer of 1862 I could no longer resist the call for men in the army. Learning that the Second New York Cavalry was without a chaplain, I obtained the appointment to that position. In December, 1862, I witnessed the bloody and disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and can never forget the experience of that useless tragedy.

General Bayard, commanding our brigade, was mortally wounded, and died like a hero. He was carried to a fine mansion near which he had received his injury. Many other desperately-wounded men were brought to the spacious rooms of this abode of Southern luxury, and the surgeons were kept busy all through the day and night. It was here I gained my first experience in hospital work. In February I resigned, with the purpose of completing my studies, and spent the remainder of the term at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. My regiment would not get another chaplain, so I again returned to it. In November I received a month's leave of absence, and was married to Miss Anna P. Sands, of New York City.

In the spring my wife joined me at Washington, and a few days later accompanied me to the scene of my new labours at Hampton Hospital, near Fortress Monroe. There were not many patients at that time in the large barrack wards; but as soon as the Army of the Potomac broke through the Wilderness and approached our vicinity, transports in increasing numbers, laden with desperately-wounded men, came to our wharf. Duty became constant and severe, while the scenes witnessed were often

painful in the last degree. More truly than on the field, the real horrors of war are learned from the long agonies in the hospital. On one day I buried as many as twenty-nine men. Every evening, till the duty became like a nightmare, I followed the dead-cart, filled up with coffins, once, twice, and often thrice, to the cemetery. Eventually an associate chaplain was appointed, who relieved me of this task.

Fortunately my tastes led me to employ an antidote to my daily work as useful to me as to the patients. Surrounding the hospital was much waste land. This, with the aid of the convalescents, I transformed into a garden, and for two successive seasons sent to the general kitchen fresh vegetables by the waggon-load. If reward were needed, the wistful delight with which a patient from the front would regard a raw onion was ample, while for me the care of the homely, growing vegetables and fruits brought a diversion of mind which made life more endurable.

One of the great needs of the patients who had to fight the winning or losing battle of life was good reading; and I speedily sought to obtain a supply. Hearts and purses, at the North, responded promptly and liberally, publishers threw off fifty per cent. from their prices, and I was eventually able to collect, by gift and purchase, about three thousand volumes. In gathering this library, I provided what may be distinctly termed religious reading in abundance, but I also recognized the need of diversion. Long wards were filled with men who had lost a leg or an arm, and who must lie in one position for weeks. To help them to get through the time was to help them to live. I therefore made the library rich in popular fiction and genial books of travel and biography. Full sets of Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and other standard works were bought; and many a time I have seen a poor fellow absorbed in their pages while holding his stump lest the jar of a footstep should send a dart of agony to the point of mutilation. My wife gave me much assistance in my hospital duties, often reaching and influencing those beyond me. Some of the hospital attendants, men and women, had good voices, and we organized a choir. Every Sunday afternoon we went from ward to ward singing familiar hymns. It was touching to see rough fellows drawing their blankets over their heads to hide the emotion caused by words and melodies associated, in many instances, with home and mother.

Northern generosity, and, in the main, convalescent labour, enabled me to build a large, commodious chapel, and to make great improvements in the hospital farm. In 1865 the blessed

era of peace began, bringing its many changes. In October the hospital became practically empty, and I resigned.

After a little rest and some candidating for a church, I took a small parish at Highland Falls, about a mile from West Point, New York, entering on my labours in January, 1866. In this village my wife and I spent nine very happy years. They were full of trials and many cares, but free from those events which bring the deep shadows into one's life. We soon became engaged in building a new stone church. The effort to raise funds for this enterprise led me into the lecture-field, and here I found my cavalry raid and army life in general exceedingly useful. I looked around for a patch of garden-ground as instinctively as a duck seeks water. The small plot adjoining the parsonage speedily grew into about three acres, from which eventually came a book entitled "Play and Profit in my Garden."

Up to the year 1871, I had written little for publication beyond occasional contributions to the New York *Evangelist*, nor had I seriously contemplated a literary life. In October, 1871, I was asked to preach for a far up-town congregation in New York, with the possibility of a settlement in view. On the Monday following the services of the Sabbath, the officers of the church were kind enough to ask me to spend a week with them and visit among the people. Meantime, the morning papers laid before us the startling fact that the city of Chicago was burning and that its population was becoming homeless. The tidings impressed me powerfully, waking the deepest sympathy. I said to myself, "Here is a phase of life as remarkable as any witnessed during the war." I obeyed the impulse to be on the scene as soon as possible, stated my purpose to my friends, and was soon among the smoking ruins, finding an abiding-place, with throngs of others, in a partially-finished hotel. For days and nights I wandered where a city had been, and among the extemporized places of refuge harbouring all classes of people. Late one night I sat for a long time on the steps of Robert Collyer's church, and watched the full moon through the roofless walls and shattered steeple. There was not an evidence of life where had been populous streets. It was there and then, as nearly as I can remember, that the vague outlines of my first story, "Barriers Burned Away," began to take form in my mind. I soon returned home, and began to dream and write, giving, during the following year, such hours as could be withdrawn from many other duties to the construction of the story. I wrote when and where I could—on steam-boats, in railway-cars, and at all odd hours of leisure, often with long breaks in the work of composition caused by the pres-

sure of other affairs, again getting up a sort of white-heat from incessantly dwelling upon scenes and incidents that had become real to me. In brief, the story took possession of my mind, and grew as naturally as a plant or weed in my garden.

It will thus be obvious that at nearly middle-age, and in obedience to an impulse, I was launched as an author; that I had very slight literary training, and that my appearance as a novelist was quite as great a surprise to myself as to any of my friends. The writing of sermons certainly does not prepare one for the construction of a novel, and to this day certain critics contemptuously dismiss my books as "preaching." During nearly four years of army life, at a period when most young men are forming style and making the acquaintance of literature, I scarcely had a chance to read at all. The subsequent years of the pastorate were too active, except for an occasional dip into a favourite author.

While writing my first story, I rarely thought of the public, the characters and their experiences absorbing me wholly. When my narrative was actually in print, there was awakened a very deep interest as to its reception. I had none of the confidence resulting from the gradual testing of one's power or from association with literary people, and I also was aware that, when published, a book was far away from the still waters of which one's friends are the protecting headlands. That I knew my work to be exceedingly faulty goes without saying; that it was utterly bad, I was scarcely ready to believe. Dr. Field, noted for his pure English diction and taste, would not publish an irredeemable story, and the constituency of the New York *Evangelist* is well known to be one of the most intelligent in the country. Friendly opinions from serial readers were reassuring, as far as they went, but, of course, the great majority of those who followed the story were silent. A writer cannot, like a speaker, look into the eyes of his audience and observe its mental attitude toward his thought. At first my venture was very generally ignored. Then some unknown friend marked an influential journal, published in the interior of the State, and mailed it so timely that it reached me on Christmas Eve. I doubt if a book ever was more unsparingly condemned than mine in that review, whose final words were, "The story is absolutely nauseating." In this instance, and in my salad days, I took pains to find out who the writer was, for if his view was correct, I certainly should not engage in further efforts to make the public ill. I discovered the reviewer to be a gentleman for whom I have ever had the highest respect as an editor, legislator, and honest thinker. My

story made upon him just the impression he expressed, and it would be very stupid on my part to blink the fact. Meantime the book was rapidly making for itself friends and passing into frequent new editions. Even the editor who condemned the work would not assert that those who bought it were an aggregation of asses. I wished to learn the actual truth more sincerely than any critic to write it, and at last I ventured to take a copy to Dr. George Ripley, of the New York *Tribune*. "Here is a man," I thought, "whose fame and position as a critic are recognized by all. If he deigns to notice the book, he will not only say what he thinks, but I shall have much reason to think as he does." Dr. Ripley met the diffident author kindly, asked a few questions, and took the volume. A few weeks later, to my great surprise, he gave over a column to a review of the story. Although not blind to its many faults, he wrote words far more friendly and inspiring than I ever hoped to see. It would appear that the public had sanctioned his verdict. From that day to this these two instances have been types of my experience with many critics, one condemning, another commending.

Certainly, if I had my choice, I would rather write a book interesting to the young and to the common people, whom Lincoln said, "God must love, since He made so many of them." The former are opened to influence; the latter can be quickened and prepared for something better. It is, perhaps, one of the pleasantest experiences of an author's life to learn from letters and in other ways that he is forming a circle of friends, none the less friendly because personally unknown. The loyalty is both a safeguard and an inspiration. On one hand, the writer shrinks from abusing such regard by careless work; on the other, he is stimulated and encouraged by the feeling that there is a group in waiting who will appreciate his best endeavour. I sometimes venture to think I know a little about human nature. My active life brought me in close contact with all kinds of people; there was no man in my regiment who hesitated to come to my tent or to talk confidentially by the camp-fire, while scores of dying men laid bare to me their hearts. I at least know the nature that exists in the human breast. It may be inartistic, or my use of it all wrong. That is a question which time will decide. My one aim has become to do my work conscientiously, and leave the final verdict to time and the public.

As a rule, I certainly stumble on my stories, as well as stumble through them, perhaps. Some incident or unexpected impulse is the beginning of their existence. One October day I was walking on a country road, and a chestnut burr lay in my path. I said

to myself, "There is a book in that burr, if I could get it out." With little volition on my part, the story, "Opening a Chestnut Burr," took form and was written.

One summer evening, when in the city, I went up to Thomas's Garden, near Central Park, to hear the delicious music he was educating us to appreciate. At a certain point in the programme I noticed that the next piece would be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and I glanced around with a sort of congratulatory impulse, as much as to say, "Now we shall have a treat." My attention was immediately arrested and fixed by a young girl who, with the gentleman escorting her, was sitting near by. My first impression of her face was one of marvellous beauty, followed by a sense of dissatisfaction. Such was my distance that I could not annoy her by furtive observation, and I soon discovered that she would regard a stare as a tribute. Why was it that her face was so beautiful, yet so displeasing? Each feature analyzed seemed perfection, yet the general effect was a mocking, ill-kept promise. The truth was soon apparent. The expression was not evil, but frivolous, silly, unredeemed by any genuine womanly grace. She giggled and flirted through the sublime symphony, till in exasperation I went out into the promenade under the open sky. In less than an hour I had my story, "A Face Illumined." I never learned who was the actual girl with the features of an angel and the face of a fool.

I find that my love of horticulture and out-door life has grown with the years. I do not pretend to scientific accuracy or knowledge. On the contrary, I have rather regarded plants and birds as neighbours, and have associated with them. When giving up my parish, I bought a place in the near vicinity of the house in which I had spent my childhood. The front windows of our house command a noble view of the Hudson, while on the east and south the Highlands are within rifle-shot. For several years I hesitated to trust solely to literary work for support. As I have said, not a few critics insisted that my books should not be read, and would soon cease to be read; but, whether the prediction should prove true or not, I knew in any case that the critics themselves would eat my strawberries, so I made the culture of small fruits the second string to my bow. This business speedily took the form of growing plants for sale, and was developing rapidly, when financial misfortune led to my failure and the devotion of my entire time to writing. Perhaps it was just as well in the end, for my health was being undermined by too great and conflicting demands on my energy.

My methods of work are briefly these. I go into my study im-

mediately after breakfast, usually about nine o'clock, and write or study until three or four in the afternoon, stopping only for a light lunch. In the early morning and late afternoon I go around my place, giving directions to the men, and observing the condition of vegetables, flowers and trees, and the general aspect of nature at the time. After dinner, the evening is devoted to the family, friends, newspapers and light reading. In former years I wrote at night, but after a severe attack of insomnia this practice was almost wholly abandoned. As a rule, the greater portion of a year is absorbed in the production of a book, and I am often gathering material for several years in advance of writing.

The questions of this eager age are, What has he to say? Does it interest us? As an author, I have felt that my only chance of gaining and keeping the attention of men and women was to know, to understand them, to feel with and for them in what constituted their life. Failing to do this, why should a line of my books be read? The time has passed when either the theologian, the politician, or the critic, can take the American citizen metaphorically by the shoulder and send him along the path in which they think he should go. He has become the most independent being in the world, good-humouredly tolerant of the beliefs and fancies of others, while reserving, as a matter of course, the right to think for himself.

Perhaps one of the most perplexing and often painful experiences of an author comes from the appeals of those who hope through him to obtain immediate recognition as writers. One is asked to read manuscripts and commend them to publishers, or, at least, to give an opinion in regard to them, often to revise or re-write certain portions. I remember that during one month I was asked to do work on the manuscript of strangers that would require about a year of my time. The makers of such requests do not realize that he or she is but one among many, and that the poor author would have to abandon all hopes of supporting his family if he tried to comply. The majority who thus appeal to one know next to nothing of the literary life or the conditions of success. They write to the author in perfect good faith, often relating circumstances which touch his sympathies; yet if you tell them the truth about their manuscript, or say you have not time to read it, adding that you have no influence with editors or publishers beyond securing a careful examination of what is written, you feel that you are often set down as a churl, and your inability to comply with their wishes is regarded as the selfishness and arrogance of success.

In recalling the past, one remembers when he stood in such sore need of friends that he dislikes even the appearance of passing by on the other side. There are no riches in the world like staunch friends who prove themselves to be such in your need, your adversity, or your weakness. I have some treasured letters received after it had been telegraphed throughout the land that I was a bankrupt and had found myself many thousands of dollars worse off than nothing. The kindly words and looks, the kindly grasp of the hand, and the temporary loan occasionally, of those who stood by me when scarcely sane from overwork, trouble, and worse than all, from insomnia, can never be forgotten while a trace of memory is left. Soon after my insolvency there came a date when all my interests in my books then published must be sold to the highest bidder. It seemed in a sense like putting my children up at auction; and yet I was powerless, since my interests under contracts were a part of my assets. These rights had been well advertised in New York and county papers, as the statute required, and the popularity of the books was well known. Any one in the land could have purchased these books from me forever. A friend made the highest bid and secured the property. My rights in my first nine books became his, legally and absolutely. There was even no verbal agreement between us—nothing but his kind honest eyes to reassure me. He not only paid the sum he had bidden, but then and there wrote a cheque for a sum which, with my other assets, immediately liquidated my personal debts, principal and interest.

Let me close with yet one more bit of experience. My books from the first have been substantially in the hands of one publishing house. I believe it has been to my advantage; and it would be well, as a rule, for other writers to begin with reputable, honourable publishers, and to remain with them. A publisher can do more and better with a line of books than with isolated volumes. When an author's books are scattered there is not sufficient inducement for any one to push them strongly. Authors often know little about business, and should deal with a publisher who will look after his interests as truly as his own.

THERE'S no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

ZENANA WORK IN INDIA.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR, M.A.

The word Zenana has a romantic sound, and probably some imagine that the place itself must be a romantic place. When the fancy has caught the hue of "Lalla Rookh," or similar poetry, it easily transfers the splendour of the Oriental sky to things beneath it. Ideas of gay kiosks, lemon groves, and fountains, of garlands and delicious perfumes, of costly stuffs and ingenious ornaments, clothe the apartments of the women with adorning, which in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand exists only in the land of dreams. The illusion is seconded by portraits, themselves perfectly truthful, of Eastern beauties. As engraved in our best books of illustrations, as drawn by native art on ivory, or on a bright surface of talc, these pictures suggest the idea of ladies who dwell in bowers of gorgeous opulence.

What is a plain English gentlewoman beside one of these Rajpoot or Mohammedan lights of the harem? The latter is jewelled on the crown of the head, jewelled on the back of the hair, jewelled on the forehead, jewelled on the lobe of the ear, on the back of the ear, on the top of the ear; jewelled on the side of the nose and on the centre of the nose; jewelled on the neck, on the bosom, and at the zone; jewelled on the arm, on the wrist, and on the fingers; jewelled at the ankles and on the toes! Surely the home out of which beauty emerges in such array must be itself very refined.

The lady workers in Zenana Missions have not found it so. And as to the emerging of the beauty from the home, that also is a Western illusion. It does not emerge. The cheeks are tinted, the eyelashes darkened, the teeth and finger-nails stained, the robes adjusted, and the gems put on, all to shine within the walls of the house, and there only in the women's chambers, not in the room where the male friends of the husband are received.

Not long ago a lady at Bombay, in the course of her visiting among the Zenanas, heard a question asked as to whether she ought not to be taken to see "the Queen." She found that this referred to a Queen from Surwuntwadi. The consent of this princess to receive the visitor was obtained. After driving through a grove, the English lady was received by a crowd. One

* Abridged from Mr. Arthur's admirable book on "Woman's Work in India." Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

woman led her in. She passed through a band of noisy minstrels, up a somewhat dingy stair, and through a bare hall. Then she found herself in an apartment where an elderly lady of graceful form and gentle manners sat upon the floor, on a cloth like a quilt, with a discoloured cushion behind her. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned writing-desk, heaped up with odds and ends in a manner past description. Near it stood a dilapidated sofa, littered with garments. An old chair was brought for the lady, and a second being found, the Queen rose and seated herself upon it.

This picture better helps us to form an idea of the average comfort of the Zenanas than do the sketches drawn by fancy. As a rule, the rooms are bare, and to our eyes comfortless. Even the wealthy have none of what the European lady regards as the appointments of a pleasant abode.

In the early days of missions in India, the hope of entering within the curtain of the Zenana, there to tell the good tidings, was one of the many hopes that were kept alive simply by faith in Almighty power. When the men should be converted, when the power of caste should be broken, when the unchanging customs of India should be changed, when several other things still afar off should have come to pass—then indeed might the interior of the women's apartments hear the words of Christ, hear the songs of His love for Adam's sons and daughters. As to such an event coming round in the days of living men and women;—well, if the Lord should open windows of heaven, what might stream down, who could tell?

It was about thirty years ago that in Calcutta city a beginning which can be clearly traced—a beginning which steadily led on to the present development—was made by Mrs. Mullens of the London Missionary Society, whose noble English husband and noble Swiss father (M. Lacroix) both did yeoman's service in mission work in India. Work inside the Zenanas, once begun, went constantly, though slowly, forward—slowly to the eye of the worker who counts by moments, but not to the eye of history, which measures by ages.

The question had been, What should we find behind the curtain, if ever it was penetrated? Should we find utter apathy, or contempt of the foreigner and antipathy to every strange idea, or simple abjectness of spirit refusing mental effort, incapable of moral struggle, or only the imbecility and chatter of caged birds? Or instead of all this, should we find some human longing for knowledge of earth and heaven, some wincing under privation, some smouldering sense of wrong? should we find some dim

consciousness that woman was not made merely for the cage, but might claim a natural right to share with man in the garden, the field, the air, the sun? should we find some suspicion that it was scarcely just in men not to allow her any other flowers than plucked flowers? some inward yearning after comforts dimly dreamed of as possibly coming down from God even for women? some inquiry, Are there no gods more merciful to women than those of our men? some sighing, Oh, that they would let us pluck our own flowers? some aspiration to rise and walk?

Knowing, as we did, that human nature is human nature, we might have assumed that all these diversities would be found. And that is what has taken place. Day by day one lady leaves a Zenana pleased with the intelligence of her pupils, and another disheartened with the inanity of hers. One leaves, thinking these women, after all, are more contented with their lot than one could have thought possible; another leaves, inwardly groaning, and saying, Oh, how long will mercy slumber, how long delay to bring redemption from such miseries?

It required a certain amount of intelligence before a Hindu lady could employ the language quoted by Mrs. Murray Mitchell, saying, "The life we lead is like that of a frog in a well—everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is hid from us." It also required some intelligence in the one that said, "Your Shastra must have been written by a woman; it speaks so kindly of us." One lady, on asking of a Rani the maladroit question, "Did not her time pass drearily?" received the natural reply, "No; we smoke and eat and sleep, thread beads and plait our hair." Another lady, better framing her question, asked the hidden ladies, "How do you pass your time?" "Oh, Mem Sahib, we sit here till we are tired, then we sit there!" The routine of the Indian lady's life is generally described as consisting in counting her dresses, looking at her jewels, plaiting her hair, putting on all her paints and gems of the toilet, talking gossip, waiting on her husband—if happily she have one—and making garlands for the gods. Even in the highest ranks, cooking the husband's food is often included, and must be a valuable addition to the occupations of life. If the Zenana itself is frequently a sort of outbuilding, there is, for times of sickness, some meaner outbuilding, or some damp chamber on a ground floor, to which any lady seized with illness is relegated.

Yet reading and learning were not utterly unknown to the inmates of the Zenana. One of the great events in the lifetime of the ladies was the hearing, during one of the days of a festival, a native tale read by some scribe. To the outer side of the curtain

came the learned man with his book. To its inner side came the ladies of the favoured house. The scribe unseen by his auditory, sat and read on this side. The ladies unseen by the scribe, sat and heard on that. The words passing through the curtain represented to the hearers some ideal glimpses of a sphere larger than that bounded by the familiar walls, of a life more coloured than that of their daily routine. In the matter would frequently occur portions ill fit for feminine ears. It is said that sometimes a girl would succeed in bribing a brother to teach her to read. If so, her book would consist of palm leaves, with writing effected by indentations in the leaf made by an iron style. The reading of the learned lady would be slow, as that of a patient antiquary deciphering long-lost manuscripts. The printed page and current reading--reading as fluent as talk—would even to this rare and exceptionally favoured woman, be things as yet unimagined.

The ways in which the mysteries of the Zenana are now being penetrated are numerous. In one case, a native gentleman writes to ask for a teacher to instruct his children in "the Bible and Catechism." He had been a pupil of Dr Duff. In another case, Mrs. Peel, of the Baptist Mission, accompanied by Ruth, a native woman, takes her stand under a tree in a village, singing a hymn, while the women of the place gather around them, and to these they talk of the work and word of Christ. Ruth not many years ago was in a Zenana, and there she (with her husband) was converted through the instrumentality of a missionary lady. Gerie is a young wife who caused her relations some anxiety. She was growing so old that in a little time no one could have been got to marry her; she must, I suppose, have been ten, or at least between eight and ten. They had, therefore, to bid a high sum for a husband. At the last moment the youth who had accepted it refused to proceed with the ceremony unless the friends of the bride would amend their bid. They did amend it. The pair were wed, and the husband was quite willing that Gerie should continue her Zenana lessons, which had been already begun.

The numbers of houses to which access is now attainable are limited more by want of agents than by that of openings. Seven, ten, twenty, fifty, even up to and over a hundred in one town or city, have become well-established numbers. In the capital of Travancore, Miss Blandford, of the Church Mission, has one hundred houses visited by herself and her Bible-women. In the palace of the Maharajah, the royal ladies are instructed in the Bible.

A missionary's wife in Bengal, itinerating with her husband, now finds that while he is preaching in any place where a few

men can be collected, she is received into the houses, and can speak to the women. In one case she was invited to visit a young bride of high caste, whom she found attended by several friends. The newly-married girl received her cordially, and stood close to her chair. In a soft, low voice, almost whispering, she said, "God created us." She had been for some time taught in a Christian school. Eagerly taking some little books that were offered to her, she asked, "Are they about Jesus Christ?" "They are, to a certain extent." Then saying that she wanted a book about Jesus Christ, she asked if the lady had a Bengali Bible. She promised to send her a new Testament. "Will it be about Jesus Christ?" asked the Hindu bride. "Yes," replied the Christian lady, "from His birth to His death." This seemed to satisfy her; but she kept saying, "Send me the book."

Almost everywhere in the Zenanas reappears the widow, from the tiny child who never was a wife, to the aged lady who once reigned the supreme power over a household of many sons and many daughters-in-law. Of the former class one has even been found who said that she never remembered being anything but a widow. Her first recollection was that of being treated differently from other children, as if she was in disgrace. She had been widowed at the age of three. This case is more extreme than even the worst I ever personally heard of. But in whatever part of India labouring, or with whatever society connected, the missionary lady has her imagination followed by the pined and spiritless figure of the widow, generally mute in her misery, but sometimes having power to utter a complaint. And the latter case, if the more irritating, is the less depressing, for in all their varieties slavery and sorrow are always saddest when they are dumb.

In the *Indian Evangelist* a lady tells of a clever and refined girl who is secretly writing a book. The dedication of it is a prayer, too long to quote at full:

"O Lord, hear my prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer, though with weeping, and crying, and desire, we have turned to all sides, hoping that some would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us or inquire into our case. . . . We are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power of escape, that we may see something of Thy world. . . . From Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach to us. . . . Must punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? . . . Criminals confined in the jails are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. . . . We see only the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world or India? . . . Dost Thou care only for men? Hast

Thou no thought for us women? . . . Create in the hearts of men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, and that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life."

It may possibly be the same lady who is spoken of as sometimes relieving her bursting heart by stealthily writing down her feelings, and putting the papers in her trunk. That trunk—a new mystery amid all the secrets of the Zenana—is quite full. From among its papers an English lady translates one headed, "Hindu Widows: by One of Themselves." This is the fullest and clearest account I have seen of the condition of the Zenana widow; and as to its trustworthiness, the lady who translates it does not intimate a doubt or caution at any point. It is much too long to quote entire, but it is easy to give a complete outline. In this outline every touch follows the original. It must be borne in mind that the particulars would not all apply to other castes than that of the writer, or in other countries of India. The scene is in the north.

The writing lady of the Zenana begins by saying, that in any caste or family of the Hindus the treatment of widows is bad enough, but that her caste, being a good one, and her family being rich and well-to-do, the customs are enforced with great rigour. When the moment that discrowns the Hindu matron arrives, not one relation may approach her. In waiting are kept ready from three to six wives of barbers, who know their office. The moment that the husband has drawn his last breath, these rush on the widow and strip her of her ornaments. Trinkets plaited into her hair are dragged out, ear-rings and nose-rings are wrenched off, so as even to tear the cartilage. Her arm is stretched on the ground, and the gold or silver armlets which surround it are hammered with a stone till the metal, often of considerable solidity, breaks. All this, "even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means."

At the funeral procession the male relations come first following the corpse, after them the female relations, and behind them all comes the widow, led by the barbers' wives. Even the men are on foot. The barbers' wives take care that the widow shall not approach nearer than two hundred feet to any other woman; for woe to the wife on whom should fall the shadow of the ill-omened one! that wife would soon be a widow too! while the main body of the harpy attendants drag the poor creature along, one of their number goes forward in advance and shouts to passers-by to keep out of the way of the accursed thing. The widow's sisters—her mother—

may be bleeding at heart for her, but none of them dare to look on her face. When the procession has reached the bank of the stream or tank on which is prepared the funeral pyre, the widow is pushed into the water. "It matters not what the weather is—a burning sun, or an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas,"—in the water has the widow to lie till the body is consumed, till the funeral party have all bathed, till they have washed and dried their clothes. Then, when at last they are ready to start homeward, she is dragged out of the water as she had been pushed in. She is walked home in her dripping clothes. "Oh," cries the Zenana widow, "I would rather chose the suttee! Many are happy enough to die in consequence of this sorrow."

Turning for a moment from her general description, she mentions one particular case, saying that before she was herself a widow she had once to go to the funeral of a relation, the distance to the place where the body was burned being six miles. It was the hottest month of the year, yet for at least nine hours were the women kept in the blazing sun and hot, blasting wind. For the generality of them there was indeed the relief of a draught of water now and then; but no water for the widow. Had she asked for it her character would have been gone! The harpies might have offered her some if they had pleased, but they never did. At last she fell; they dragged her up. She wept; they told her she wanted a husband. Finally she could no longer even crawl; they pulled her along "like a bundle of clothes." Arrived at the house, she was flung upon the floor. Though she was almost dying, they gave her not a drop of water, and she durst not ask for any. After a while one of the girls of the family, watching her opportunity, brought to her a drink of water, which saved her life.

After this digression the lady returns to her general account of the mode in which a widow is treated. On re-entering the house after the funeral, she is put into a corner, and there has to sit or lie on the ground in silence for many days. No one comes near her, unless it be some of the wives of the barbers; and if she is poor, not even they. But if her lips are closed, those of her friends are open, and they talk at her. Her mother says, "Unhappy creature, I wish she had never been born." Her mother-in-law says, "The viper! she has bitten my son and killed him; now he is dead, and she, useless creature, is left behind." Her sister-in-law says, "I should not like to look at or to speak to such a thing." Then turning to the mother of the deceased to comfort her, they say: "It is your daughter-in-law, vile thing that has destroyed your house. For her sake you will have to mourn the

rest of your life." "Only those," says the wailing lady of the Zenana, who have passed through this know what it is." She interrupts her description to pen the cry, "O God, I pray Thee, let no more women be born in this land!"

For thirteen days after the return from the funeral must the new-made widow sit in her corner on the floor, in the clothes in which her widowhood overtook her, the clothes in which she lay in the water while her husband was being burned. She may not touch bread or water but once in the twenty-four hours. She may not speak; she may not weep. Her grief is not

"The voiceless thought which would not speak, but weep."

It is the voiceless thought which may not speak or weep.

Surely, when the cover of night is spread over her, she may give nature a little vent, letting loose the streams that will flood away some portion of her burdens. On the eleventh day comes a Brahmin to demand "money, oil, and other things," as death dues. The writer says that the sum exacted even from the poor is thirteen rupees, or twenty-six shillings. Surely, however, she, belonging to a rich family, is misinformed. To really poor people in India, thirteen rupees is a vast sum. However the fact may be, she probably knows her ground when she says that widows have often to labour for months at grinding corn to earn the dues for the priests.

Thirteen days after death the relations assemble. The widow, of course, has inherited nothing from her husband. If she has a father she cannot inherit anything from him. So now each relation brings and lays before her rupees, and adds his reproaches. This money is to be her portion for life. On this sad day must fall the raven glory of her head. Along the roots of the shining locks, once glittering with trinkets, passes the razor, and she is a shaveling. The fatal robes she wore when her doom fell upon her are now taken off, and the unchangeable widow's robe put on. On one subsequent occasion she has to put on again the suit worn for the first thirteen days. This is at the end of six weeks from her husband's death. She ought then to go on a pilgrimage to the Ganges; and if this is possible it is done, and once there, after bathing in the stream, she may throw into it the clothes which ever remind her of her fall down, down into the bottomless slough wherein her existence must henceforth welter.

The lady speaks of the rule of one meal in twenty-four hours as being enforced only during one year. In this she differs from what I used to hear, at least in so far as concerns the widows of Brahmins. The rule for them used to be spoken of as permanent,

or at any rate as lasting till the woman fell into years. To the privation of any second meal is added frequent fasts, during which the poor creature tastes neither bread nor water for forty-eight hours. Our authoress says that if a widow is living with her own parents, she is permitted after the end of the first year to wear ornaments again. This also seems like a statement which does not apply to all castes or places. If, when bereaved of parents, she is still under the roof of relations on her own side, she becomes "servant" to the wives of her brothers or of her own sons. If, on the other hand she lives with relations on her husband's side, her mother-in-law and sister-in-law "hate her, and beat her from place to place." Should she dare to live alone, her character would be lost. If the money given to her after her husband's death was considerable, the relations select a boy to be her heir. He takes her money, allows her food and clothes, and she waits upon his wife. "It is happier for a widow to be poor and earn her living by grinding corn." When she dies she must be burned wrapped in white cloth, for did she not come to her husband in the garb of mourning he would not receive her. The woman who dies a wife has the privilege of being burned in her best clothes and jewels.

The wailing lady of the Zenana says, "I saw a widow die, one of my cousins." At the time her husband was dying she was lying ill of a burning fever. Immediately she was thrown down from the bed on to the floor. Lying there till the moment came for the funeral to start, she was incapable of taking her place. The mother-in-law called a water-carrier, and had four skins of water poured over her as she lay upon the ground. There did she continue to lie for eight hours, at the end of which time death brought to the family the welcome opportunity of praising her, which they did, saying she had died for love of her husband. Ah, in all countries it is so easy to praise the dead!

"The English," says our Zenana wail among its closing sentences, "abolished suttee; but, alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our home. . . . Thousands of us die, but more live. Nearly every man or boy who dies leaves one, often more. If the widow's shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken the whole land with it? . . . I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts; but there is no comfort for us."

What an event must it be, amid the monotony of her existence, when the lady of the Zenana finds her acquaintance sought by a white lady full of the wonder-working knowledge of the West; a lady so learned that she can read, can read out of more books than one, can indeed read faster than a Brahmin; yea, so learned that

she can write, and people do say—but that must be going too far —that she can cast up accounts; so learned that she can sing many songs with strange, foreign tunes, guiding her voice by a book, and can even play on some outlandish instrument at the same time as she sings; so learned that her fingers make the very needle form letters of many colours, form flowers and cunning scrolls, and lions and little birds! And, indeed, beyond all this, lie other branches of knowledge for which it would be unfair to expect the Zenana to find a description or even a name.

One of the first questions put to a lady of position who had gained access to a Zenana was, "Tell us how your husband looks." She told them. "Oh, that we might see him!" The lady met their wishes. A screen was placed across the room, and pierced with eye-holes. A tall gentleman walked in and stood before the screen. Through eye holes stared the unseen ladies of the Zenana. "We shall never forget it; we shall have something to talk of all our lives," was their grateful tribute to the lady who had procured for them such an exciting event. This is told in one of Mrs. Weitbrecht's excellent little books. If such be the ordinary lady of the Zenana, what a discovery must it be to the inmate—almost invariably found, and by a practised eye soon recognized, from her wan figure and uncoloured garb—when she begins to see that her name of widow is, in the eyes of the learned stranger, no note of scorn, but a title to tender sympathy; when she comes actually to feel that, instead of shunning her, the lady draws to her, and awakens up within her at last the consciousness that human fellowship has not forever fled away from her!

One of the Missionary ladies was well known to the public as A. L. O. E. before she went to India. It was not until she had reached the age of fifty-four that she felt constrained to devote the rest of her days to the women of that country. She went out at her own cost, and lives on her own means, at Batala, in the Punjab, serving as one of the missionary ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. She uses her literary gift in writing books for the people, which are translated into many languages. In one of her visits she speaks of going to the Zenana of the head-master of a large Government school. Crossing a kind of court-yard, she had to make her way through what seemed like two dust-holes, of which one was overlooked by a sort of grating. Through this the inmates of the Zenana could look down. Mounting a stair, nearly pitch dark, she found herself in presence of the lady and her husband. In another case she mounts a shocking bad stair in the open air, with rather unsafe footing. At the top are two unhappy wives and a very sick child. In the

next house a lovely and intelligent, but suffering, lady welcomes the visitor and her message. On one occasion A. L. O. E. remained alone among the natives at Batala for eighteen months, seeing a missionary only on such occasional visits as one in the course of itinerating could pay. "It is better," she wrote, "to have one white face seen among our native flock than none at all, though it be that of a silver-haired old woman." Let the blessing of her sisters in all lands alight upon that silvered head.

Just as it is the wont of one branch of operations to open the way to another, so has the access gained by ladies to "the hidden" of the Zenana led the way to wider access to the unhidden women of inferior degree. Ladies having in the Zenana acquired the habit of speaking to women, find that they can now procure little gatherings of those of the class who walk abroad, but who would not join an assembly of men or stop to listen to a man preaching. Such little meetings are evidently spreading with rapidity; and as far as I can gather, any limit that is put upon them arises, in most part, from the want of ladies sufficiently possessed of the languages to act efficiently. The Bible-women are multiplying fast, are spoken of from all parts of the country, and seem to be now always the right-hand of missionary ladies, often their pioneers.

The extracts from the simple journals of Bible-women, show the growth of a pervasive agency, one which quietly operates behind and within the outworks of caste, by directly acting on the centre of the family. The Bible-women on the one hand, and the school-girl on the other, now frequently come into a circle of cribbed-up creatures, bringing with them the presentiment of something coming, of a day drawing near for women, a day of freer air and of an an unveiled sun. When a native woman like themselves comes and sings sweet songs about the love of God for women as well as for men, about the sinless life of Christ and His redeeming death; when she reads out of wise and holy books, and backs it all up with words of her own—it is not easy for everything within the Zenana to remain as it was before. And when a pet little girl brings inside the curtain songs and books and samplers, is she not a wonder? When she comes back on a high day with prizes, especially if the prize is a doll, still more if it is a dressed doll, most of all if it is a mechanical or musical doll, does not that unknown school-world that can yield such prodigies appear like some universe of marvels? When even in native States such a girl tells how her prizes were put into her hand by an English lady of title, or by some native dignitary of impres-

sive rank, does she not stir, in however small a degree, the elements of a new social life?

Few in number as are, up to the present time, the lady Medical Missionaries, their influence in opening up the Zenanas is already great. The ladies of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, among others, bear testimony to their value. The society just named reports four hundred Zenanas as visited.

Who the Bird of Passage was I know not, who in the *Missionary Intellegencer* tells how the Christmas before last she "folded her wing" at Lodiana; but this I do know, that never in time past did any bird of passage rest her wing by a branch of the Sutledge on such a variety of the Christmas tree, as that from under which this one sounds her note. Miss Greenfield and the ladies of the Mission had devised a Christmas treat for their pupils in the Zenanas. As Mohammedans and Hindus would not mix well, the former were invited for one day, the latter for the next. Of course, some were by their lords refused leave to come, but many obtained it. The Mohammedan ladies arrived in closed-up vehicles. All the men-servants were sent off to the back of the house, and then the ladies glided into the drawing-room. They came in blue satin, in embroidered skirts, in plain dresses, with veils of tinted gauze embroidered in silver and gold. Eyebrows blackened, lips reddened, jewels everywhere, even to the first joint of the fingers; nails and palms of the hand dyed red! The text, "Glory to God in the highest," etc., was worked in gold on the scarlet border of the mantel-piece. The room was gay with flowers. The guests often preferred the floor to sit on rather than the chairs provided for them. One lady having taken a chair, fidgeted about. First she drew up one foot, then another, and at last sat on the chair as if on the floor, in native posture. There was an array of puzzles, pictures, boxes, blocks, toys; all of which engaged attention. Hymns were sung. In a side-room Miss Greenfield had arranged the prizes for the pupils, grown or growing. Her method was that the most diligent pupil should first of all go into this treasure chamber and make her own choice out of the assortment of veils, chintzes, muslins, toys, picture-books, bags, dolls, and so forth. Then followed the next in order of diligence, and so on to the end. The dolls carried the day. The Bird of Passage thinks that if the children in the Sunday-school at home who had sent them could have seen the delight of married women with their dolls, they would have felt well rewarded. Of course, the guests could not eat with Christians, but oranges and flowers were handed round. Some of the ladies were Persians, and they

would not accept red roses, they were unlucky, but white ones they took.

The guests of the second day included babies, girls, mothers and grandmothers. They were more lively than the Mohammedan guests, and their curiosity keener. They must handle everything. "They hopped about like children in delight, and were endless in exclamations." The moving, sounding thing upon the mantel-piece, which the English ladies declared told them the hours, was a weird mystery of metallic life. Then that iron tailor, who under the commands of a lady plied his needle at such an unearthly rate, from what fairy world had he come? And that great plateau, covered with white cloth, with knives, forks, spoons, and other equally unknown accoutrements; it could never be that the ladies dined in that fashion! "We should so like to see you eat." But there was the doll's house borrowed for the occasion from the Christian girls' school, and it was a spectacle of spectacles.

Several of these ladies could join in singing the hymns, and the writer adds, "Some of them are not far from the kingdom of God." As to the prizes, the same order was followed as the day before; and again the honours of the day remained with the dolls; for daughters and mothers alike, nothing equal to a doll. Then when the closed-up vehicles had set down their muffled burdens, and the inside of the Zenanas had once more been gained, how vasty would be the discussions upon the incredible sights they had seen! and how many a time and oft would the mysteries of that exhibition come up again for debate—ever recommencing! Had the direct question been put, was not the dining-table a bore and the sewing-machine, *pishasha*, a demon? very probably the affirmative would have been voted on both points by a two-thirds majority. Nevertheless the Christmas sun had shot some rays of social enjoyment even through the curtains of the Zenana, rays carrying in thither an idea of one form of peace on earth and goodwill among men till that day unknown, which idea will prepare the way for other ideas, till in case after case the curtain shall be lifted up, and the inmate of the Zenana, coming forth, shall first take her place in the circle of the Church of Christ, singing "Glory to God in the highest," and then her place in the family circle of mankind, singing, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men."

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—*Barron.*

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

II.

"The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow, deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key:
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,
And every change His Love shall overrule."

It was a lovely day toward the end of April, and Carrick went into Port Braddon about the new kirk, which was now rapidly approaching completion. A communion service was to be bought, and there was a proposal on foot to invite the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, of Edinburgh, to conduct the opening services.

If this measure was carried out, Andrew had offered to go to Edinburgh with the invitation, and while there "look out" a suitable silver service. In fact, he had almost promised himself to give the service "from his ain means, if the Lord was sae gracious as thus to honour the name o' Carrick in the vera sight o' them that thought little o' it." He knew that Grahame was using all his influence to thwart the invitation; and he felt that his failure to do so would be the sweetest morsel of revenge that could be vouchsafed to him. He did not call it "revenge;" he did not dare to inquire into his feelings, but he looked forward to the decision of the question with an anxiety that kept his very breathing in a state of tension.

A great triumph awaited him. The invitation to Cosmo Carrick was a unanimous one. As to the communion service, it was left entirely to Andrew's discretion. He said little, and he presented a solemnly impassive countenance, but oh, how lifted up he was! It was then that, riding slowly down the street, he met Grahame. Carrick did not indeed look at his enemy, but the whole expression of the man was exasperating and offensive to Grahame. He was so angry that he could find no words to express his anger; and Carrick, missing his usual jibe, took the circumstance as a further evidence of supernatural favour.

"The Lord has shut the mouth o' my enemy for me. It's a gude thing to be still and wait for Him to do it!" Such thoughts kept him pleasant company, and he was in his most genial mood when he arrived at his home.

Ann had been very anxious for his success, and she read it in every movement he made, although he would not speak of it with undue haste. Indeed, he sauntered about the garden, and walked round to the byre, and gave his pony a feed of oats, ere he named the subject.

"I'm awa' to Edinbro', Monday, Ann. It's on vera important business anent the kirk; sae you'll hae my suit o' braidcloth put up, wi' a' things conformable."

"I'm glad to hear it, fayther, 'deed am I."

"And your cousin will dootless come back wi' me. It's to be a time of great speeritual joy; and you'll see that naething be lacking in the way o' creature comforts and conveniences. The siller required is for your asking. But whar is Jeannie?"

"She went awa' lang ere the noon hour. I hae nae seen her syne. It was to Lucky Boyd's she went for some flax. I hae had an unco anxious feeling anent her the last hour or twa; and I wish she'd come hame."

"Tut, tut! Jeannie kens well enou to tak' care o' herself. Why not?"

He took his pipe and sat down on the hearth. Jeannie's creepie (stool) was in the corner, and he looked at it with a feeling of disappointment. Why wasn't she there? He would have liked to talk over his trip to Edinbro' with her. His smoke did not give him the usual satisfaction. He got restless. The empty creepie, as the twilight deepened, looked almost tragical. He kept saying, "I wonder where she is at a'!" and saying it with a constantly increasing anxiety. When Ann came in from the byre the girl's face frightened him. She set down the milk and burst into tears.

"Fayther, fayther! There is something no right. I canna bear it. I'm awa' to the cottages to spier after her."

"Stop here! I'll go mysel'."

He came back white and stern. Jeannie had told a lie. She had not been near them that day, and inquiry had made him acquainted with the fact that she had often met Walter Grahame at Peter Lochrig's. He had quarrelled with Peter. He was angrier than Ann had ever seen him in all her life. He pushed the creepie out of his sight, and tried to sit still, but could not. The presence of Ann appeared to annoy him; he would not speak to her, and she went into the dairy, and, shivering with cold and sick with anxiety, sat there until he called her.

"It is bedtime. Lock the door. If you can pray, go and pray. God will hae to speak a word to me afore I can speak a word to Him. Ann Carrick, whar is your sister?"

"I wish I kent! I wish I kent!"

"Think. Did she not say one word by ordinar to you?"

"Not ane, fayther! Not ane! I was skimming the milk this morn, and she came to my side and said, 'Nannie, I'm awa' down to the sea-shore.' And I said, 'Not you, you lazy lassie, gae mind your seam.' And she said, 'I canna sew the day; I'm thinking o' the White Cave, and the green waves trem'ling through it, and I'll awa there.' 'Don't gae there, for ony sake,' I said. 'Gae to Lucky Boyd's and get some mair flax, and see you're hame at the noon hour; and she laughed and said, 'Nae; I'll hae a herring and a cup o' tea wi' Lucky, and she'll read me the dream I

had yestreen;' and sae she pinched my arm, and when I turned quick-like, she said, 'Thar's a kiss to pay the pinch wi'.' A minute after I turned me roun', and she stood in the door looking at me. I said, 'Weel, what is it?' and she said, 'Naething, Nannie; naething, Nannie,' and went awa'. Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie!"

As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Who has not heard knocks that seemed "instinct with fate"? This one smote on both hearts. They looked at each other, and Ann sat down trembling and weeping.

Andrew asked, "Wha's there?"

"It's Jock Simpson fra Wigton. I hae a letter for you, maister."

He opened the door and took the letter; but, ere he looked at it said, "Thar's a shilling for you. Gae down to Lucky Boyd's and she'll gie you and your beast a mouthfu' and a night's lodging. There is sorrow here, and nae room for stranger folk."

The man took the money, and without a word went away. Andrew watched him outside the gate, relocked the door, and, sitting down by the table, laid the letter upon it.

He had shown great anxiety and emotion before Jeannie's fate was decided. After reading the letter he arose with apparent calmness and left it on the table. Ann had not dared to move, still less to ask him a question; but he stopped as he passed through the houseplace and said, "You can read that bit o' shamefu' paper; then put it in the fire, and dinna you daur to name the subject o' it to me again—*never!*"

He went into his room and locked the door. Ann lifted Jeannie's letter and read it. It was the letter of a half-educated and over-disciplined child. She said she had married Walter Grahame because she loved him, and that they were going to Australia "sae as not to anger folks;" and would her father and Ann forgive her and try to think a bit kindly of her. Its simplicity touched Ann's heart. She felt that she must see Jock Simpson and hear the last news of her sister.

At the first gray dawn she was running swiftly down to Lucky Boyd's and she found Jock just saddling his pony.

"I was up early," he said, "to try and win a sight o' your mistress. I promised your bonnie sister to gie you this, only the maister wasna to be spoken to yestreen."

He took a bit of paper from his pocket and gave it to her. It contained only a long shining tress of Jeannie's hair, and a little card on which the runaway had written in her large childish handwriting—"*Nannie! Nannie! dinna forget Jeannie!*"

"I'll ne'er do that! I'll ne'er do that, my puir dear Jeannie!" and she went crying up the hill, kissing this last token of her sister's love and wetting it through with her tears.

It is a great blessing in hard sorrows to have compelling duties. The cows were lowing to be milked and the breakfast was to make, and though Ann went about her work with a heavy heart she neglected nothing. All day her father kept his room; he neither ate nor drank, nor answered her timid inquiries regarding

his wishes. She heard him hour after hour, pacing the floor, and either talking to himself or to his Maker. For, like the man of Uz, Andrew Carrick was ever ready to enter into a controversy with Him. It was more in accord with his nature to argue the "wherefore" of an affliction than to submit to it.

"I'm no a bairn to tak' my punishment and ask nae questions," he said to Ann, when his wife was taken from him. "I'm a son that is o' age, and I may ask o' my Fayther, 'Why hast Thou entered into judgment wi' me?'" And in this sorrow the question seemed to him still more necessary.

On the second morning he came to the breakfast-table. He was white and haggard, and had aged ten years in the preceding thirty-six hours. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of porridge, and then rose and went to the open door and stood facing the sea, which was this morning blue and smooth and dimpling with incalculable laughter in the sunshine. The wind blew his long, black hair from his face, and the keen, salt air appeared to revive him, for he turned and said,

"Ann, I'll awa' to Port Braddon. There's naething but darkness and silence in my ain room. Nae answer has come to me there."

He expected to see Grahame, but he did not; and all was very quiet in the little town. He sauntered round with even more than his usual deliberation, and then returned home. He was thankful for the reprieve. Grahame could not now say that he had avoided him; and he might take a few days to gather his strength together. He had intended to go to Edinburgh on the following Monday; he determined to go at once. He would be there in a wilderness, as it were, apart from personalities that wounded and questioned him.

Ann was glad of the decision. She hoped he might open his heart to his cousin. She had not dared to offer him either sympathy or advice. In some way or other she thought that he blamed her, or else his loss had revealed to him what Ann had long known—that Jeannie was the apple of his eye, the dearest thing on earth to his heart.

The visit to Edinburgh was in a sense very satisfactory. Cosmo Carrick received him gladly, and agreed to preach at the opening of Port Braddon Kirk. He also gave Andrew his advice about a communion service, and a very handsome one was bought. For Andrew in this matter had a quick conscience; he gave the thing he had promised mentally, even with an overscrupulous generosity. The Lord, in granting him his desire, had sent sorrow with it, but, for all that, he would pay fully the offering he had promised. If he could have read his own heart, he would have known that, in his gift, he was proudly conscious of a returning good for evil.

He stayed a week in Edinburgh; and, when he returned, Cosmo Carrick came with him. The opening of the kirk was a manifest

success. It was clear of debt; the handsome silver service was upon the table. The sermon stirred every soul to its inmost depth. What a time of joyful triumph it might have been to Andrew but for that dark shadow upon his hearthstone!

He had not seen Grahame since the affair, and no one else had dared to mention the subject to him. But he knew that in his relation to the public, it must evidently be faced; and this was the humiliating side of the affliction. Cosmo Carrick made but one reference to it. When they gathered for worship on the first night of his visit, he said,

"I thought, cousin, you had two daughters."

"I have *ane* daughter, cousin—*only ane*."

And Cosmo saw the heavy tears falling from under Ann's dropped eyes, and divined that even in that simple, pious home sorrow had found herself a dwelling-place. He was, however, too true a gentleman, and too good a minister, to seek after ungiven confidences, for he knew that spiritual consolation must be self-evolved to be of practical strength and comfort. Andrew clasped his hand at parting with a great regard, and then turned with a sigh to his bench and his work.

But he soon began to miss the sound of Jeannie's wheel and the bits of broken chatter that had often enough troubled him when he was following out some involved train of thought. He could not bear the silence and the monotony, and he soon put aside his last and went into the garden. As he stood leaning upon his rake a boy brought him a note. It was from Elder Scott, advising him of a kirk-session extraordinary, to consider the call of a minister for the new kirk, and requesting him to be in his place at two o'clock.

It was rather a stormy session, and Andrew's opinions and wishes obtained very little attention. This was the natural reaction to the decided prominence given him in the previous meeting; but Andrew believed it to be the result of the disgrace which Jeannie had brought upon his name. And as he went down the street his enemy was watching for him. He had been in Glasgow looking after his runaway son, and had failed to obtain any satisfactory information regarding his destination. He was full of anger and bitterness, and the sight of Andrew riding calmly home from a kirk-session was more than he could endure. He advanced to the middle of the street and seized the bridle, asking in a passionate voice, "Do you ken that your daughter is awa' wi' Walter Grahame?"

"I ken that my daughter has married Walter Grahame. I did my best for the lass; but the wicked will go to the wicked."

"Then you will gae to destruction, Andrew Carrick, be sure o' that. And I'm thinking it's little marriage there is in the question. Walter isna sic a fool."

"You'll no daur to say that again, Grahame! I'll lay my whip across your ill face if you do."

"Do sae, and I'll hae you put under lock and key for assault,

Elder Carrick. You! straight frae a kirk-session, in your new-fangled free kirk, and threatening folk wi' your horsewhip! Think shame o' yoursel', *Elder* Carrick!"

"I think shame o' breaking a word wi' you at a'! Let gae my beast."

"I'll haud him as long as I want to."

"Vera weel. I can bide your time. Say the worst word in your sinfu' heart, I'm no heeding it!" And he shut his mouth tight, and gazing over the tossing waves at the harbour bar, seemed in his concentration of soul to have closed his ears also. A crowd gathered around them, a crowd of idle boys, and men and women, whose sympathies were decidedly with the more offensive and belligerent Grahame.

Calm as a man of stone, Andrew sat amid the storm of insult smiting him right and left The mouth, which always betrays a weak man, only indicated on Andrew's face a gathering of will and of purpose. It drew tighter, but it never trembled. At length a man in the crowd said, "Dinna choke yoursel', Grahame; you'll be having a fit. Let the auld Whig gae. His daughter isna worth the words you are spending on her."

"Even sae. And it's weel kent she's only paying her fayther the wage he's earned."

Then, with a parting epithet of inexcusable infamy, and a chorus of foolish contemptible laughter, Andrew was released. For Grahame saw it was becoming every moment more impossible to move him from the position of "a noble not caring," which he had taken; and also that the better class of citizens, gradually gathering, were most decidedly in Andrew's favour.

He deigned Grahame neither look nor word. He rode away at his usual slow pace, and spoke to several acquaintances in his ordinary cold, quiet manner. But oh! the volcano of rage and shame and hatred in his soul! That hour he had a revelation as to the possibilities of suffering of which the mind is capable, and which all of us occasionally get a glimpse of in our dreams. Hard riding, or physical exertion in extremity of mental anguish, was no relief to this man. Trouble had to be spiritually fought out, with him, and repose and solitude were necessary to such a conflict.

Still there was a strong though neglected element in Andrew, and in this bitter hour it craved some human sympathy. Ann found him on his own hearth, with his head bowed in his hands, and sobbing with all the abandon of a child. It was a strange and pitiful sight. In a kind of terror she knelt beside him, able only to say, "My fayther! My dear fayther! What grief has come to you?"

Broken-hearted indeed must Andrew Carrick have felt ere he could humble himself to seek consolation of any woman.

"God's strength through my ain strength" had always been enough for him; he could have gone to martyrdom in it. But this sorrow and shame that had come to him was a far different

thing. A fiery trial of his faith would have had the sympathy of men and angels, and the crown of everlasting life. This was to be a long fight with foes so mean and cruel that even victory over them was such a shame and pain as he then experienced.

He felt constrained to tell Ann all about this trial, and she suffered in all he had suffered. She indignantly repudiated Grahame's insinuations. "Jeannie might hae rin awa' to be married, but *she was married.* She was as sure o' that as o' death itsel'." And Andrew grew calmer and stronger under her convictions and her sympathy. But when the Bible was laid upon the table he would not open it.

"My soul is fu' o' hatred and all uncharitableness, Ann. It would be touching the ark wi' unclean hands. I'll hae to stand afar aff the night. There is only ane prayer for me, and I dinna feel as if I can say it yet."

In the morning she found him early saddling his pony.

"I'm going anent Jeannie's marriage. I must find out about it if I hae to go to Australia for the fac's. You'll get a letter in my room concerning siller, and the like o' that, if I dinna come back in twa weeks."

"But hae your porridge, fayther, and say a kind word to me ere you gae—and the morning exercise."

"I canna eat. As for yoursel', Ann, God bless you! You hae been a dear gude bairn a' the days o' your life."

He stroked her head and drew her to his side a moment; then, with a dark sorrowful face, he rode away.

In less than a week he was back again, and Ann perceived that his errand was accomplished. As she met him he said, "You were right, Ann, and Grahame was a liar."

"I ne'er doubted her marriage, fayther, Jeannie isna wicked."

"What is it you say? She is just the wickedest lass that I e'er heard tell o'. Ither lasses hae rin awa doubtless, but nae lass ever had such boundaries to break through, and such ties to break asunder—ties which stretch backward for centuries, and reach upward even to her mither in heaven! Never name her mair in my hearing. Set by that wheel and stool whar I'll never see them mair."

The next day he went into Port Braddon and sent the bellman round the town with the following information:

"This is to give notice. Jeannie Carrick, of Port Braddon parish, and Walter Grahame, of Port Braddon, were married on the 29th of April by the Rev. Dr. Barr, of St. Enoch's Kirk, Glasgow."

Grahame laughed the notice to scorn and denounced it as a lie. He ordered the bellman to desist. Andrew, who was by his side, ordered him to proceed. They were soon followed by a crowd, and the contention grew so fierce that some of the respectable citizens interfered.

"It is all a lie!" shouted Grahame.

"It is the truth!" said Andrew.

"Let him prove it."

"Whar's your proof, Carrick?" said the Earl of Galloway's factor.

"I saw the marriage in the kirk registry, and I spoke wi' the meenister."

"You'll hae a copy, dootless?"

"No." Andrew had only thought of satisfying himself.

The factor hated the Free Kirkers, and he hated Andrew most of all. He shook his head doubtingly.

"That's a great pity, Maister Carrick. There's folk that would believe 'the lines' that winna tak' your word for them."

"I say I spoke wi' the meenister wha married them."

"It's a lie a'thegither!" said Grahame; "and the truth isna in you, and ne'er was in any o' the Carrick line."

Then in a moment Andrew's passion took entire possession of him. It blazed in his face, and seemed to impart an incredible majesty to his person. His strength, really great, was enormously exaggerated by a rage almost supernatural in its intensity. He seized Grahame by the throat, he shook him as he might have shaken a child, and then he flung him to the ground. A movement of his arms scattered the crowd. Some of them assisted Grahame to his home, the rest went up the street discussing the quarrel.

Then Andrew escorted the bellman, not once, but twice through the town, and when this duty was done he rode home. But never had his soul been in such a chaos of suffering. He passed the whole night in an argument with himself. In the morning he was convinced he had done right. "And they'll be queer folk that blame me," he said to Ann. "Few would hae endured such contradiction and ill-will fra sinners as long as I hae."

He was quite mistaken. The popular sympathy was with Grahame. It is a dangerous thing to give gifts. "He has gi'en a siller service to the kirk, and he thinks he can haud himsel' aboon reproof," said the envious who had given nothing. "He's that gude, there's nae gude outside his ainsel'," said those whose lives were shamed by the purity of Andrew's.

When Grahame brought him before the magistrate the whole public feeling was antagonistic to Andrew. Many people had been influenced by Grahame, more by the all-powerful factor, and all the witnesses characterized Grahame's offence as "a wheen angry words." Andrew's assault had been, however, of a most decided kind. He was heavily fined, and had all the expenses of the trial to pay, and it was a very black hour he spent with his bank-book that night.

Even the most generous men have fits of parsimony, and one thing or another had made a great void in the gathered gold of three generations. Andrew was not avaricious, but he felt as poor as any miser after adding to all his other unusual expenses the amount which Grahame had cost him.

The worst part of his punishment, however, came from the ecclesiastical and not the civil court. The kirk-session which

was called anent the matter refused to see any excuse for his conduct. He was subjected to reproofs, and temporarily deposed from his office as ruling elder. In truth, there had been a great scandal. The kirk was yet in its infancy, and those set as fathers over it behoved to be of irreproachable life and conversation. Andrew was shocked to find how few friends he had. He forgot that he had never shown himself friendly, or even social. He had given the world only an example of strict piety and a spotless life, and the world let him understand that such a character with a flaw in it had lost its value.

He withdrew himself from the kirk entirely—the kirk which had been built mainly by his gifts and exertions. The new minister was a young man fresh from his university, and, like most young men, enthusiastic for what he was going to do, and blandly indifferent as to what others had done before him. Andrew did not like him; and he considered Andrew an impracticable, self-righteous Philistine.

With a bitterness of feeling no words can describe, Andrew resigned his office in the kirk, and a son-in-law of Grahame's was elected to fill the vacancy. The choice was doubtless without any ill intention, but it wounded Carrick deeply. And it is easy to imagine how many offences grew out of these changes. One elder told Andrew plainly that he had resigned because "he wasna judged worthy o' being first." The minister preached a pointed sermon upon spiritual pride, and those who had been at all familiar with him thought it their duty to advise or reason with him. Not a few were thoughtless or cruel enough to use his erring child in the question.

Alas! he had no spiritual strength to fight these ever-increasing sorrows. He had said to himself that it was in vain he had washed his hands in innocency, and this attitude once assumed, he argued everything from that basis. Usually he went with the men to sea during the herring season, and his great strength and knowledge of the winds prevailing had always made him a welcome addition to any boat. But this year it was evident none of the men wanted him. "The hand o' God is on me, Ann," he said, mournfully, "and they are a' feared for me."

The truth was that Peter Lochrig had not forgotten the angry words Andrew had spoken to him the night of Jeannie's flight, and Peter had good influences with his mates. He did not scruple to say, that for "a ruling elder to try and make himsel' ameenable to the ceevil coorts, and incur reproof and fine, was a thing o' a vera heinous nature; forbye, adding thereto a rebellion against kirk authority, and a visible neglect o' the ordinances. For his pairt, he was of opinion that to countenance such impiety was to be a pairtner in the sin o' it."

So the fishing season, which had always been such a busy, happy time to Andrew, passed wearily and angrily away. He could watch the boats sailing out to their fishing grounds from his open door; and surely, if evil thoughts could have brought

them harm, they would have never come back again. It was at this time he lost all interest in his trade. For three generations the Carricks had employed their winter days and their spare hours at it; and the men in the neighbourhood thought no shoe but a "Carrick shoe" worth the buying. Andrew had continued the trade, although all necessity for it had long been past; and while Jeannie sat sewing or spinning beside him, he had enjoyed the thoughtful monotony of the labour. But he now took a hatred to everything connected with it. "Hae that wearisome bench put oot o' my sight," Ann, "I'll ne'er sit another minute at it."

Day by day he was creating a sinful atmosphere, which would make greater sin possible to him. Ann watched his moods with growing alarm. He walked the houseplace, or the cliff, hour after hour, muttering to himself. He ate little, and he slept still less. He grew gaunt and savagely gloomy. He had fits of rage, which made her fly from his presence in terror. Half her time was spent in covertly watching him. She crept shivering down to his door at midnight and listened in sick anxiety to his restlessness. One terrible thought haunted her—*if he should take his own life!* Her labour and her constant watch over him began to tell fearfully, even upon her perfect health and calm temperament.

Upon New Year's Day the men from the cottages had always made a point of calling upon Andrew. Then they paid him their rents, talked over the business of the past year, and parted with wishes of reciprocal good health and prosperity. He looked forward to this event. He determined to talk over his own case with each man separately, and appeal to the long affection and alliance which had existed between them. But on New Year's Day no one called but Peter Lochrig. He brought all the rents with him, and when Ann opened the door, left them with a civil message in her charge. Andrew had seen him coming, and when he learned what had transpired he sat down in a kind of despair.

"I hae been wounded in the house o' my friends," he muttered. "Grahame was aye mine enemy; but these men for generations hae eat o' the Carrick bread, and drank oot o' our cup. My forbears and theirs struck hands thegither after the battle o' Drumclog, when Carrick's purse was the only purse amang them. Nae man has been treated sae ill as I hae been!"

And he believed it, with all his soul. Yet the root of his bitterness was not with man, but with God. God might have undertaken for him. God knew his innocency. In his heart he accused God of a species of ingratitude to him. He had given him a shadow of victory, and then turned it into shame. He had suffered his enemies to triumph over him. He had withheld from him the secret consolations of His mercy. In his best moods he likened himself to Job, or to Jonah, and waited for the Lord to explain His ways unto him. If, at any time, he had been told that the devil was deceiving him, he would not have listened, for he was deceiving himself; and the worst of all frauds is to cheat one's own soul.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The Editor of this Magazine having enjoyed an eleven weeks' holiday-trip abroad, his kind readers have a right to expect some account of what he has seen in a journey of ten thousand miles, much of it through the old historic lands of Europe. Of course, only a few brief notes can be here given, which may be expanded into more ample chapters, with appropriate illustration, in future numbers.

The urgent request of a number of friends that he should organize a "personally conducted" excursion, added to the attractions of the World's Sunday-School Convention, in London, and a World's Industrial and Art Exposition, in Paris, proved a potent inducement, and led to the somewhat serious undertaking of conducting a party of over two score persons—in Paris we numbered forty-five—across the sea and to the two leading cities of Europe—London and Paris. A score of these made a still further journey through Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany and Belgium. It is cause for devout thankfulness to God that this numerous party made this long journey without a single accident or illness—save the inevitable temporary sea-sickness—or serious mishap of any sort.

The broad extent of Canada was well illustrated in this numerous excursion-party, embracing as it did representatives from Vancouver Island on the west, from Halifax on the east, and from several intermediate places.

Another illustration of the magnificent distances of Canada is the fact that one sails a thousand miles after going on shipboard at Montreal before losing sight of land. In about five days the green shores of Ireland come in sight, and in less than seven days passengers from Rimouski disembark at Moville. The sail up the Mersey, past seven miles of docks, impresses one with the vastness of the commerce of one of the greatest seaports of the world. A special commissioner and three liveried baggagemen, previously arranged for, enable our large party to pass without delay the Customs, and after a night in Liverpool we travel to London, in special saloon carriages, *via* the picturesque Midland route through Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Bedfordshire, with their memories of Peveril of the Peak, of Cromwell and of Bunyan.

Of the many sights seen during ten busy days in London space will not here suffice to speak, but of one mention must be especially made. Our very first drive in the great metropolis—as was befitting a party of loyal Methodists—as for the most part we were—was to the old Mother Church of Methodism in London—City Road Chapel. Never before had a party of forty Canadian tourists visited that historic spot. But the courteous minister in charge and the chapel-keeper were previously apprised of our coming and everything was ready for our reception. We stood by turns in Wesley's pulpit, read with keenest interest the mural tablets to the memory of Fletcher, Clarke, Benson and Coke, and other mighty men, and stood beside the grave of the honoured founder of Methodism, and by the beautiful monument of its real foundress—Susannah Wesley; and then visited the house in which John Wesley lived, the room in which he wrote, and the chamber in which he died, and felt that we were near the springs of a stream of sacred influence which has encircled the whole round world. To residents in a new country like Canada, where we can scarcely see anything much older than ourselves, the impression made by such memorials of the past as the grim old Tower of London, and the venerable Westminster Abbey, are very striking. One of the most interesting features of the abbey is the old Jerusalem Chamber, in which King Henry IV. died and lay in state; in which King

James' Authorized Version of the Scriptures was made in 1611; in which the Westminster Confession was compiled, and in which the Revised Version of the Scriptures received the sanction of the eminent scholars to whom it was committed.

The World's Sunday-School Convention was a very notable gathering, embracing nearly nine hundred delegates from many remote parts of Christendom. Much social attention was given the foreign visitors, including a reception at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and a garden party at Dullis Hill, the country house of the Earl of Aberdeen. The Convention cannot fail to stimulate the cause of Sunday-schools throughout Europe, and to further the adoption of the International System of Sunday-School lessons.

On the last Sunday we were in London, the sacred day was desecrated by the noisy procession of the Shah of Persia and *suite* through the densely crowded streets on their way to a dinner-party given at his country-house by the Marquis of Salisbury—not a good example to be set by the Prime Minister of England. A better observance of the sacred day was a procession of enthusiastic Methodists through Oxford Street, singing as they went, to Hyde Park, where Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of the West End London Mission, preached an earnest evangelistic sermon. In the evening two thousand people crowded St. James' Hall, where this successful mission grapples with the fashionable vice of the great Metropolis.

The memory of the first ride in France, through beautiful Normandy, from the quaint old fishing town of Dieppe to still more quaint Rouen, is one that will not soon be forgotten.

Ten days in Paris was not too long a time in which to visit the sights of the gay pleasure-city, and to study the wonderful Exhibition of Art and Industry on the *Champ de Mars*. High over all dominated the lace-like structure of the Eiffel Tower—the most remarkable combination of strength and beauty we ever saw. Around its base surged a concourse of people of many lands and many tongues. In scores of varied structures—graceful or fantastic, bizarre or elegant—were exhibited the master-work of human skill and ingenuity from the very ends of the earth. The art catalogue alone filled a closely-printed octavo volume of 338 pages, and the other exhibits fill eight volumes more. Almost bewildering were the seemingly endless number and infinite variety of the products of the hand and brain of man. A striking feature was the reproduction of the structures of all ages and all lands—from the rude caves of the stone age, down through Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman, Romanesque and Byzantine, to Renaissance and modern architecture; and from the rude huts of Senegal and the Gamboon to the fac-similes of Indian temples and Tonkin villages—all peopled by their appropriate inhabitants. I took my lunch of mediæval bread and cheese, served by serge-clad, leather-buskined Gaulish peasants, in a house of the Gaulo-Roman period, built of fragments of buildings of the classic age; and my wife rode in a Tonkinese jinrikisha through streets of a score of distinct nationalities. One could make a tour of the world in a few hours. One of the most realistic reproductions was the street in Cairo—with its mosquer and minarets, its bazaars and overhanging lattice windows, its Arab donkey boys and haggling hucksters of all sorts of Oriental fabrics.

We happened to be in Paris on the historic 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, which, indeed, the whole Exhibition was designed to commemorate. The whole city was *en fête*, and decorated and illuminated as never before. The *Champs Elysèes* looked like a veritable Elysian field, and the great square of the *Place de la Concorde*, the scene of so much pageantry and tragedy, never witnessed a more brilliant spectacle.

Nevertheless it was a grateful change, to pass from the brilliance of the gay capital, from the pomp and splendour of Versailles to the

mountain solitudes and solemnities of Switzerland — sweeping up, up from the fertile plain, through belts of dusky pines and verdant pasture to regions of eternal snow. Of Geneva, with its memories of Calvin and Farel and Knox, of the glorious ride to the Chamouny, of the still grander ride over the wild Tête Noire Pass, of the wondrous vision of Mont Blanc—a revelation of the might and majesty of God—like the great white throne set in the heavens—such as awes and solemnizes the soul—of the virgin beauty of the Jung Frau, throned in inaccessible loveliness, of the glorious outlook over a horizon of three hundred miles of snow-capped, forest-mantled mountains from the Rigi, of the blended beauty and sublimity of Lake Thun, Lake Brienz, Lake Lucerne—of these we may not now speak.

The grandeur culminates in the ride over the St. Gothard Pass, from Alpine snows to the burning plains of Italy. Up, up the railway winds, now plunging into a mountain's tunnel, now leaping over a yawning ravine, sometimes even boring in a spiral curve in the very heart of the mountain. The Italian lakes Lugano and Como surpass the Swiss lakes in beauty, if they are inferior in sublimity. Nothing more fully met the expectation of the Canadian tourists than the exquisite beauty of Milan Cathedral, its two thousand statued pinnacles glistening in the sun; its interior, a vast and solemn vaulted space, resplendent with rainbow-coloured windows and with the sheen of gold and gems.

Less impressive at first view, but growing upon one with a spell of power, is the glorious Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice. The Palace of the Doges, with its blended memories of power and pomp and splendour, and of oppression and crime; the Bridge of Sighs, the crowded Rialto—the many canals, the gliding gondolas, seem like a dream of romance.

By a route traversed by few Canadian tourists—that over the Brenner Pass through the Austrian Tyrol—we reach the mountain-girdled city of Innsbruck, the quaint capital of the Tyrol. Nowhere have I seen a more striking combination of fantastic mediæval and sumptuous modern architecture, or more magnificent environment. Here, too, is one of the most impressive monuments in existence, that of the Emperor Maximilian I. The effigy of the emperor kneels in prayer upon his tomb, surrounded by bronze figures of twenty-eight of his ancestors and kinsfolk—grave, austere, homely, realistic statues, standing like chief mourners around the emperor's bier. The exquisite marble reliefs illustrate the principal events in his life. The conception and execution of the monument is supremely fine.

A ride in an "observation car" over the Arlberg Railway through magnificent mountain scenery, amid a region seamed and scarred by the stern ploughshare of war, where almost every hill has its frowning fortress or castle; and a sail on lovely Lake Constance, bring us to the city, chiefly memorable for the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome and for the great council by which they were condemned. The hall of their trial, the scene of their imprisonment, the place whence they were burned at the stake are invested with imperishable interest.

Another ride, over the famous Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering achievements in Europe, traversing a country of unsurpassed picturesqueness, brings us to Strasburg, whose noble cathedral is one of the grandest relics bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the present time. Yet though strikingly picturesque, these old houses with five stories *in the roof* must be very uncomfortable and unsanitary dwellings. The contrast between the splendour of the Kaiser's new palace and the squalor in which so many of his subjects, crushed by military burdens, eke out an existence, is very painful. I saw in this stately city an old woman pushing a handcart before her and dragging *four* others behind her; they were empty of course, but still it was most unwomanly work, but only an example of much which constantly meet the eye.

The old castle of Heidelberg, commanding a magnificent view of the valley of Neckar, is one of the noblest ruins of Europe—majestic even in decay, fraught with memories of pomp and power and pageantry, of battle, siege and sortie, that still stir the blood. A short ride brought us to the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, where is still seen the hall in which for well-nigh a thousand years the emperors of Germany were elected, and the square where neither "Jews nor swine" were permitted to enter. Yet the Jews became here one of the dominant forces of Europe, without the aid of whose money-bags no war could be waged.

Most tourists make the descent of the Rhine in a single day. We took it leisurely in two, enjoying to the full the panorama of its vine-clad slopes and many-castled hills, and stopping over-night at quaint Coblentz, where the Emperor Drusus bridged the swift-flowing Moselle, and in whose old church Charlemagne partitioned his empire.

The stately minster of Cologne more completely than any other fulfilled the ideal of Gothic architecture; but while a magnificent national monument, it is degraded by puerile legends of the "Three Wise Men," or Gipsy Kings, of Bible story, and by many apocryphal relics. More absurd still is the story of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs whose relics are shown to the devout or curious, the skulls on shelves wearing embroidered caps, the other bones arranged in fantastic devices. As of special sanctity are shown the right hand and left foot of Saint Ursula, a spine of the crown of thorns, an alabaster vessel, one of the water-pots containing the water made wine at Cana in Galilee—though it could never have held two or three firkins as described in the sacred narratives. I "posed" for a moment the garrulous custodian of these relics by asking how he was sure of the identity of the saints which he so confidently asserted to be those of St. Ursula, and the rest. After an impatient shrug of the shoulders he went on as fluently as ever. I wonder how he could keep his gravity while recounting such palpable fables.

The splendid architecture of the new streets of Cologne was the most progressive-looking thing we saw in Germany.

A long ride across the undulating plains of Eastern Belgium, cultivated like a garden, and studded with busy manufacturing towns—Namur, Liege, Louvain, and many another—brings us to the gay capital, Brussels—a lesser Paris, with stately streets and noble architecture. The new Palais de Justice, it is claimed, is the largest building in Europe—a colossal pile, rivalling in massive majesty the structures of Babylon and Nineveh. A visit to the picture gallery of the mad painter, Wiertz, was like a nightmare vision—a most extraordinary blending of the grotesque and horrible. He was an ardent hater of war and war-makers, and two never-to-be-forgotten pictures are his "Last Cannon," in which a mighty angel wrenches in pieces the deadly enginery of war, while attendant angels proclaim over a war-scarred world the mild triumphs of peace, and his "Napoleon in Hell," in which the victims of the arch-despot's cruelty invoke the wrath of heaven upon his head.

A couple of hours' ride brings us to Antwerp, our last city on the Continent. It was the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the great cathedral was profusely decorated. A large doll-like figure of great age and sanctity was arrayed in a richly-embroidered mantle bedizened with jewellery and costly gems. Even Rubens' famous pictures and the solemnity of the great cathedral—the only one in the world having a nave and six aisles—seemed vulgarized by the tawdry spectacle. Not so the beauty of the noble spire, whose tracery seemed as delicate as Mechlin lace—fit, said Napoleon, to be put in a glass-case—as seen from the square without, with its

> "Beautiful wild chimes,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> And blending like a poet's rhymes."

A fitting conclusion of the jour-

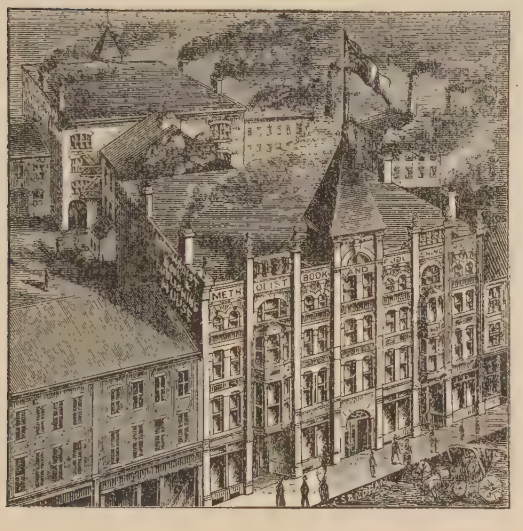
ney was a run through the northern counties of England, stopping to see the ancient cathedral cities of York and Durham; to the stately city of Edinburgh, unsurpassed in Europe for magnificence of situation and for historic and romantic interest. Some of the party visit the Trossachs, Ireland, and Wales, while others proceed directly to Glasgow and Liverpool. In future numbers will be given, with copious illustrations, an account of some of the things best worth seeing in a journey by sea and land over ten thousand miles.

DEATH OF WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

Never within our memory has the death of any one caused such profound and heartfelt sorrow, throughout the community where he lived, as that of the late William Gooderham. It was not idle curiosity that drew thousands from all parts of the city to take a last look at a well-known face, and to pay the last tribute of respect. The moistened eyes of many a stalwart man, to whom the words of counsel or exhortation of the departed servant of God had been a savour of life unto life, the sobs of the orphaned children, whose lives he had brightened and cheered —these were a more touching tribute than even the eloquent words of those who spoke of his many virtues, or than the white flowers which symbolized his blameless life, fragrant with the incense of Christly service for his fellow-men. What was the secret of this life that so won the hearts of men and made his death a personal loss to thousands? It was not that he was a rich man, for many far richer pass away and leave few to mourn. It was not even that he was a benevolent man—though that counts for much. It was because he loved his fellow-men, and strove with an unwearied zeal to bring them to a knowledge of the like precious faith which he himself enjoyed. He did not do this by proxy, but by loving personal effort. To wide and enlightened schemes of beneficence, which he aided with large and liberal donations of money, he added the nobler consecration of his time, his talents, his public addresses, and private appeals to bring men to God. In the wards of the hospital, in the cells of the prison, in the home of the poor, by the bedside of the dying, he had ever the same old, old story to tell of Jesus and his love. How fitting that he should die as he lived, in active service for the Lord he loved—in seeking to reclaim the fallen, to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken. It was not death, it was translation. To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die. He still lives in the memory of thousands, as an example of Christ-like zeal in doing good, as a monument of the transforming power of grace, as an inspiration to duty—to be a follower of him as he also was a follower of the Lord Jesus. We hope in an early number of this MAGAZINE to present an ampler memorial of this consecrated life.

Since the above was written, the following princely bequests, by Mr. Gooderham, have been announced: To the Methodist Missionary Society, $30,000; to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, $10,000; to Victoria College Building Fund, $125,000; Endowment Fund for same, $75,000; Home for Incurables, $10,000; Salvation Army, $15,000; Young Men's Christian Association, $10,000; the Bible Society, $10,000; Wycliffe College, $10,000; Boys' Home, $10,000; Girls' Home, $10,000; House of Industry, $10,000; Infants' Home, $2,000; Hospital for Sick Children, $2,000; News Boys' Home, $2,000; the Haven, $2,000; Women's Christian Boarding Home, $2,000; Orphans' Home, $10,000; Fegan Southwark Home, $10,000; Young Women's Christian Association, $10,000; Mission Union, $5,000; Prisoners' Aid Association, $2,000; Industrial Home $2,000; Willard Tract Depository, $5,000, and other noble benefactions. Thus, though dead, he shall yet speak through the institutions and Christian agencies which are so largely benefited by his liberality.

OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE.



WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

This month marks a new era in the history of our Publishing House. We have taken possession of the commodious premises afforded by the time-honoured Richmond Street Church, and by the erection of large and important additions thereto. We now possess the most amply-equipped establishment in the Dominion, for high-class book publishing, as well as for the growing circulation of the numerous periodicals of the House. This departure has entailed a large amount of labour upon the indefatigable Book Steward, upon whom has fallen the chief burden of financing for the heavy outlay that has been necessary, and otherwise arranging for the transfer of a great business interest from old to new environment. In this he has been well seconded by efficient committees on building, finance, legislation, sale of old premises, and rental of spare space in the new. The small army of employees have also worked with a will, and the entire establishment, printing, presses, bindery, and machinery have been transferred without the interruption for a day of the manifold processes of printing and publishing half a score of periodicals and other issues from the press.

The facilities furnished for doing a very large business in book-selling and publishing are now of the very first order. An immense stock of books in general literature, and especially in religious, theological, and Sunday-school literature, will meet the utmost needs, not only of the "people called Methodists," but of the general public. In addition to the large stock on hand, any book published in any part of the world can be promptly ordered and furnished at the lowest possible rates.

While the wants of the general public will be sedulously met, the establishment appeals especially to the patronage of the Methodist people of the Dominion. It is their house. Its profits are devoted to an interest of paramount importance—in ministering to the support of aged and worn-out ministers and their widows and orphan children.

The Methodist people, upon whom

it especially depends for its patronage, should, therefore, rally more strongly than ever to its support. It should command, we think, the entire patronage of our hundreds of Sunday-schools—except those which draw their supplies from the Montreal and Halifax Methodist Book-Rooms. By far the largest supply of Sunday-school requisites of every sort, and especially of the newest, best, and most attractive Sunday-school libraries will be found in stock, and sold at lowest rates. From this new era, under the blessing of God, a period of unparalleled growth and development in all our publishing and bookselling interests may be anticipated. Not less directly than ever, and far more widely, the old Richmond Street premises shall be a centre from which shall issue pure streams of religious influence—spreading "Scriptural holiness throughout the land."

Another advantage of our new premises is that it furnishes ample accommodation for all the Connexional offices—the Missionary, Educational, Superannuated Fund departments, as well as a large room for Connexional Committees. Without leaving the building, visiting brethren can attend to all Connexional business—and with great saving of time and trouble.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

As stated in our last issue, the Rev. D. C. Kelly was elected President of the Conference recently held at Sheffield. The same gentleman was elected to the position of Book Steward instead of the Rev. T. Woolmer, who, after ten years' faithful service, retires from the active service. Mr. Kelly has long been a prominent member of Conference, and has occupied several important positions. The Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary. Some important appointments were made—Rev. R. Culley was elected Sunday-school Secretary; Rev. D. Walters, Secretary of the London Mission. A University Mission is to be established in London, of which the Rev. John Scott Lidgett is appointed to take charge. Rev. Thomas Champness is now relieved from circuit duties, and devotes himself to the "Joyful News' Mission." He now employs 101 evangelists, sixteen of whom are in foreign lands.

There were several visitors introduced to the Conference. Among others, a son of the late Rev. David McNichol, now President of New Zealand Wesleyan Conference, and our own Dr. Hugh Johnston, President of Toronto Conference. Fraternal delegates were present from the Nonconformist bodies of Sheffield. The open session of Conference was, as usual, one of deep interest. The Secretary of Conference was appointed as fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Rev. Wallace McMullen, fraternal delegate to the Methodist General Conference which is to meet in Montreal, September 1890.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by Professor Beet, and was a production of more than ordinary value. The lecture was delivered in the very church where Mr. Beet became a Methodist, and with which he was nine years identified.

Thirty-one ministers died during the year, twelve of whom had been in the ministry more than fifty years, though some of them had been superannuates a few years. Only thirteen young men were ordained to the full

work of the ministry. This is the smallest number for many years; fifty-five candidates for the ministry were accepted, and several who had completed their terms at college could not be employed in circuit work.

The London Mission, known as the "Forward Movement," excites great interest everywhere. Missions have also been established in several provincial towns—as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, etc.—all of which have been remarkably successful. From the reports presented to the Conference it seems that thousands of persons, some of whom were among the veriest outcasts, have been won to the Saviour. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes stated that he had seen sinners converted every Sabbath during the whole year. In Bolton more than 3,000 conversions had taken place.

The Book Room has had a very prosperous year; and of its profits, $22,500 were donated to benevolent purposes, $17,500 being given to the Superannuation Fund.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of John Wesley's death, which occurs early next spring, by starting a large connexional fund for evangelistic work throughout England, thus giving a fresh impetus to the "Forward Movement" in Methodism.

It is also proposed to rear in London a Whitefield memorial, to perpetuate the name and work of the great evangelist, in which the glory of Immanuel shall be widely revealed; also to do honour to the too long neglected name of Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," by a building to be called "Toplady Hall," costing $100,000.

The marvellous expansion of Methodism may be seen by the following quotation from a speech of Sir Henry Mitchell: "One hundred and fifty years ago the germ of Methodism was warning into life in Oxford University; one hundred and twenty years ago a few seeds of the new life wafted over the sea, took root in American soil and brought forth abundant fruit; one hundred years ago the Christmas Conference gathered up the sheaves and bound them together in the M. E. Church. There were 83 travelling preachers and 15,000 members in the new Church. The population of the new Republic numbered 3,000,000. Thus began the history of the new experiment, a free Church in a free country. On January 1, 1888, Methodism throughout the world numbered 38,000 preachers and 6,320,000 members, had a population indentified with it of about 30,000,000."

In view of the successes which have been chronicled, who shall say that Methodism has had its day or that it exhibits any sign of decadence? One fact speaks volumes. The numerical increase for the past fifty years has been fifty times greater than that of the fifty years of Wesley's evangelistic toils and triumphs. The Methodist Church is now the largest, and perhaps the most aggressive, evangelical community on the face of the globe. "It is a living testimony to the worth of the work our fathers wrought." May not this movement, like "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands," yet fill the whole earth?

At the late Conference an arrangement was made whereby City Road Chapel, London, will henceforth be in reality a Methodist Cathedral. The resident minister will be the Superintendent, but the pulpit will be supplied on various Sundays throughout the year by some of the ablest ministers in Wesleyan Methodism, specially selected for the purpose.

A Quarterly Magazine is published in Edinburgh, edited by Mr. Joseph Cargill, a nephew of David Cargill, the Fijian missionary, and a descendant of Donald Cargill, the Covenant martyr. The new periodical takes note of the progress of the Wesleyan Church all over Scotland.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is estimated that this Church now has 2,154,237 communicants, against 2,093,935 last year, indicating a net gain in 1888 of over 60,000.

The Church reports 25,065 Sunday-schools, with 2,086,848 scholars.

The agents of the Book Concern in New York have sold the property known as 805 Broadway. The price obtained is $50,000 in excess of the valuation fixed upon it by the Book Committee.

In sixteen years the Boston University (Methodist) has graduated 428 doctors of medicine, nearly one-half of them women.

Syracuse Methodist University, now growing into great strength and influence, received benefactions during the year amounting to $365,000.

Bishop Taylor, the self-supporting missionary in Africa, writes: "All my missionaries on the Liberian coast are well, happy and hopeful. We are going to win by the power of God.

Wesley Hospital, Chicago has received a gift of $5,000, which endows the first free bed in that institution.

Drew Methodist College has an excellent library, comprising 25,000 volumes, 8,000 pamphlets, and a large number of rare ancient manuscripts.

A writer in the *Central Methodist* says: "Nothing in Denver shows greater growth and prosperity than Methodism. It is keeping pace with the growth of the city."

Methodism to-day has the largest membership of all Protestant denominations in China.

Primitive Methodism.

Rev. George Warner, the Connexional evangelist, has gone to Australia, and is labouring there in evangelistic work.

A new mission for Central Africa has been organized, a station has also been established on the Zambesi River.

The Primitive Methodists of London are commencing a Forward Movement to employ twelve evangelists, men and women.

The Methodist Church.

The great event in Canadian Methodism since our last issue was the jubilee of Centenary Church, St. John, New Brunswick. Our friends in the east have set an example to the Methodists throughout the Dominion. The jubilee services were varied and extended over several days, but, all were of the most inspiring character. A tablet in honour of former pastors was unveiled. The ministers who took part had all been pastors of Centenary, except Bishop Newman, who preached on the last Sabbath, and delivered his grand lecture the following evening, on "The March of Civilization." Several persons were present at the services who had been connected with the Church most of their lives. One gentleman was there at the ripe age of ninety-four, Mr. Henry Melick. The congregation has always been one of great influence, and has sometimes embraced those who have become persons of distinguished position, as mayor of the city, judges of the Supreme Court, and lieutenant-governors.

A correspondent in the *Wesleyan* has lately been visiting the North-West, and gives an interesting account of some of the Methodist Indian Missions. He was particularly pleased with the Orphans' Home at Morley, and writes in terms of great commendation respecting Mr. and Mrs. Youmans and Miss McKee, who are connected with the institution.

An interesting meeting was held recently in Vancouver, which was a kind of farewell love-feast, as the people were in future to form two congregations. Rev. E. Robson, who has been so long connected with Methodism in British Columbia, presided. The missionary party on their way to Japan were present, and took part in the services, there were also fifteen Chinese Christians there. Some of them spoke and all sang. The Chinese mission has beeng reatly owned by God. Vancouver is improving rapidly. Only seven years ago it was a small hamlet surrounded by giant pines. Now there is a city of 12,000 inhabitants. Surely this is marvellous growth.

Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of the Rev. T. D. Hart, Methodist minister of Arcadia, N.S., has gone to Tokyo, Japan, where she is to enter upon mission work and teach

in one of the colleges. Miss Hart is a young lady of talent and culture, an accomplished artist and musician, and will thus be a valuable addition to the staff of missionaries now in Japan. The family to which Miss Hart belongs has a noteworthy record in the Church. Two uncles have laboured in the ministry. About two years ago a sister entered on mission work amongst the Indians in the North-West, and a brother has just entered the ministry in the Nova Scotia Conference.

We are gratified to learn that there is an increase of missionary income for the current year amounting to $8,000, but there has been a falling off in the amount of bequests, which reduces somewhat the total receipts. This does not discourage us, we would rather see an increase in subscriptions than in the amount of bequests, it is a more satisfactory source of income.

The Board of the Superannuation Fund has just published an exhibit of its requirements. During the past year 190 worn-out ministers, 148 widows and 106 children received aid from this fund. During the current year, the following additional claimants will need to be provided for—18 ministers, 9 widows, and 12 children, which will necessarily require an increase of income. No fund has stronger claims on the liberality of the Methodist people than the Superannuation Fund.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. A. C. Chambers, who was a member of the Montreal Conference, has been called to his reward. The event occurred at the house of his brother, the Rev. A. B. Chambers, Napanee, September 16th. Brother Chambers entered the ministry in 1868, so that he had been permitted to blow the Gospel trumpet a little more than twenty years. It was the privilege of the present writer, to follow our departed brother on one circuit, where he was spoken of very kindly by many friends. We occasionally met in subsequent years, and always found him the same kind, tender-hearted brother that he was when we first met. The last time we were privileged to meet him was shortly after the death of his beloved wife, when he was somewhat depressed on account of the bereavement. He intimated that he did not expect to live long. He survived a few years, but his health has always been somewhat delicate which unfitted him for the rugged work which often falls to the lot of the itinerant. Since May he has resided with his brother, where the best medical skill was provided for him, and everything was done for his comfort which affection could suggest, but despite of all he sunk under his affliction, and now he rests from his labours. May his bereaved ones enjoy the consolations of the Gospel which he so faithfully preached, though often in great bodily weakness.

The Rev. Dr. Burnet, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, who laboured for many years in Hamilton, Ont., died lately at Milton. He was only sick a few days when the Master called him home.

The Rev. John Brewster was for many years a well-known Methodist minister in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. He was a man of great originality of speech, and was exceedingly popular as a preacher. Some years ago he returned to England and became connected with the Parent Body. Mr. Brewster died suddenly at the opening of the British Conference.

Items.

In 1873 the Reformed Episcopalians separated from the Protestant Episcopalians. They have 106 churches, and seven bishops. Its communicants number about 10,000. They have church property worth $2,000,000, and a theological school in Philadelphia. A lady recently gave $10,000 a year for church extension, and a property worth $300,000 to the seminary.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church has established a home for aged ministers. The Board of

Directors has located the Home in Philadelphia. The building will cost $50,000.

Of the 799 men who have been educated at Spurgeon's Pastors' College during the thirty-six years of its history, 600 are native pastors.

During the past fifteen months the American Board at the Japan Mission has registered 2,867 converts.

There has been an increase of nearly one million of native communicants to all the Christian Churches in heathen lands during the past year.

The new hymn-book of Southern Methodism is universally popular, the presses and bindery beng kept in full force to meet the demand.

The two sections of Baptists in England, General and Particular, once wide apart, are beginning to draw near to each other, and a movement has been started to unite them.

Two Bagdad Jews have bought the entire side of ancient Babylon. An editor asks, "Is it not a significant fact that two Israelites should to-day possess the soil and ruins of the immense city where their ancestors were captives and slaves, and of which their prophets had announced the utter destruction?"

The Rev. Dr. Parker preached recently in Sunderland, and said, "Thank God for the great Methodist pulpit. When I am outworn and helpless I take down a volume of the lives of the Early Methodist Preachers, and I am soon inspired and encouraged. When Methodism loses its evangelical unction, it will sink into the decrepitude and heartlessness of a ghastly respectability."

Dr. Norman Kerr, a statistician, declares that the loss of life by the drink plague in England for a year is at least 120,000 lives, being as many every year as were lost altogether through the "great plague" of 1666.

The schools establisoed in Cairo by the late Miss M. L. Whately are to be carried on by her sister, Miss Jane Whately.

Book Notices.

Divine Guidance; or, the Holy Guest: A Discussion of the Believer's Privilege in Christ Jesus. By the Rev. Nelson Burns, B.A., Gold Medalist, Toronto University. The Book and Bible House, Brantford, Ontario. 16mo., pp. 288. Price $1.00.

The Methodist people of this country ought to be, in the near future, if they are not already, pretty thoroughly instructed as to the nature and extent of the gracious privilege of the believer, which is the subect of this volume. This is the third book on this subject written by ministers of our Church which has issued from the press during the last few months. First of all came the little volume from the facile pen of our friend, Dr. Stafford, entitled, "The Guiding Hand;" this was followed by the book entitled, "The Guiding Eye," by the Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the General Superintendents, noticed in these pages two or three months ago; and now we have the volume the title of which is given above, covering the same ground. The fact of the appearance of three such books within such a brief space of time is of itself significant. It is an indication that the spiritual aspect of the Christian dispensation is forcing itself upon the attention of thoughtful Christian people as it probably never did before, and that its peculiar privileges, are beginning to be better understood than at any former period.

This book has had the singular

fortune of having been the subject of controversy before it was written. Indeed, it is said that books were written for its refutation as it were by anticipation. But our experience has taught us that when Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, thoroughly understand one another their doctrinal differences generally disappear, we are strongly of opinion that it will be so in this instance. And as we have great confidence in the sound judgment and good sense of the Methodist people among whom this book is likely to circulate, we do not hesitate to commend it to their candid and prayerful perusal.

Books that are born of controversy are not unfrequently marred by overstatement. It is possible that this work may have suffered from this cause. We should say that the author would have done well to have defined his terms more exactly than he has done in the first chapter. Even the "all truth" in which it is the office of the Divine Paraclete to guide His people will, doubtless, appear to many to need exposition; even the prefix of the definite article to the word "truth," in favour of which there appears to be an almost universal consensus of biblical scholarship, would not wholly remove its ambiguity. Still the question, To what truth does the promise refer? would remain unanswered. Was it the personal truth of God that was in the mind of the Redeemer, when He said, "I am the Truth;" or that system of truth by which the believer is perfected in holiness and fitted for the glory of heaven; or was the article prefixed simply to indicate the correlation and essential unity of all truth? But perhaps Mr. Burns did not feel that he was under any obligation to attempt a definition of what the Lord Himself had not defined.

It is, however, evident enough from the general discussion of the subject, that what Mr. Burns means by this phrase, as he uses it, is the truth which is implied in a spotless life, marked by freedom not only from conscious and intentional wrong-doing but from sinful mistakes, and unmarred by the failures which unhappily mark most of our lives, and fill them with unavailing regrets; and this he undertakes to prove from Scripture, and testifies from his own experience to be the blessed privilege of all who receive the Holy Ghost in Pentecostal fulness, and who, according to apostolic teaching, live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit. Surely this is worthy of being not only carefully examined in the light of Scripture and reason, but subjected to actual experiment. Try it.—W. S. B.

Deaconesses in Europe, and Their Lessons for America. By JANE M. BANCROFT, Ph.D., with an Introduction by BISHOP ANDREWS. 12mo., pp. 264. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

The subject of woman's work for women is more and more attracting the attention of the Christian Church. We were deeply impressed with what we saw and heard of the religious sisterhood employed in connection with the Wesleyan West End Mission in London. The recent legislation of the Methodist Episcopal Church has given a practical interest to the subject. The present admirable book is, therefore, very timely and useful. It gives a historical retrospect of the female diaconate in the Christian Church, describes especially the Kaiserswerth and other similar institutions and meets objections which may be raised to a female diaconate. We heartily commend the book.

Gold from Ophir. A new book of Bible Readings, original and selected. By J. E. WOLFE, with Introduction by DR. JAMES H. BROOKES. Toronto: A. G. Watson. 8vo., pp. 294. Price $1.25.

This is a large, well-printed volume of Bible readings, selected from many sources. Much of it will be read with edification by every Christian. With its teachings on the subject of the pre-millenial advent of our Lord we do not agree, from the tendency of some of its other teachings we are also compelled to dissent.

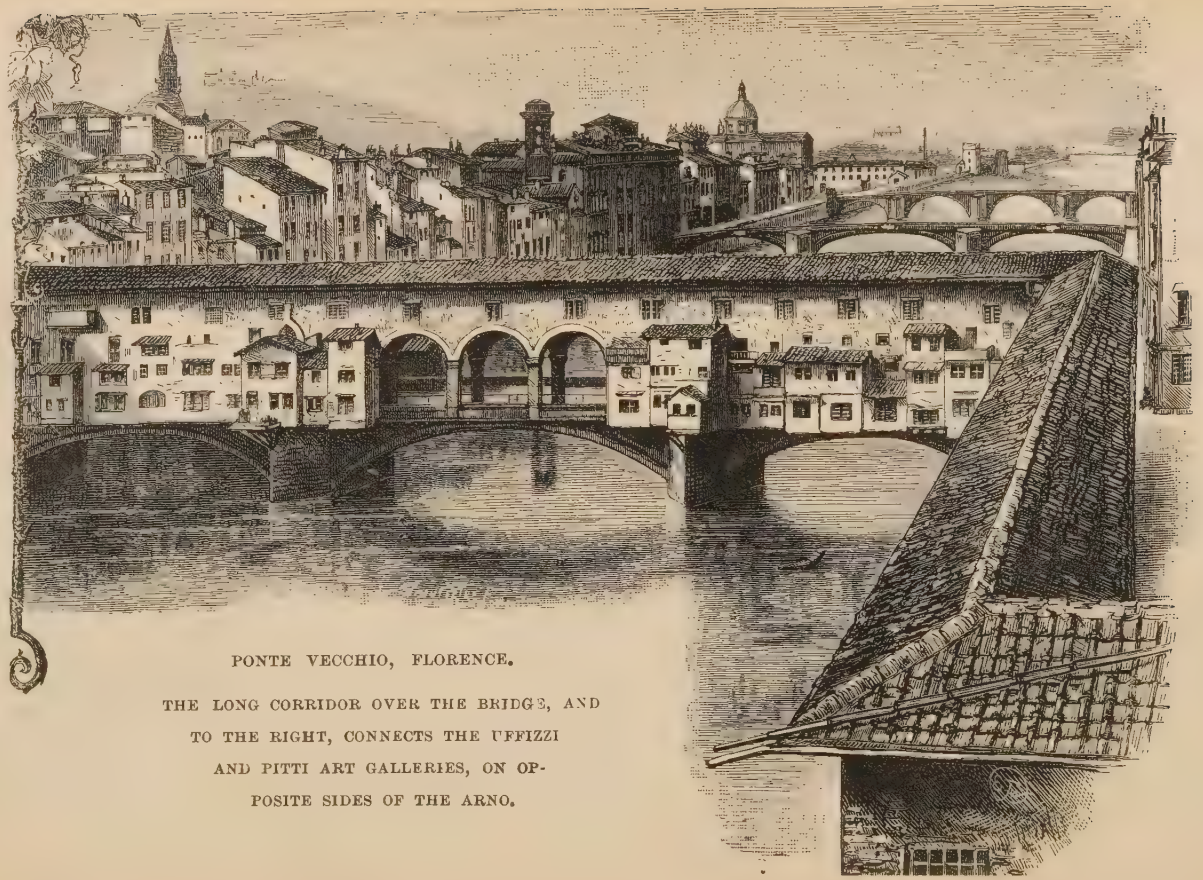
But these form but a small part of a book of otherwise excellent selections.

Literary Notice.

The Methodist Review (New York: Hunt & Eaton) presents the following table of contents:—1. Religious Significance of the Reformatory Movements in Hinduism; 2. The Providential Design of German Methodism; 3. The American Republic; a symposium; 4. Jacob Slaper—Founder of the Boston University; 5. John Ruskin; 6. The Chronology of Israel and Assyria in the Reign of Shalmaneser II.; 7. De Pressense before the French Senate; Memorial Literature, with the usual amount of space devoted to short articles, editorial and contributed, and book and literary notices.

The initial article, by Bishop Hurst, is the one which will probably attract most attention, and best repay perusal. The Bishop takes a specially hopeful view of the reformatory movements in Hinduism, as tending to prepare the way for the more rapid diffusion of Christianity. The second in order is from the pen of Reuben Yeakel, D.D., of Cleveland, Ohio. It contains an interesting account of the part which the Germans have played in the planting and progress of Methodism on this continent, and a plea for the union of the two Methodisms—the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelical Association in Europe—as tending to more effectually prepare it for the accomplishment of its providential mission, which he holds to be, "To rescue the German race from unbelief and sin, and to lead them into that salvation to the uttermost which fits them to fulfil their destiny in the Divine plan of saving the human race."

The symposium on the American Republic in which the editor of the *Review*, Dr. Trusdell, of Chicago, and Dr. Martin, of Greencastle, Indiana, respectively take part, contains some interesting matter, especially to such as are not specially well read in Independence-day literature. It would have been read with greater interest in this country probably but for an ungenerous, and we think, unjust, editorial paragraph, which appears in another part the *Review*. The editor appears to labour under the unaccountable hallucination that, in order to duly exalt his own country, it is necessary for him to underrate England. He seems to forget that to the grand old Mother of Nations, the leader in the van of the world's civilization and evangelization, the United States are more indebted than to all the other nations of the earth put together. What is the constitutional basis of the Republic, of which the editor himself writes in this symposium, but a modification and adaptation of the older constitution of the greater nation? And what is the religious factor, which is the special theme discussed by Dr. Trusdell, but the Protestant Christianity of Great Britain? And the mission of the Republic, discussed so ably by Dr. Martin, is identical with that of the parent-country, and can be best fulfilled in alliance, or at least in cordial co-operation, with her. What, it may be asked, we trust without offence, has the United States for which they are not chiefly indebted to England? To her they are indebted for their very best blood and brain. Most of the eminent literary men of whom the Republic is justly proud are essentially Englishmen, though born on this continent. And so long as the language of the United States is the English language, their literature is in the main English literature, their common law is the common law of England, and their government is modelled upon those lines for which Englishmen through ages have fought and bled, this perpetual abuse of England upon the part of intelligent and educated Americans is unaccountable. What if England were in the hopeles state of decadence in which this editor would have us believe she is, would that be a matter in which Americans should rejoice? What if English writers do occasionally criticise the literature of America? Who has a better right to criticise the child than the parent, or the pupil than the teacher?—W. S. B.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

THE LONG CORRIDOR OVER THE BRIDGE, AND TO THE RIGHT, CONNECTS THE UFFIZZI AND PITTI ART GALLERIES, ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ARNO.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

FLORENCE AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.

BY THE EDITOR.

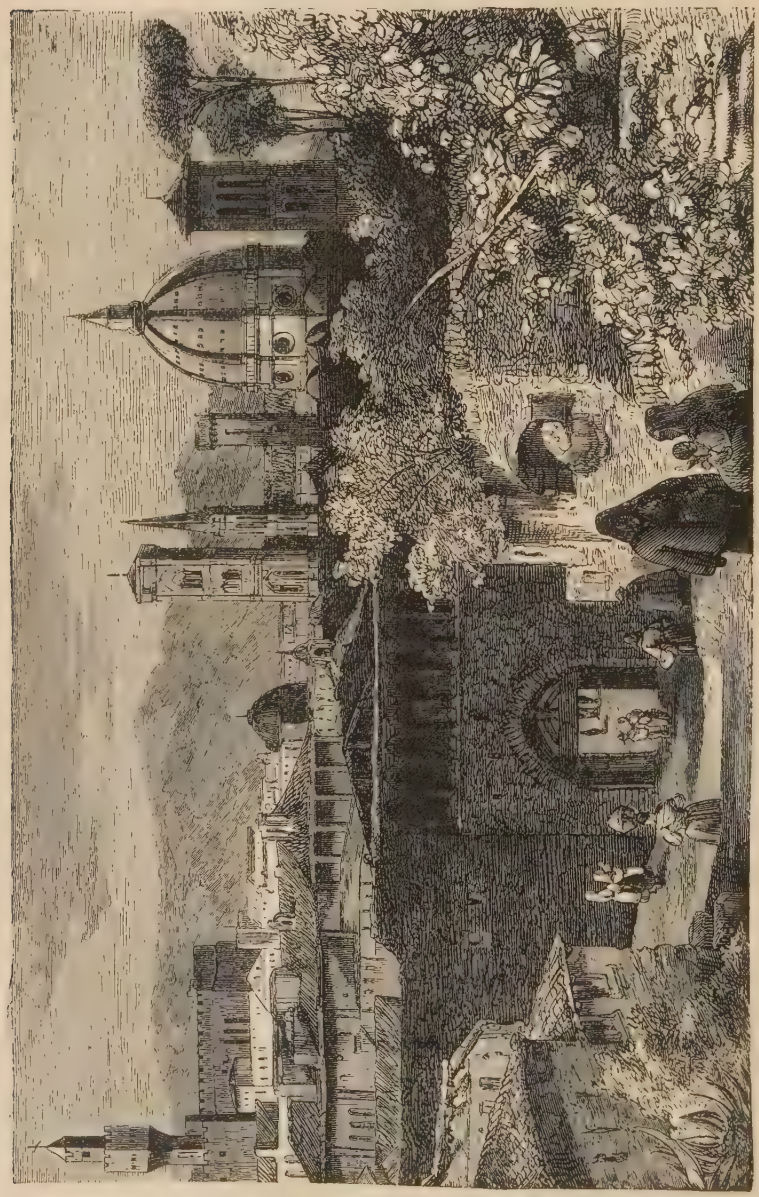
SAVE Rome, no place in Italy, scarce any in the world, possesses such numerous attractions—historic, literary, and artistic—as Florence. The heroic memories of its struggles for liberty, and the wonderful achievements of its sons in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and science, invest it forever with profoundest interest.

Nestling in a lovely valley of the Appenines, its situation is singularly beautiful. Embalmed forever in Milton's undying verse are the names of leafy Vallombrosa, Val d'Arno, and fair Feisole, where the "Tuscan artist with his optic tube"—"the starry Galileo with his woes," explored the skies. A patriot writer thus rhapsodizes over the beauties of "Firenze, la bella:" —"Like a water-lily rising on the mirror of a lake, so rests on this lovely ground the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works, and its inexhaustible riches. Each street contains a world of art; the walls of the city are the calyx, containing the fairest flowers of the human mind."

> "The Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
> Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
> A softer feeling for her fairy halls,
> Girt by her theatre of hills; she reaps
> Her corn and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
> And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

In the portico of the Uffizi palace are the statues of celebrated Tuscans, most of them the sons or denizens of Florence. No city in the world, I think, can exhibit such a galaxy of illustrious

names. Among others are the statues of Cosmo de Medici, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Orcagna, Giotto, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Dante,



FLORENCE, FROM WITHOUT THE GATE OF SAN NICOLO.

Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Benvenuto Cellini. Besides these, Savonarola, Bruneleschi, Ghiberti, Fra Angelico,

Raphäel, and many another illustrious in letters and in art are forever associated with the memory of Florence.

Let us take a walk through this old historic city. We start from the Piazza della Signoria, once the forum of the Republic, and the scene of its memorable events. On the site of that great

ITALIAN PEASANT.

bronze fountain, erected three hundred years ago, on which disport Neptune and his tritons, Savonarola and two other monks, precursors of the Reformation, were burned at the stake, May 23rd, 1498. There, for near four hundred years, has stood in sun and shower, Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of David. The

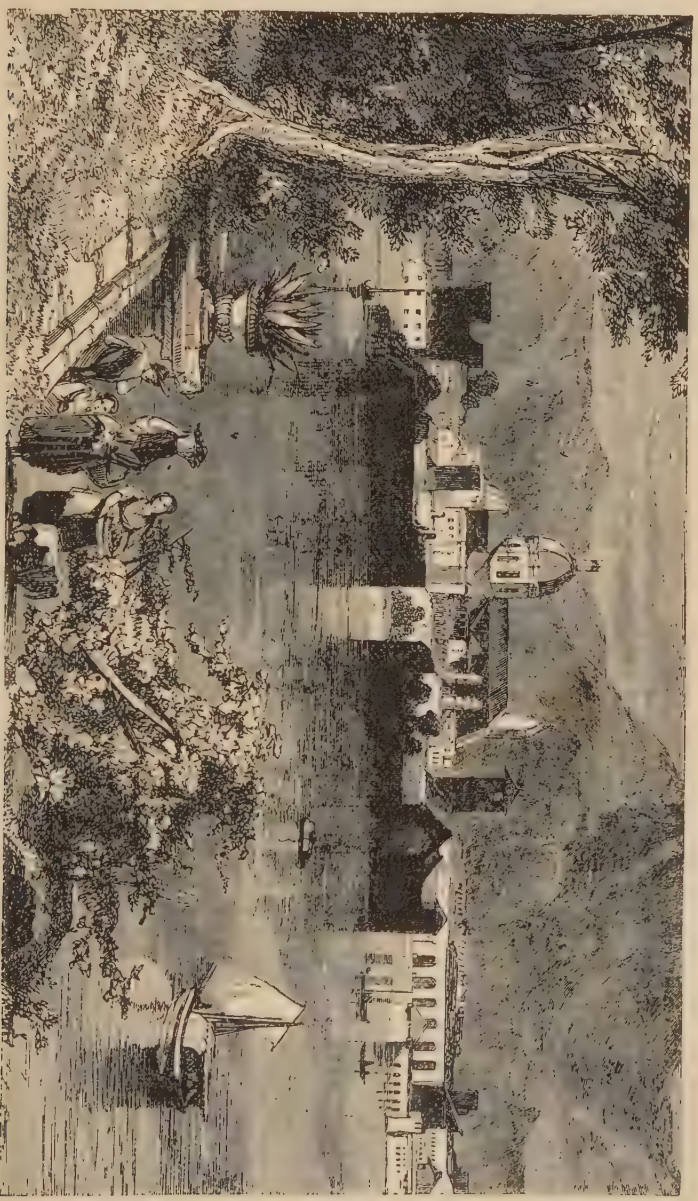
prison-like palace, with its slender tower rising like a mast three hundred feet in air, was the ancient seat of the government. Let us climb its marble stairs. We enter stately chambers, carved and frescoed by great masters, once the home of the senate and councils of the Republic. In the topmost story are the private apartments of the princely Medici, sumptuous with dark, carved antique furniture, frescoes, and tapestries, but small and mean in size. From these prison-like windows looked forth on the lovely landscape the fair faces and dark eyes of the proud dames of the mediæval court; and in one of these very chambers Cosmo de Medici, with his own hand, slew his son Garzia for the murder of his brother Giovanni.

ITALIAN PIPER.

Descending to the Piazza, we face the Loggia dei Lanzi, a large open portico, of date 1376, fronting the square, and filled with masterpieces of sculpture, in bronze and marble, by Cellini and other Tuscan masters, which for three hundred years and more have entranced the gaze of successive generations.

Along a crowded street we proceed to the great Duomo. On the way we pass the Church of "St. Michael in the Garden,"—a

church below, a corn exchange above—so called from a plot of grass in front, which was paved with stone some six hundred



LAKE AND CITY OF COMO.

years ago. How strange that the memory of that little plot of grass should be preserved in the name through all these centuries

of chance and change! Farther on we pass the house, with iron gratings and small bull's-eye glass, in which Dante, "*Il divino poeta*," as the inscription reads, was born, A.D. 1265.

There, at the end of this street, rises one of the most remarkable groups of buildings in the world—the Duomo, Giotto's Tower, and the Baptistery. The first was begun in 1294. It is a noble specimen of Italian gothic of black and white marble, fretted with exquisite carving and tracery. From its great carved pulpit, like a king upon his throne, Savonarola swayed the sceptre of his eloquence over the awe-struck souls of the people of Florence. Its mighty dome, added in 1420-34, surpasses in size even that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is the more daring, as the earlier achievement. Its interior is covered with gigantic mosaics of the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise; hideous figures of satyr-headed devils are torturing the lost in the flames with pitchforks—a dreadful and repulsive sight. The guide whispered against the wall, and I distinctly heard what he said on the opposite side of the dome. From the lantern, nearly four hundred feet in air, a magnificent view of the city at our feet, the far-winding Arno, and the engirdling hills, is enjoyed. In the square below is a statue of Brunelleschi, the architect of the dome, gazing upward with a look of triumph at his realized design. Here, too, is preserved a stone seat on which Dante used to sit and gaze with admiration on the scene, on summer evenings, six hundred years ago.

The Campanile, or Giotto's Tower, is an exquisite structure, rising, more and more ornate as it climbs, to a height of three hundred feet, enriched with carvings of the seven cardinal virtues, the seven works of mercy, the seven Beatitudes, and the seven Sacraments. Notwithstanding its beauty, it has yet a look of incompleteness, the spire of the original design having never been finished.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The City of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Opposite the Duomo is the still older Baptistery, venerable with the time-stains of seven, or perhaps eight, hundred years. Here are the famous bronze doors of Ghiberti, on which he expended the labours of forty years, worthy, said Michael Angelo, to be the gates of Paradise. They represent, in high relief—the figures

stand out almost free—scenes from Scripture history, and are marvels of artistic skill. The vast and shadowy dome is covered with mosaics, in the austere and solemn style of the thirteenth century. On a gold ground are seen the majestic figures of the sacred choir of angels and archangels, principalities and powers, apostles and martyrs. Beneath are the awful scenes of the Last Judgment, the raptures of the saved, and the torments of the lost.

LOOKING SOUTH FROM BELLAGIO.

I sat and pondered long upon those solemn designs, which for centuries have uttered their solemn warning and exhortation to the successive generations of worshippers who knelt below.

Not far from the Duomo is the Church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is a building of simple dignity, five hundred feet in length, begun in 1294. Its chief attractions are the frescoes of Giotto and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, the Medici, Alfieri, and many another famous son of Italy.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make them holier, dust which is

Even in itself an immortality
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo with his woes;
Here Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

In front of the church is the splendid monument of Dante, inaugurated on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth. In the adjacent cloisters I saw an ancient statue of God the Father, an offensive attempt to represent to sense the Eternal and Invisible.

The chief glory of Florence is the unrivalled art collection in the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. Through these long corridors and stately chambers one wanders, sated with delight in the study of the art treasures on every side. There "the goddess loves in stone;" here the Virgin breathes on canvass; and heroes and martyrs and saints live forever—immortalized by the genius of Raphäel, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippi, Titian, Guido, and their fellows in the mighty brotherhood of art. These palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but are connected by a long covered gallery, lined with pictures, over the Ponte Vecchio, shown in our cut, which it takes fifteen minutes to traverse. As I stood upon the ancient bridge and watched the sun set over the Arno, I thought how often from that very spot Dante, Angelo, and Raphäel must have watched his setting long centuries ago.

Adjoining the royal Pitti Palace are the famous Boboli Gardens, laid out by Cosmo I. It required but little effort of the imagination to repeople its pleached alleys and noble vistas, adorned with many a marble statue and diamond-flashing fountain—fit scenes for Boccaccio's tales of love—with the gay forms of the cavaliers and ladies fair of Florence in her golden prime.

One of the most interesting visits which I made in Florence was to the once famous, now suppressed, Monastery of San Marco. It gave me the best insight that I got in Europe of the mediæval monastic life. Here were the cloisters in which the cowled brotherhood were wont to walk and con their breviary; the large bare refectory, with its pulpit for the reader, who edified the brethren while they "sat at meat," and the pious paintings on the wall; the scriptorium, with its treasures of vellum manuscripts and music; and the prison-like cells of the monks. One of these possessed a peculiar fascination. It was the bare, bleak cell of the martyr-monk Savonarola, the place of whose funeral pyre I had

STREET IN VARENNA—ON LAKE COMO.

just seen in the great square. I sat in his chair; I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine, clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic soul who kindled, four hundred years ago, a light in Italy that has not yet gone out.

Here, too, are the cell and many of the pictures of the saintly painter, Fra Angelico. The pure and holy faces of his angels, from which he derives his name, give an insight into his inner nature; for only in a saintly soul could such sacred fancies dwell. A Last Judgment, by this artist, greatly impressed me with its realistic power. Christ is throned aloft in a glory of angels. An archangel blows the trump of doom. The graves open and the sheeted dead come forth. To the right, a rapturous throng of the saved sweep through asphodel meadows to the gates of Paradise, welcomed by shining seraph forms. To the left, devils drive the lost to caves of horror and despair, where "their tongues for very anguish

they do gnaw," as described with such dreadful vividness by the burning pen of Dante.

Not among the "giants" of the time, but one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is the "Angelic Brother," whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn these cells and corridors. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He "never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer." Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the seven sorrows of Mary, or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence, he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel—caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power.

Here, also, are the cells in which Cosmo I., a-weary of the world, retired to die, and that in which Pope Eugene slept four centuries ago. In the laboratory of the monastery are still prepared the drugs and medicines for which it was famous when all chemical knowledge was confined to the monkish brotherhood.

In the Church of San Lorenzo are the tombs of the Medician princes, on which have been lavished £1,000,000. Here are the masterpieces of Angelo, his Night and Day, which age after age keep their solemn watch in the chamber of the dead.

With the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, erected A.D. 1250, many tragic memories are linked. I stood in the chamber, originally a chapel, but for centuries a gloomy prison, in which the victims of tyranny languished and died; and saw the spot in the courtyard below where one of the greatest of the doges of Florence fell beneath the headsman's axe. It is now converted into a national museum, filled with treasures of art and historic relics. I was greatly impressed with a bronze figure of Mercury, "new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!" Its aërial grace and lightness was exquisite. Very different was the effect of a wonderfully realistic representation of the appalling scenes of the plague, as described in Boccaccio's "Decameron." In looking at it, one could almost smell the foulness of the charnel house. Here also are the very telescopes and instruments of Galileo, and the crutches that supported the tottering steps of Michael Angelo, in his eighty-ninth year.

Among the more recent memories of this fair city is the fact that here Mrs. Browning, the greatest woman poet of all time, lived, and wrote, and died. I inquired at several book-stores and at the hotel for her house, but no one seemed to have ever heard of her. Mine host offered to look for her name in the directory.

I left with regret this lovely city, and took rail for Milan and the Italian Lakes—Como, Lugano and Maggiore. We delay not now at the capital of Lombardy, which has been recently described in these pages.

The Italian lakes, Como, Lugano and Maggiore, have challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil to the present time. Less sublime in their environments than those of Switzerland, they are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.

Lake Como is only an hour's ride from Milan, through a fertile and hilly country. *En route* we pass the ancient town of Monza, where is preserved the iron crown with which Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V., and Napoleon, besides two score of Lombard kings, have been crowned. Como, which lies amid an amphitheatre of hills, was the birthplace of the elder and younger Pliny. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and colour to the scene.

On a high and jutting promontory is Bellagio, the culminating point of beauty on the lake. After dinner at the Hotel *Grande Bretagne*, whose windows command one of the loveliest views I ever beheld, I set forth with a companion for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the

deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness—

> "We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
> The manifold soft chimes
> That fill the haunted chambers of the night
> Like some old poet's rhymes."

Next day we crossed by private carriage, with jangling bells

ITALIAN-SWISS VILLAGE.

and quaint harness on our horses, from Lake Como to Lakes Lugano and Maggiore—a delightful drive, up hill and down, through romantic scenery and picturesque villages. At the top of one long, steep slope, commanding a map-like view of the winding Como far beneath, our driver stopped beneath an iron-grated window of an ancient church. Behind the grating were about a hundred skulls, and just opposite, a receptacle for money, with a petition for alms for the repose of the souls of the former owners of those skulls. It was the most extraordinary appeal *ad misericordiam* that I ever saw. Two or three times during the day we crossed the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, with its inevitable guard-house and knot of soldiers.

A charming sail on Lake Maggiore, with magnificent views of the distant snow-clad Alps, brought us in the evening to Isola Bella—"the beautiful island." In the seventeenth century, a famous Count Borromeo converted this barren crag into a garden of delight. It rises in ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake; and is stocked with luxuriant orange and lemon trees, cypresses, laurels, magnolias, magnificent oleanders, and fragrant camphor trees. Fountains, grottoes, and statuary adorn this lovely spot. We found the château and gardens closed; but by dint of perseverance we affected an entrance, and, by a judicious fee, obtained permission to explore the beauties of the scene. Near by is the many-turreted château of Baveno, where Queen Victoria was an honoured guest during her visit to Italy.

In the after-glow of a golden sunset, we were rowed by a pirate-looking boatman to Stresa, where I parted with my companion in travel, he crossing the Alps by the Simplon route, and I by the St. Gotthard Pass.

On a lofty hill near the lake, overlooking the country which he loved so well, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, one hundred and twelve feet high, his hand stretched out in perpetual benediction upon its hamlets and villages.

Traversing the entire length of Lake Maggiore, between towering mountains on either side, I took the train for Biasca, the present terminus of the railway. The road follows the winding valley of the Ticino. The scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs. Huge fallen rocks bestrew the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies.

From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy waterfall. Before sunset I set out for my first Alpine climb. A steep winding path ascended the hill to a pilgrimage chapel. Along the wayside were a number of shrines adorned with glaring frescoes and rudely carved, pathetic dead Christs, with an offering of withered flowers before them. I gathered some lovely anemones, which flung their censers in the mountain air, and drank deep delight from the sublimity of the prospect. Coming down, I lost the path, when a peasant woman, mowing in the fields, kindly dropped her scythe and tripped

down the steep slope to point out the narrow winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports for vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortless, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

"The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep."

THE UNSEEN LAND.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs which echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision:
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky,
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers;

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
And half-reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

AMONG THE SWISS CLOUDS AND MOUNTAINS.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.

HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

My first view of Switzerland was from the Rigi Kulm, coming by train from Bâle to Lucerne, passing through many picturesque valleys, enjoying the view of many swelling hills, quaint châlets, little lakes, and the battle-field of Sempach, and catching glimpses of the more distant and more inspiring scenes of the Bernese Oberland. I halted in Lucerne only for a meal, and then proceeded by boat to the foot of the Rigi, and ascended by the mountain railroad to the summit of that peak, which, with its companion Pilatus, keeps grim ward over Lucerne and its charming lake. Up, up, steadily and comfortably the engine pushed the little cars; at each turn the view grows wider, wilder, and more magnificent; finally at the summit, with its hotels and pavilions, 5,905 feet above the sea, 4,472 feet above the lake, you find stretched beneath you an indescribable panorama of dark rocks, blue lakes, busy towns, which from their distance are hushed into absolute silence, and dwindled to the proportions of children's toys; pine forests, pretty châlets dotting the mountain-sides, and little villages, whose church spires emerge from the

level, while farther away lies the Alpine range for one hundred and twenty miles.

The contrast is striking between the view northward and that to the south. To the north lie the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, and several smaller sheets of water, fringed with pretty towns and cities; beyond them vast plains and low hills, and bosky wood-

SWISS CHALET.

lands, with here and there a châlet, a village, a spire; and off to the extreme north the hills of the German Black Forest, to the north-west the peaks of the French Vosges and Jura. The great level stretch of country seems to lie at your feet, and you almost fancy a few minutes will take you to Lucerne, and you are practically undeceived only when you find that the descent by railroad and the passage up the lake in a swift steamer occupies

two hours and a half at least. That mountain atmosphere is very deceptive as to distances.

Turning to the south, you have first a succession of deep valleys and rugged, though verdant heights; and, then, beyond, loftier and yet loftier peaks, more and more bare and rugged; until at last the eye rises and rests satisfied upon the stupendous snowy range which closes in the view, from Sentis, on the east, round by Glärnisch, and Tödi, Schneehorn, and Titlis, and Mönch, and Eiger, and the glittering Jungfrau, to grim and shattered Pilatus right across the lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Over all that majestic range, how rich and gorgeous the play of colour, the alternation of light and shade, the sweep of the clouds, now

LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.

concealing the mountains and disappointing the expectant eye, and now revealing the full glory to the patient watcher.

Half-past four is an early hour in the morning! But when the blast of the great Swiss horn is heard, summoning the guests at the hotel to view the sunrise, out troop whole crowds of half-dressed people rushing to the best points of view. Poets may attempt the description of an Alpine sunrise, but not I. Those deep, dark shadows, the faint gleams of light in the east, the gradual flush upon one white summit after another, the sudden bursting of the sun upon the view! While innumerable peaks now glow in the brilliant light, away over the lake of Lucerne and up the side of Pilatus rests the purple, cone-shaped shadow of the Rigi. Down thousands of feet below, great rolling, fleecy

clouds completely cover the lakes and plains, so that the spots of land which peep through look like islands in a sea.

Then at sunset, how entrancing the sight, as peak after peak fades into shadow, until Tödi alone reflects the sun's rays and stands out for a moment solitary in a glow of light.

After two days and nights in the cloud-world, I came down to Lucerne—charming old city—at the head of that lake sacred to the legend of William Tell, with its ancient walls, and towers, and bridges, and attractive modern quays, and avenues, and shops.

My route lay thence by steamer to Alpnach, by carriage from Alpnach over the romantic Brunig Pass to the town and lake of Brienz, by steamer to Giessbach; and so on from one scene of beauty to another, until I had passed through Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg, and Lausaunne, to Geneva, enjoying much by the way.

On a Monday morning late in August, I climbed into my seat in the big lumbering diligence which runs from the city of Calvin to the valley of Chamouny. It did not take long to discover some fellow-countrymen among the passengers—a burly old English squire, with his genial wife; a youthful Oxford parson, with his less youthful maiden sister; and the blooming young widow of an Indian officer, whose constant reference to the guide-book, enthusiasm for all the points of interest, and general vivacity and usefulness, won for her from us all the sobriquet of "Mrs. Cook." We all soon became acquainted, and formed a party, and travelled and jaunted and enjoyed the sights together for three days.

It is a delightful drive out from Geneva, up the valley of the Arve, to Chamouny. Here are meadow-lands flanked by mountains; yonder handsome chateaux; now we cross the river, and again recross it on stone bridges with graceful arches; then we skirt the mountains, a wall of rock to the left hand, and the deep gorge of the river to the right. We pass the fairiest of water-falls. The rocks project far up, and as the water comes over it is caught by the wind and literally blown into spray, which gently floats adown the mountain (recalling Tennyson's "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn"), gradually condenses again, and finally reaches the foot of the cliff in several tiny rivulets.

Now we are in sight of the range of Mont Blanc. We stand up in the diligence and shout our recognition. But we have still some ten miles or more to go, before we fairly enter the valley of Chamouny and are at the foot of the monarch of European moun-

tains. What a valley! Nearly 3,500 feet above the sea level, fifteen miles in length, three-quarters of a mile wide, flanked by the mountains on both sides, with the Arve flowing down its centre. Down from the Mont Blanc chain sweep numerous

CLIMBING MONT BLANC—CROSSING A SNOW-FIELD.

glaciers, pushing down even below the line of pine forest which skirts the mountain-side. The eye follows the gleaming glacier up and up, until it loses the course of the river of ice among the winding defiles of the mountains. Some of the peaks shoot up

sharp and jagged through the ice and snow which rest upon their shoulders, and lift their bare heads to heaven; others are clothed with snow to the very top, and gleam most gloriously white. Sunrise on Mont Blanc next morning was superb, not a cloud interfered with the grand spectacle. At first I was disappointed with Mont Blanc itself. Its white dome did not seem so lofty as some surrounding peaks. But one gradually measures the distance better, and the great mountain seems every moment to be farther off and higher up, until with its snowy, spotless summit, glorious in the sunlight, which has not yet penetrated to the valley, it seems to fairly draw you off your feet heavenward—so lofty, so pure, so far from human sin and sorrow, so near heaven, so like God in His majesty it seems.

But time fails to rehearse the oft-told tale of Alpine wonders, beauties and glory. Over the Tête Noire to Martigny, up the Rhone Valley to Brieg, over the Simplon Pass into lovely Italy; back by the St. Gothard, up the lake of Lucerne, once more to Lucerne, and thence out of Switzerland by Zurich and the Bodensee—such a trip in the land of cloud, and rock, and lake, and glacier, is more than recreation, it is inspiration. A page cannot describe it, nor could a volume.

Well may the Swiss, with patriotic pride, point to the mighty mountains and gratefully exclaim: "Das Haus der Freiheit hat uns Gott gegründet!"

A RONDEAU.

Break, mighty sea, upon thy silvery shore!
Thy voice to me sounds of the evermore.
In foam-edged flatness waste thy giant power,
Thy wrath is but the creature of an hour;
A calm, a storm, a tempest, all is o'er.

But can the wounded heart forget its sore,
As lightly as the sands the ocean's roar,
Its surf wreaths and its storm-swept showers?
Break, mighty sea!

Break, mighty sea, and let thy voice adore
The Hand that tempests make and calm restore;
That Hand can heal the wounds that grief devour,
And guard the soul-like castellated tower.
Forget and rest, oh, heart, forevermore!
Break, mighty sea!

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

XIV.

JERUSALEM—THE BURIED CITY, AND THE VOICES FROM ITS TOMB.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

THERE is a wonderful fascination about the thought of what may be revealed when once the spade of the explorer and the skill of the archæologist are allowed free scope in Jerusalem. Those mounds of rubbish which environ it, those heaps upon heaps of ruins, upon which the modern city is built, must contain many buried secrets which the world of religion and science would delight to know. Were the fell domination of the Turk once removed; were the miserable ignorance and fanaticism, which now fight fiercely against all innovation, against all improvement, against all inquiry, once to give way beneath the influence of greater enlightenment or more wisely administered authority; and were the careful and reverent researches of archæologist and explorer courted instead of thwarted, it is, indeed, difficult to estimate the exceeding value and interest of the discoveries that would be made. Doubtless, the city once so splendid and famous, and still the centre of so much of the world's interest and affection, would become once more the true religious capital of the world, and its mounds and tombs, the oracle of a revelation, in which the centuries by-gone and buried would arise from their graves to give additional emphasis to the declaration and doctrines of Holy Writ.

We live in wondrous times. The histories of forgotten empires —Hittite, Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian—have given up their long-locked secrets to our scholars, and have been, many of them, translated into our common tongue, so that we may be nearly as familiar with the exploits of Sargon or Rameses the Great, as with the doughty deeds of Saxon Alfred or Richard Cœur de Lion. The every-day life of the denizen of Babylon or Memphis, his religious views, his business proclivities, are no longer a matter

GALLERY NEAR EAST WALL.

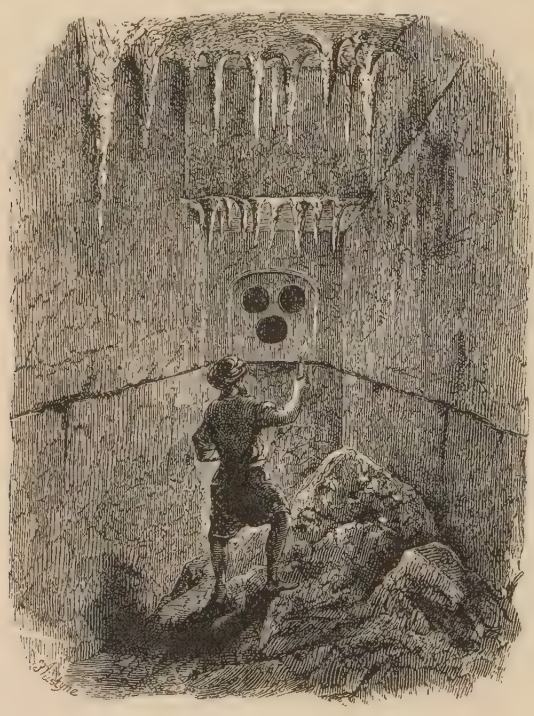
of mystery or of guess; and every year some of the missing links, between times and peoples pre-historic, and the well-known epochs and events of history, are being supplied. Within the past decade the very forms and faces of the long-buried Pharaohs of ancient Egypt have once more "revisited the glimpses of the moon;" and, gazing into the veritable features of Thothmes, or Seti, we are brought, literally, face to face with the primitive, though stupendous, civilizations of the world's childhood.

But what if from these buried vestiges of God's ancient and

chosen people, should come similarly rich finds of ancient art, far more modern certainly, but even more interesting and important? What, if from his tomb, on Mount Zion, David should arise, or Solomon, as Seti and Rameses have risen from theirs? Abraham sleeps at Hebron, and the Moslem jealously guards the tomb of El Khalil—the Friend of God. David sleeps, assuredly, on the slopes of Zion, and with equal jealousy, as I can bear witness, his resting-place is kept from hand or foot profane. And all around is one vast burial-place, not merely of the mighty dead, but of the ruins of the work their hands once wrought, the inscriptions of the words their lips once uttered; and some day, doubtless, these silent mounds will yield up their unique and priceless secrets to the Christian scholar and antiquarian.

Already, indeed, much has been done. Within the last twenty-three years, the Palestine Exploration Society of Great Britain has thrown a flood of light upon the ancient and long-buried records of the Jerusalem of Sacred History; and, hedged in and thwarted though it has been by Moslem fanaticism and Turkish misrule, the story of its work is one of intense interest. In 1867, Captain Warren—now Sir Charles Warren—of the Royal Engineers, with a party of soldiers, went to Jerusalem under the auspices of this society. For three years he pursued his explorations in and around the city. Shafts were sunk, and galleries were tunnelled, in several places, particularly with a view to ascertaining the contour and dimensions of the ancient walls, and of fixing definitely the site of the Temple; and, in the face of many difficulties and great opposition on the part of the religious and civil authorities, the explorer's zeal and labour were abundantly rewarded. Through a vast accumulation of débris, in one place to the depth of over one hundred feet, the shafts and tunnels of the engineers went down to the very foundations of the ancient walls, and laid bare the splendid courses of massive stones, laid so securely and so deep, in the time of Solomon, with the marks and figures of Hiram's cunning workmen still painted and engraved upon them. At the south-east angle of the Temple wall, down in the bed-rock of Moriah, which had been cut into to receive it, they made their way to the chief corner-stone of the sacred edifice, that most significant symbol of the Christ. Seventy-nine feet and three inches below the present surface, the excavators found this celebrated stone, carrying out fully in its position, size and beauty, the prophet's words, descriptive of the foundation of the new and better dispensation: "Behold I lay in Zion for a

foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." There still, secure in its place for three thousand years, it remains to bear eloquent witness to the skill and wisdom of those who laid it; and to speak no less eloquently of Him whom it so well symbolizes—the Rock of Ages, the Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets—Jesus Christ, the Chief Corner-stone. The stone is fourteen feet long and three feet eight inches high, let deep into the solid rock of the hill. It is squared and polished,



SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

with a finely dressed face, and a draft of four inches wide on its upper margin. A few feet to the east of it, in a niche cut in the native rock, was found a small plain earthenware jar, in an upright position, evidently just as placed then, and it has been conjectured, with at least a good show of reasonableness, that this may have been used in the anointing of the stone, when, doubtless, amid splendid and solemn religious and regal ceremonies, the sacred block was laid in its place.

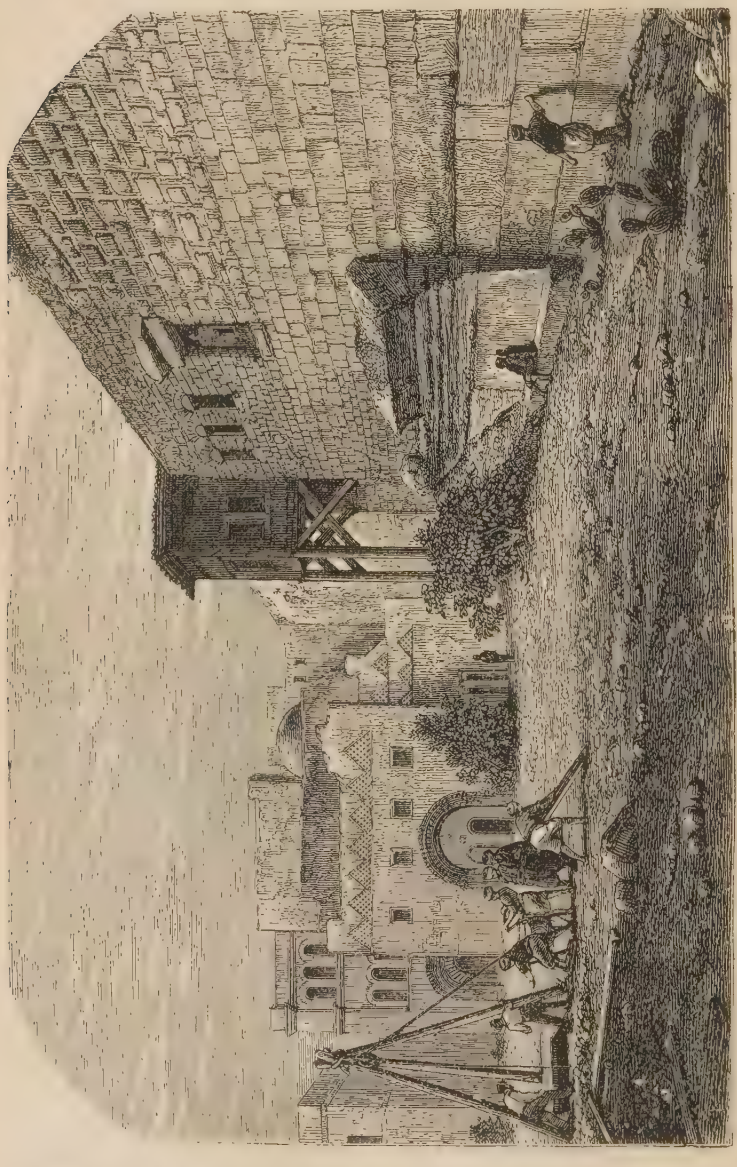
Tier above tier, from this foundation, the solid walls must have

originally risen to a superb height, at this angle. Even to-day, the original courses rise to a height of one hundred and thirty-three feet, with some twenty-three feet of modern masonry above them, and here in ancient days the wall was surrounded by the wall of the Royal Cloister, which could not have been less than fifty feet in height. Remembering that recent discoveries have shown the true bed of the Kidron to be so much lower than the present valley, that it lay one hundred and six feet below the rock which bears the foundation stone, it follows that one looking down from the wall of the Royal Cloister would have below him to the Kidron bed, a fall of three hundred feet. Josephus' account has been supposed to be exaggerated when he says, "the Royal Cloister deserved to be remembered better than any under the sun; for while the valley was very deep, and its bottom could not be seen, if you looked from above into the depth, this further vastly high elevation of the cloister stood upon that height, insomuch that if any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both these altitudes, he would be giddy." Modern research has proved the old historian not so far from the truth as was supposed. If the corner, as is probable enough, was ornamented by a pinnacle, and this pinnacle stood fifty feet above the cloister roof, which, Josephus says, was a hundred feet above its pavement, then we may well believe that it was to this lofty pinnacle, three hundred and fifty feet above the river-bed, that the Tempter took the Christ, and its height added significance to the Satanic suggestion: "Cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone."

Along this eastern boundary wall, the fine stones run, tier upon tier, dressed and laid as carefully and symmetrically below ground as above, to the Golden Gate, a thousand feet distant; while from the corner southward runs high above ground the finest course of all, the Grand Course, or Master Course, as it is called. A hundred feet above the foundation stone, at the angle, is the corner-stone of the course, a block twenty-six feet long, over six feet high, and seven feet wide. It weighs over a hundred tons, unquestionably, and yet it was lifted to its present position three thousand years ago! This Master Course runs some seventy feet along the south wall, and twenty-four feet along the eastern one. Farther it cannot be traced.

The west wall of the Haram Area, which, it must be remem-

bered, is identical with the enclosure of the Temple, is fifteen hundred feet long; at the south-west angle, a little north of the



ROBINSON'S ARCH, JERUSALEM.

corner, there is a projection of three courses of massive stones, one of which measures thirty-eight feet nine inches in length, and weighs over ninety tons. These stones are well known to archæ-

ologists as Robinson's Arch, having been first noticed by Dr. Robinson, the American Biblical scholar, forty years ago, and by him set down as the spring of a massive arch which formerly bridged over the hollow between Moriah and Zion, the Tyrophœon Valley. Further investigations by Captain Warren and his engineer revealed in the depths of the dèbris which now fills up the valley, the remains of the fallen bridge. It is supposed to have been the Zion Bridge, mentioned by Josephus as connecting the Temple enclosure with the Xystus on Mount Zion. This Xystus seems to have been an open space for public gatherings, like the Forum at Rome or the Agora at Athens, and over it must have towered the superb palace of the Herods. At the Temple end of the bridge Titus stood, after his conquest of the greater part of the city, and besought the Jews assembled on the slopes of Zion, to surrender without further resistance, and thus save their city and their temple. The stubborn Jews refused the offer, and both were utterly destroyed.

Josephus tells us that Jerusalem had many secret subterranean passages beneath its streets, used not so much for drainage as for purposes of war, so that Titus, after conquering and scattering the Jews above ground, found that hundreds of his enemies were in the passages beneath the city. A hundred fights, he tells us, took place in these secret passages, and two thousand dead bodies were found in them of those who had perished either by their own hands, the poniards of their companions, or from want of food. So terrible was the stench which arose, that all the vents and traps had finally to be closed; and so they remained, these wonderful labyrinths, till Captains Wilson and Warren, within the present generation, penetrated many of their secret windings.

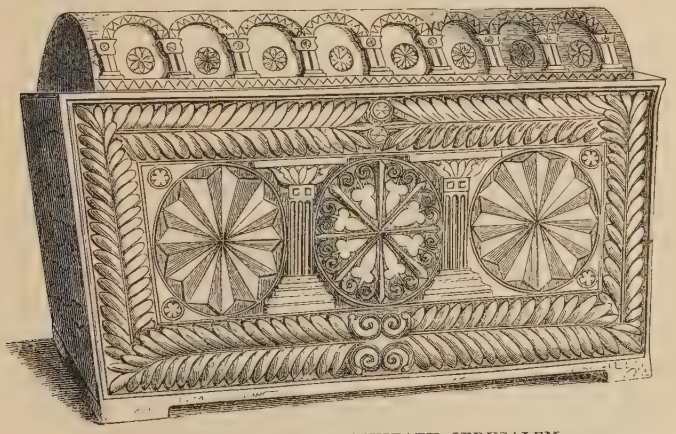
Wilson's Arch, so named from its discoverer, covered originally a subterranean passage between Mount Zion and the Temple. It was found, on measurement, to be forty-three feet wide, with a span of forty-two feet, and to be built of stones from seven to thirteen feet in length, laid without mortar. A still more ancient arch was subsequently found by Captain Warren, twenty-four feet lower than this one, and a subterranean tunnel running westwards. Fifty feet below it was found an old city gate, and near it an ancient building which, from certain symbolical marks cut in the stones, he named the Masonic Hall, and which he reckoned to date from the times of the kings of Judah. The records of the excavations describe passage after passage, tunnel after tunnel, literally honeycombing the hills upon which the ancient city stood.

I was in Solomon's Quarries, as they are called, myself. You enter from a low passage in the rock, under the wall on the west

WILSON'S ARCH, JERUSALEM

side of the city, not far north of the Damascus Gate, and immediately the tapers of the guides light up a vast congeries of lofty

excavations, whence evidently many thousands of tons of stone have been hewn for building purposes. Dark ramifications of the quarry run out in all directions, and these gloomy recesses lead far seemingly into the very heart of the hill. Large masses of quarried stone lie all around, and several massive blocks partially cut from the rocky walls seem as though just left for awhile by the cunning workmen. One sees the niches cut for holding the lights of the workers, and the rock still blackened by the smoke. The quarries have never been thoroughly explored, but the general opinion is that they extend for a prodigious distance right under the city and temple. Modern London, with



SARCOPHAGUS, FOUND BENEATH JERUSALEM.

its underground railway, and its vast tunnels for sewerage and other purposes, is nothing like so hollowed and honeycombed, as to its foundations, as was ancient Jerusalem.

In the course of recent explorations, an interesting relic of the great Temple of Herod was brought to light, in the shape of one of the tablets mentioned by Josephus as put up to warn Gentiles from intruding within the sacred precincts. It was found by M. Clermont Ganneau, and reads, translated from the original Greek, as follows: "No foreigner to proceed within the partition wall and enclosure around the sanctuary. Whoever is caught in the same, will on that account be liable to incur death." It was inside this wall that Paul was accused of having introduced Trophimus, the Ephesian, and, still more interesting, it must surely have been to it that he alludes, when he speaks in the Epistle to the Ephesians of Christ having broken down "the middle wall of partition" between Jews and Gentiles.

But I must stop, though the subject is a fascinating one, for my attempts at summarizing a few only of the achievements of the Palestine Exploration Society give but bald and meagre ideas of what has been done. It was a grand city, this ancient capital of the Chosen People, and it was a still more grand sanctuary, that rose like a mountain of marble far above its clustering roofs. No modern edifice erected for God's worship, however noble its proportions, can in any way compare with it; and the glory of Athens, the Parthenon or the Acropolis, was small compared with the splendid house for the worship of Jehovah, erected by the wisdom and magnificence of Solomon and his subjects, and restored and enlarged by the taste and ambition of Herod. "The very ruins are tremendous" of the doomed city that knew not the day of its visitation; and heap upon heap covers deep and dark the broken and flame-scarred memorials of its former prestige and piety. But they are there, many an unique and unspeakably precious treasure, not merely for the devoted antiquarian, but for the devout Christian. The Rabbins say that the original copy of the Law is buried somewhere within the Temple precincts; and it is commonly believed that the sacred Ark of the Covenant, never seen after the destruction of Solomon's Temple by the King of Babylon, is somewhere safely hidden in one of the many caves of the Temple Hill. Perhaps, ere some of my readers pass away, these and other memorials may rise from the tombs to teach anew the lesson of reverence and religion to this worldly and flippant age.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

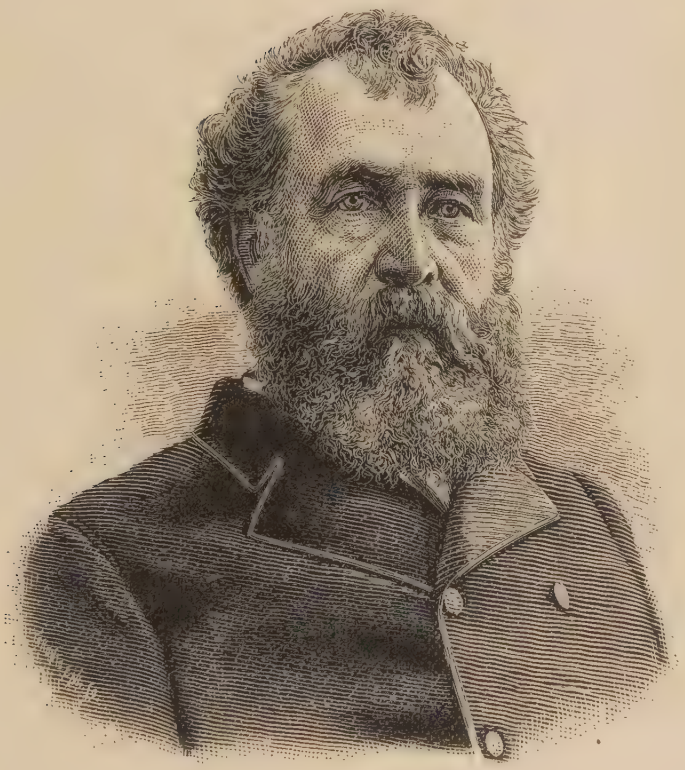
"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.,
President of Toronto Conference.

I.



WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

A RELIGIOUS service is going on at the Haven, Seaton Street, Toronto, conducted by a well-known Christian and philanthropist. He has engaged in earnest prayer, and now requests a minister who is with him, Rev. J. Matheson, to read a Scripture lesson and make a few comments upon it. While this is going on the little gathering is thrown into alarm, for as the leader sits listening with others to the Word of God, there is a catching of the breath, a backward movement of the head, a tremor of the frame, and a loving heart has ceased to beat, a valuable life is closed. The

word passes from lip to lip, "William Gooderham is dead." Everywhere the news is received with a shock of profound sorrow. Friends hold their breath, a thrill of sympathy runs through the city; it is as if upon ten thousand homes death had fallen. The hour of burial comes. There have been great funerals in Toronto, but no larger one was ever witnessed. Many thousand voices are tuned to one chord, many thousand hearts thrill with one sentiment of sympathy and grief. For more than an hour a stream of people passed through the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, in which the body lay, to take a momentary glance at the well-known face; and among the touching incidents witnessed was the procession of children from the Boys' Home, and the Girls' Home, coming to take their last look at the countenance they so much loved, and to pour out their tribute of grief and affection over his coffin.

With difficulty the doors were closed to allow the members of the family, and the large circle of relatives and friends, to take their appointed places, and at once the spacious edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity. That memorial service will long live in the memories of those who were privileged to be present.

The character of the congregation—the strange commingling of rich and poor, high and low, cultured and uncultured, ministers of every denomination, professional men, university men, Salvation Army people, artisans, masters, servants, young and old—all were but the outward sign of that strange commingling which makes all hearts throb with one pulse in the presence of a common loss. It was pre-eminently a Christian funeral, and a tone of triumphant faith and hope coloured hymns, prayers and addresses. The multitude outside had, during the hour of waiting, increased until, according to the estimate of the public press, it reached from ten to fifteen thousand. At once a solemn hush fell upon all hearts, and as the sad procession slowly took its way toward the family vault, in St. James' Cemetery, the entire route was lined with citizens of every class who stood in awed silence, the orderliness and decorum, the bowed head, and, in many instances, the tearful faces, showing that they were mourners indeed. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," his body was committed to the tomb, but his spirit had soared above the skies to the invisible glory and immediate presence of God and the Lamb.

Why all this sorrow? Why should one death create such a vacancy? Men are dying daily, hourly, everywhere. To die is as natural as to be born. What is it to us, then, that one more citizen dies? What was it that has made so great an impress upon all hearts? What is it that we remember of him? It

was the good he did and the hearty interest which he took in the welfare of his fellows, in private charities, and in the cause of God—the impress of a Christian character which he left upon the world. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." William Gooderham has risen as a star, and shall shine as the stars forever and ever. The earthly and the human, his faults and his failures, shall be forgotten; but that which was divine and Christlike in him shall abide forever. His life was marked by qualities of character which we call to remembrance with devout gratitude to Him who is the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." We cannot in our space give an analysis of his character we can only sketch, crayon-like and in crude outline, some of the features of his marked personality. We would not indulge in extravagant eulogy, and we would not draw a picture fanciful and unreal, but one that will stand the test of criticism with all candid and honest minds, and be recognized by those who knew him best. Next to the Holy Scriptures themselves, the Church should treasure the memory of those whose consecrated lives have manifested the power of divine grace, that by their holy example others may be stimulated to like sympathy with men and like devotion to God.

William Gooderham was born in the village of Scole, county of Norfolk, England, on April 14th, 1824. In his beautiful home, Norfolk Villa, is the picture of the house in which he was born, and among the most sunny memories of his last visit to the Old Land was his pilgrimage to the family homestead, and the reviving of the recollections of his childhood days. He was one of a large family—seven sons and six daughters. His father was a large-hearted man, and took into his home, treating as his own, six orphan children of his deceased sister, so that nineteen sat daily at the table. In 1832 his father emigrated to this country and settled in Little York, and there began to lay the foundations of a large and lucrative business. But William was not drawn toward the business in which his father was engaged, nor was he content to remain at home dependent upon his father. Accordingly, when about eighteen years of age, he left home and went to Rochester, N.Y., and entered the service of a merchant in that city. Here occurred the most important event of his life, the crisis in his history—his conversion. He was led to attend a revival service, and thoroughly convicted of sin, he rested not until he found pardon and peace through believing. More than once he has told me how for two weeks, night after night, he went forward among the seekers in great distress of soul, weeping a very flood of tears. Others found the light, yet he was still in

darkness. At length an old Christian took him in hand, and said: "My boy, you are not going about this matter in the right way. Your tears cannot save you; your sorrow for sin cannot save you; your prayers cannot save you; only the Lord Jesus Christ can save you. Now, my lad, you give up your sins, do you? 'I do.' Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is able to save you? 'I do.' Do you believe that He is willing to save you? 'I do.' You believe that He is able and willing to save you here and now? 'I do.' Now, my lad, will you go a step further: Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ does save you as you give yourself to Him?" and the answer came, "I do." At once he found peace through believing, and was renewed by the Holy Ghost. He believed "with the heart unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession was made unto salvation." For a number of years he walked in the light of God's countenance, maintaining a good profession, ready to deny himself personal comfort and ease to rescue the perishing and lead sinners to the Saviour. At this time he had a strong conviction that he should enter the ministry, but the way did not open. This yearning of his heart was surely met in his latest years, when he was wont to occupy with acceptability the pulpits of almost every denomination in the city. I have heard Mr. Wm. Blight, perhaps his oldest friend, say that he remembers, in 1858, joining him and his brother, at the head of Sumach Street, before seven o'clock in the evening, when they sang down the street, the crowd following them until they reached Queen Street, where his brother James mounted the steps of a store and preached to the people. But after a time he became lukewarm, he lost his first love, his burning zeal and faith, and allowed worldly interests to take the place of things spiritual and eternal. He was satisfied with the forms, the proprieties and respectabilities of religion without its power, and had simply a name to live. Of this portion of his life he always spoke with regret and deep humiliation, counting it a failure, and worse than a failure. But the Master was using means to draw back his servant into the vineyard as a labourer who should consecrate every moment of his time, every capacity of his being, every iota of his influence, and every dollar of his money, to the salvation of men and the glory of God.

In 1847 he was united in marriage to a sweet and beautiful woman, Miss Margaret Bright, and for many years they lived in happy wedded bliss. In 1875 a great shadow fell upon his heart, in the sudden and dangerous illness of his beloved wife. In the anguish of his soul he prayed that her life might be spared. All night, Jacob-like, he wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant,

until the assurance came to his soul that she should be given to him, and that divine grace would be sufficient. She lived on a helpless invalid, unable to speak, yet an angel of blessing to her husband and home. Along with this domestic trouble came the earnest pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Potts, in the Metropolitan Church, whose ministry was made a great benediction to him. Mr. Gooderham was restored to the joy of God's salvation, became from that moment a thorough out-and-out Christian, a leader and office-bearer in the Church, and one of the most whole-hearted, earnest men that Methodism ever had.

He was a man of strong will and of great energy. He came of a good sturdy stock. Like Bunyan's "Great-heart," he was of heroic mould. His physical appearance, not above the ordinary height, but broad-shouldered, and a figure never to be overlooked in any company; his large and well-balanced head, manly face, massive brow, searching eye, resolute mouth and chin—all indicated the iron in his nature—but the grace of God transfigured his whole character, and he became genial, generous, and tender as a child.

In his domestic relationships, as a son, a brother, a husband, a master, he was kind and true. He always spoke with the highest veneration of his father, of his integrity, his industry, his frugality, his strictness, and of the valuable lessons he received in the home-school. Especially would he refer to the old gentleman's constant injunction to his sons: "Boys, stick together." His brothers well bear testimony to his fidelity and affection, and though he differed from them *toto cælo* in many things, yet this difference never marred the fraternal feelings; and the fact that he has appointed two of his brothers and a nephew executors and trustees of his will, empowered to administer his liberal bequests, is not only an expression of his fullest confidence in them, but also of his desire that they should become interested in the charitable deeds and benevolent enterprises to which he consecrated his means. Who does not hope that this desire may be realized? for surely there is much to be done by a right and Christianly use of wealth. He was devoted to the interests of all the members of his household.

His affection for his wife shone radiant as a star, nay, it glowed and burned as a sun. I never saw such affection, never read of greater devotion. How he watched over that invalid wife; everything in the beautiful home was centred around that sick-room. He rarely entered it without bringing her some token of his love. She could not stir or murmur at any hour of the night but he was at her side. When the hour of separation came, as the death

damp was gathering on her brow, he took her up as a child, folded her in his arms and held her to his breast till the last beat of her heart, till the last breath was heaved, and then he kissed the pale lips and laid the dear form back upon the bed, and upon his knees he fell, amid tears and sobs, to give thanks to God who had given him such a companion. He said to me, "In that moment was taken from me more than all my wealth, all my friends, more than life itself, yet in that moment God gave me more than He had taken away." Separated from him, she was not forgotten. Often during the week, and every Sabbath morning, in connection with his work in the hospital, he visited her grave and placed flowers upon it. We doubt not that when he swept through the gate into the glory-land, next to the vision of the King in His beauty, was the rapture of re-union with his beloved wife.

William Gooderham was a Methodist. He loved the Methodist Church, its doctrines, its order, and its prosperity. It was the Church of his spiritual birth, of his convictions and his affection; yet he was no bigot, but a great, generous-hearted Christian. He was too large a man to have his sympathies confined to any one denomination, and his memory now belongs to the whole Church of God. He was deeply interested in the Salvation Army. I have it on the authority of his intimate friend, Mr. Daniel McLean, that at first no man could be more prejudiced against the Army. He disliked their noisy bands, and flags, and uniforms, and glaring announcements. Why did he come to love this people so much? There is a gentleman in this city, well known, who for fifteen years was completely under the influence of the drink-demon, a moral wreck. One day he was picked up, taken to the barracks, sobered and soundly converted, and has ever since been sitting at the feet of Jesus, "clothed and in his right mind." This case awakened the attention of William Gooderham. He attended one of the services, and was deeply touched and interested. He saw that the Salvation Army was reaching the neglected and the non-church-goers as no other organization was doing. He saw these red-jerseyed men and poke-bonneted lasses were going down to the most ignorant, the most fallen, the most degraded, to help and save them, pulling them out of the fire, and his great heart went out in sympathy for the work and for the workers. To himself the Army was made a great blessing, and he was raised to a higher level of Christian living.

He had great simplicity and humbleness of mind. The Hon. S. H. Blake, in his admirable address at the memorial service, held in the Christian Institute, referred to "his deep humility," accepting

advice and suggestions from others whom he was capable of teaching himself. He was always anxious to learn more about the spiritual life of the humblest Christian, and would get hints and lessons for his own benefit from nearly every speaker that he listened to. He did not wait for great things at a distance, but was ever ready to do the little things close at hand. This humility was not a wild flower of nature, but "a fruit of the Spirit." He was sometimes touchy and exacting, as though the old proud nature were re-asserting itself, but how quickly this mood passed away, until in his whole spirit and bearing he carried out the apostolic injunction, "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." He was never combative. In conversation he never cared for argument or discussion Every Saturday three of his most intimate friends dined with him. It was a standing arrangement, and others were from time to time invited in. These afternoons were seasons of delightful fellowship, of waiting upon God in prayer, and of preparation for Christian work. At table he delighted in animated conversation, but when it assumed the form of discussion and debate, he would be sure to change the topic. His conversation was "always with grace seasoned with salt." His greeting, "Well beloved, I am glad to see you!" and his parting, "God bless you!" were like the benediction that follows after prayer. Looking back upon these seasons of grace and sweet delight, I cannot call up one act or word of his that I would have erased from the record of his life.

He was pre-eminently a Bible man. He loved the Bible, read it, studied it. He believed it was the Book of God, and without any hesitation accepted every truth in it. I never saw him in his carriage without his Bible. In his home were Bibles everywhere. I never knew a man who studied the Scriptures with more intense delight. While we were crossing the Continent together, I noticed that he would spend nearly whole days reading the Bible. He was himself a good illustration of the educational power of this Holy Book, for by its careful perusal he was enabled to send home the truth to men's hearts and consciences and lives. He began this study late in life, but he showed what can be done by patient attention to one book, and that the difference between men's success in life is largely a matter of industry.

He was a man of prayer. He always seemed to attend upon the Lord without distraction. He believed that God's promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," faileth never. When the Christian Institute was being erected, he held a prayer-meeting with Brother Sandham over the lot to be secured. When the ground was excavated, they prayed

together in the basement. When the first floor was laid, they had another little prayer-meeting; so with the next floor and the topmost floor—every storey was consecrated by prayer. During the turmoil of the Central Bank difficulties, the liquidators frequently sought direction in prayer; and I am assured by those who were qualified to know, that in unravelling these difficulties his suggestions were always wise, practical and most important. While we journeyed together to San Francisco, and return, it is safe to say that there was scarcely a hundred miles crossed of land or sea, mountain or valley, that was not marked by an approach to the mercy-seat from this man of prayer. Two or three times a day a place would be found for united supplication—in the stateroom of vessel, or of palace car, or on the end of the train, when the sun was rising out of the sea, or sending his last rays over the shining levels of the flower-enamelled prairie. I seldom rode with him in his carriage when he did not propose prayer. The last journey we made together was in June last, the laying of the corner-stone of Fairbank Church, on the Newton Brook Circuit, and before reaching the place earnest prayer was offered for this new house of worship.

One scene is burned upon my memory. It is in connection with the execution of the poor misguided youth, Neil. Mr. Howland and myself met at Mr. Gooderham's before daylight, and after a hasty breakfast we started with the dawn to the jail, to spend the few remaining hours with the unhappy lad. We had been with him the night previous, and had seen him daily for some time; but on the way how earnestly we prayed together that he might find peace and salvation, and might not be refused entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. What songs and prayers were heard in that gloomy dungeon! When the sheriff and the stern officers of the law entered the cell they found a little company on their knees, and Mr. Gooderham praying with his arms around the neck of the doomed man.

He had an abounding zeal for God. It was no smouldering fire, but the intense glow of a furnace at white heat. He burned with divine love, and this passion to save souls won for him that most honourable of titles—*enthusiast*. This purpose to rescue the perishing coloured all his thoughts and gave tone to his life. With most Christian workers there are times when a carelessness of eternal interests, a lethargy, a feeling of *vis inertiæ*, steals over the soul, but with him there was no dulness, no apathy, no indifference, but constant activity. He looked for immediate results. "What kind of prayer-meeting did you have?" "Very good." "Any souls saved?" would be his next inquiry. He could not

conceive of any end for a service other than the immediate conversion of sinners and the up-building of believers. In this he was Methodistic, for is not the story told of Mr. Wesley, that catechising one of his young preachers concerning an appointment, he asked, "Any one converted?" "No." "Any one seeking?" "No." "Any one mad?" "No." "Well, then, you need not go there again." Why should not conversions be frequent in all our congregations? With sinful hearts, an attentive hearing, the Gospel faithfully presented, the Spirit of God to apply the truth, and the old promise, "My Word shall not return unto Me void," results must follow in the awakening and conversion of men.

He was a man of faith. He was an old-fashioned Christian, who had repented of his sins, and put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He believed in God the Father Almighty; in a Saviour present to touch and heal the heart; in the Holy Spirit the Sanctifier; in the judgment day; in two future worlds—a heaven for the righteous, a hell for the wicked. There was no guess-work about these truths; he gripped them with a firm conviction, and this brings us to the secret of his powers. "He believed in the Holy Ghost." He had the anointing, the unction of the Holy One. He was "filled with the Spirit," and so was thoroughly loyal to God and to duty, irrespective of consequences. He sought not his own ease or honour or aggrandizement, but only the honour of God and the good of his fellows.

THE SERVICE OF GRIEF.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

CHRIST'S heart was wrung for me, if mine is sore;
And if my feet are weary, His have bled;
He had no place wherein to lay His head;
If I am burdened, He was burdened more.
The cup I drink, He drank of long before;
He felt the unuttered anguish which I dread;
He hungered, who the hungry thousands fed,
And thirsted, who the world's refreshment bore.
If grief be such a looking-glass as shows
Christ's face and man's in some sort made alike,
Then grief is pleasure with a subtle taste;
Wherefore should any fret, or faint, or haste?
Grief is not grievous to a soul that knows
Christ comes—and listens for that hour to strike.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN INDIA.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR, M.A.

Miss Beilby speaks of a lady in a Zenana whose condition caused her some uneasiness. She seemed dying, and her friends said that the best thing she could do was to die. The symptoms indicated want of food, and Miss Beilby asked, "What is this?" Then came out the terrible truth. The lady was a widow, and thirty years of age. Some time previously she had been ill of fever, and the desperate step resorted to of calling in an English doctor. In the screen a hole was cut, through which he put his hand and felt the pulse of the patient. The fever spared her; but some time after her recovery she was so misguided as to make a remark touching the colour and size of the strange hand that had come in through the hole in the screen. That remark sealed her doom, in the judgment of her superiors in the Zenana. They could thenceforth only say, "What need we any more witness?" The sentence was pronounced. The best thing she could do was to die; and the best thing they could do to carry out their purpose was to keep food from her. Miss Beilby was only just in time to stay the full execution of the sentence.

It is now about twenty years since Dr. Valentine, of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, entered upon his work among those proud Rajpoots, to whom for ages daughters had been an embarrassment—an embarrassment confessedly so irksome, that among men of good family the prevalent sentiment was, that after one daughter had been born, or at most two, as to others who might follow, the best thing they could do was to die. And die they did in immense numbers. The British Government interposed by making the murder of female infants a punishable offence; but that measure was felt to be a meddlesome and insulting interference with an aristocratic form of family discipline.

Dr. Valentine did not belong to that order of fishers of men described by Gideon Ouseley as being in modern times numerous, who, instead of going out to look for fish, wait at home for the fish to come to them. So he went out among the villages around, taking with him his medicine-box and pocket surgical case. By degrees, among the villagers, he began to find some in whom terror cast

* Abridged from Mr. Arthur's admirable book on "Woman's Work in India." Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

out terror—the terror of the small-pox, which generally came as an epidemic every year, proving greater even than that of his bad designs. So one after another began to allow him to practise on their arms those charms by which, it was said, the English kept off the destroying small-pox spirit. Strange to say, when the next epidemic broke out, none of those who had been vaccinated were seized with the malady. Then did people begin to venture to the doctor. After a while they came flocking. Presently, mothers, who would not themselves come, began to send their babies. But the doctor, resolved always to preach the Gospel as he went about healing, said, "I shall not vaccinate any baby whose mother does not herself bring it." Here love and hope became too strong for fear, and the mothers ventured to the doctor's levee. After a while "there were as many veils as turbans in the crowd." And to the veils and turbans alike was the message of the missionary delivered, and the attentions of the physician cordially given.

Once upon a time Dr. Valentine, compelled to take a journey for his own health, had to pass through the royal city of Jeypoor, more than a hundred miles from his own station. It so fell out that at that very time the Maha Rani was languishing under some very serious complaint. To the astonishment of all, a message came from the palace requesting the attendance of the English physician. But if the Rajpoot prince, out of a desire to save his Queen, had stooped so far, he was resolved not to bate one jot either of the dignity of the Rani or of the inviolability of the Zenana. The doctor had to sit down before the curtain with a slave girl by his side. The Rani sat on the inside of the curtain with another slave girl by her side. Instead of speaking to the Rani directly, even through the curtain, the doctor was to state any question he had to put to the slave on his side of the screen; she had to pass it to the slave on the Queen's side; and that slave repeated it to her Highness. This was the coil into which a new and highly-organized species of the reptile Circumlocution had twisted itself. The patient leech—whatever he might think of it—adjusting himself to his own end of the coil, entered upon and followed up his pursuit of diagnosis under difficulties. His treatment was crowned with success. The Maharajah of Jeypoor invited the Missionary doctor to become physician to the palace, and Dr. Valentine consented, but on condition of retaining full liberty to labour as a Medical Missionary.

It is manifest at a glance that Dr. Valentine outside of the curtain was not as well placed as Miss Beilby inside of it, whether for relieving sufferers or discovering them. This leads us to

another incident in the experience of Miss Beilby, an incident brought before the general public in the leading columns of the *Times*. When about to start for England from Lucknow, her station as a lady Medical Missionary, she received from the Maharajah of Punnah a message requesting her to come and visit his Rani. His capital lay about two hundred miles south of Lucknow. Miss Beilby found the Rani seriously ill, and remained several weeks in the palace, attending not only the royal patient, but many others, and always preaching the Gospel as she went on with her cures. The Rani permitted her to read the Scriptures to her, but always refused permission to pray.

The 13th of April and the 13th of July, 1881, are two dates which Miss Beilby is not likely to forget. On the former of those days she was received by the Maha Rani of Punnah for her visit of leave-taking. The Queen was in her private room, and soon sent all the attendants away. "I wish you," she said, "to make me a solemn promise." This Miss Beilby hesitated to do until she should be informed as to what the promise involved. "You are going to England, and I want you to tell our Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what we women in the Zenanas in India suffer when we are sick. Will you promise me to do this?" said the Rani; and she insisted that the message must be carried to the great Queen of England by Miss Beilby herself, and not sent through any other channel, as the Queen would, in that case, think the less of it.

Naturally the Missionary lady told the Rani how difficult it was in England for a private person to obtain access to the Sovereign. It was not as at an Eastern court, where any one may go to the palace and lay a petition before the monarch. Furthermore, she added, the Queen could not make lady doctors, or order them to go out to India. That is beyond the power even of the great Queen of England. "But," said the Maha Rani, "did you not tell me our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow or suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was, and trying to help it? Did you not show me a picture of a train falling into the sea, when a bridge broke, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad those people should have been killed, but our condition is far worse. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us, and try to help us."

The Englishwoman now beginning to yield, the Rani placed before her pen, ink, paper, saying she must write it down at once, lest she should forget it. "Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba, for

I want to put it in a locket, and you are to wear this locket round your neck, till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself. You are not to send it through another." The Missionary lady having written down the message from the lips of the Queen, said that before she undertook a promise so solemn, she must pray to her God to enable her to fulfil it. The Rani replied that it was impossible, for the carriage was waiting at the door to take her to the railway, and there was no time for her to go to her room to pray. "May I not have permission," rejoined the Missionary, "to kneel down here and pray?" That request, often refused before, was now granted.

There in the presence of the heathen princess, knelt down the Christian woman, and humbly asked the unseen God to grant, if it was His holy will, that this message might reach Queen Victoria, and that the way to deliver it might be opened before her, if it would be for His glory and for the good of the poor, suffering women of India. When the suppliant rose from her knees, the Rani said that it seemed as if she had been speaking to some one in the room, and yet she had not seen that she had anything to pray to; she had not taken anything out of her pocket to hold in her hand whilst praying.

"Maha Rani Sahiba," said the Christian, "when your Highness recovered from your illness, after your bath you prayed to the unknown God, you did not pray to anything. I have prayed to that God; only He is my God, and I know Him." The Rani had touched on what is always the first surprise of the Hindus at Christian prayer. How can man approach to the Infinite? how converse with the Invisible? Yet none more clearly see than they, when once principles are explained, that we do not define the Infinite by making to ourselves a statue or a statuette; that we do not make the Invisible appear by setting pictures before our eyes. In the moment of separation the words of the Rani were solemn and earnest: "If you forget your promise, your God will judge you." She did not say "the gods," or "our gods," much less did she name any one deity; but said "your God." Yet through the conversation she had used the expression, "our Queen."

Three months from that date, to the day and to the hour, was the locket of the Maha Rani of Punnah received from Miss Beilby at Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty listened with great interest, put many questions, and evinced the deepest sympathy. To her ladies she said, "We had no idea it was as bad as this; something must be done for these poor creatures." To Miss Beilby she gave a message for the Maha Rani, which was, of

course, strictly private. But she gave to her a second message for all the world, which is thus reported by Miss Beilby: "We should wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

Now it is very plain that it was not to a gentleman kept outside the curtain, or even to one admitted under many restrictions and precautions within it, that the Rani could ever have opened her heart. Only a woman could have supplied the delicate thread necessary to establish the sympathetic current between the private room in the royal Zenana at Punnah and the presence chamber at Windsor. Outside the curtain Dr. Valentine can do many things that are impossible to Miss Beilby; inside it, Miss Beilby can do many things that are unapproachable by Dr. Valentine.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America states, and I suppose with reason, that it was the first to send to Asia a lady physician with a regular degree. Mrs. Thomas, a wife of a Missionary in Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, often spent her mornings in dispensing medicine, and had evidence constantly coming before her of the wide opening that would lie before a lady physician. In writing to America, she prayed that one might be sought for and sent out. In India she explained her views to Dr Corbyn, who promised that if she would write them out he would forward them to the Government. She heard no more of it till Sir William and Lady Muir called to see the orphanage. Not only did Sir William enter into her ideas, but he offered to have a class of native girls instructed by his native doctor, if they were sent from the orphanage. However, Mrs. Thomas felt that, with native girls and Mohammedan and heathen doctors, this was "simply impossible." Mrs. Thomas insisted that, in order to train native girls from the orphanage for medical service, there was nothing for it but to have a "full-fledged" Missionary lady physician. She felt that this would be a means of bringing together European and native ladies, "as nothing else could do." In hope of the arrival in future time of the lady so much longed for, she and Mr. Thomas went on with careful preparatory instruction to fit girls to enter a medical class.

It was in 1869, on the 1st of May, and in that beautiful hill station, beside the mirror lake, beneath the sheen of the eternal snows, with a prospect over the plains of Hindustan sweeping a horizon of one hundred miles, that there met for the first time in India a female class of Missionary medical students. So went forth this first little batch; one of the smallest of all seeds, but one

containing a germ of which the potentialities, as gauged by some eyes, appeared to be prodigious. Native families of high caste soon began to send for these women. They on their part displayed spirit and enterprise. "The consciousness of the power to help," said Mrs. Humphrey, "seems to have inspired them with zeal." A native banker would no longer charge Dr. Humphrey interest on money. "I believe in Missionaries," he said, "now when they are willing to do good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men."

If the May sun shone on the deodoras of the Himalayan slope when Dr. Humphrey opened his class, the November wind of the year was dyeing red the leaves on the banks of the Hudson when the first lady physician sailed from the American shore for the heart of ancient Ind. Miss Clara Swain, of Castile, in the State of New York, had early in 1869 taken her degree at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She was formally applied to, first by the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and subsequently by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both being in search of a well-qualified lady Medical Missionary. Miss Swain says, "After three months of thought and prayer, I accepted the call." The Society which had first applied to her cordially and gracefully waived its claim in favour of the one connected with her own Church. And so, blessed by many a wife, and mother, and maiden, did she, starting from a point in the West to which Columbus never reached, set out as a Missionary of science and religion for a point in the East hundreds of miles beyond the farthest march of Alexander. She sailed on November 3, 1869, and the 20th of January, 1870, saw her arrive in the capital of the Rohillas.

The next morning, on leaving her room for the first time in Bareilly, she found on the veranda a group of women and girls, native Christians of the city, come to pluck the first-fruits of the new healing plant. It had been feared that native women would not come to the mission-house for medicine and advice; but others besides the Christians soon began to arrive. It had been hoped that in the course of time some of the Zenana houses might accept attendance. Very soon a Brahmin of high standing, a Deputy Collector under the Government, and the author of an essay on Female Education, which had been read at a Durbar, waited on Miss Swain to pay his respects. He said that they could not consent to have their wives and daughters attended by a gentleman, though they suffered much for want of proper medical aid. He thought the lady doctor would do much good. When the idea of a hospital for women was mentioned, he promised not only to subscribe, but to assist in raising funds.

After a few days came the little son of this gentleman, bearing his father's salaam to the Miss Doctor and Mrs. Thomas, with his request that they would come and see his wife, who was suffering. They were received cordially and hospitably. The gentleman introduced his wife, richly dressed, and "covered literally with ornaments." He told her to shake hands, and then, *mirabile dictu!* offered her a chair, and bade her sit down. "I am told," says Miss Swain, naïvely, writing when still fresh to the country, "that this was very remarkable, that a native seldom pays his wife so much respect."

It was not long before another native gentleman waited on Miss Swain, requesting her to visit his wife, who had been ill for three months. At this house the ladies were shown through the dark passages, and through a court, round which were cells for "cows, horses, and human beings." Then through a second court, till they found the lady lying in the open air, on the house-top, with several servants around her. Her mother was beside her, and she at once began to weep, and to implore the lady doctor to cure her daughter. Mrs. Thomas soon had three ladies of this family under instruction. The former invalid asked to have a Bible in her own language. Would not her husband object? "Why should he, when he reads it himself in English?" When the Bible came, her mother said, "You must keep that hidden!" The ladies said that she had better tell her husband about it. "Yes, after I have finished reading it."

By the end of the first year, Miss Swain had been called to sixteen Zenanas; and she had prescribed at the mission-house for twelve hundred and twenty-five patients. During the fourth year, the Dispensary patients rose to a number exceeding three thousand. In addition to these, one hundred and fifty patients had been treated in houses, and no less than fifty new Zenana families had called in the lady doctor. Of these private families, all desired instruction, so that four Bible-women were employed.

In six or seven weeks after her arrival, Miss Swain commenced a medical class of sixteen girls from the orphanage, the same girls whom Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had been preparing in hope of such an opening. Great change; from an abandoned orphan to a medical student! At the end of three years, an examining board of three doctors passed thirteen out of the sixteen, and certificated them for practice in all ordinary diseases. They had been trained by being set to help in the dispensing of medicine, to take charge of the sick in the orphanage, and to accompany Miss Swain on her visits in the city and the Christian village. Now they went forth from the orphanage with the means not only of obtaining

their own living, but of ameliorating the lot of others. Surely kind Charity never did look kinder than when she is seen taking in at her door, from off the highway, a shock of disgusting hair covering a shrinking mass of childish skin and bone, and then sending forth a fair woman, clothed, lettered, Christianized, and skilled, the starveling waif transformed into the benefactor of society.

From the beginning the necessity of a hospital for women had pressed itself upon the attention of Miss Swain. But this was a project demanding heavy outlay. Yet every week brought some fresh token of its necessity. Native gentlemen said that their ladies would not object to go to a hospital superintended by a lady physician. Near to the Mission House was a beautiful site for such a hospital, but the ground belonged to a Mohammedan prince, and the price of it seemed to place it beyond all hope. They could only pray, and this the members of the Mission had long done. The proprietor was the Nawab of Rampore, a prince who had boasted that the Missionaries never could make their way into his city. Yet, as time went on, it became evident that if the hospital, which had many a time been built in the hearts of the ladies of the Mission, was ever to be built in brick and mortar, it must be on the ground owned by the avowed enemy of the Gospel.

At last they were advised by Mr. Drummond, the Commissioner, to apply direct to his Highness for the estate. Probably Mr. Drummond at the same time used some friendly offices, in a quiet way, with persons influential at the court of Rampore. Instead of their approach to the royal city being made difficult, they found that, through the friendly influence of the Dewan, his Highness had posted horses for them at each of the six stages of the way. Therefore these "poor beggars," as Mrs. Thomas calls them, found themselves, somewhat to their own surprise, faring along in a coach-and-four, with two footmen, an outrider, and regular relays of horses from stage to stage. For the last stage they were joined by an escort of three mounted soldiers. On entering the city gates they were received with low salaams, and children cried "Long life and prosperity." They were driven to a fine house, and magnificently served. At breakfast they counted twenty dishes, and at dinner gave up counting in despair. Two carriages were sent to drive them round the city, and a message came from the Nawab saying that, being specially engaged with his prayers, he could not see them that evening.

Next morning, after being taken round to several palaces and gardens, they were driven into the gateway of the royal resi-

dence. A cannon frowned directly in face of them, and as they passed five royal elephants made their salaams. When they reached the presence-chamber, his Highness rose, smiled, and held out his hand. He seated Mrs. Thomas on his right, next to her the doctor, Miss Swain, and next to her Mrs. Parker, another lady of the Mission. After them came the gentlemen, then the friendly Dewan, and the chief magistrate. I seem to be writing incredible records of social revolution. That chair in the Zenana of a Brahmin on which his wife was told to sit down in his presence, was portentous. And now this giving of honour at a Mohammedan Court to the weaker vessel in preference to the stronger is no less disturbing to old-established ideas of social order in India. They talked to his Highness of his palaces, gardens, taste, and so forth, while he smoked his hookah, looking increasingly pleased. But there was a great speech weighing on Mr. Thomas's heart, which, his wife archly says, he had been preparing for a week in his best Hindustani, and with his best reasons.

After a while the Dewan rose and whispered to his royal master. The Nawab nodded assent. The Dewan then gave Mr. Thomas a hint that the moment was come. His wife says that he began "with as much shyness and blushing as a school-girl." We have in England a popular superstition that the air of America absolutely heals the inhabitants of all such infirmities. It may be that coming so much into contact in India with Britons, had revived in Mr. Thomas the ancestral false shame which cruelly dogs the steps of our island race. He said, then, amidst his blushes, that he desired to procure, on some terms, the estate in Bareilly belonging to his Highness, for the purpose of building upon it a hospital for women. His Highness smiled graciously. "Take it," he said, "take it; I *give* it to you with much pleasure for that purpose."

Their hearts were all full; their thanks were silently poured out to God. "We have prayed for it," says Mrs. Thomas, "for years; but never absolutely wanted it as a present. And now we have it." The generous Nawab had their warmest acknowledgments. The gift comprised a garden, with two fine old wells, a great brick house, and forty-two acres of land, worth in all three thousand pounds. And all this given when Mr. Thomas had only opened his lips; and now his fine speech "of no use!" Ah! speeches composed in the heart, with prayers and cares, and hopes and fears, have a strange way sometimes of doing their work without ever being delivered. Such speeches appear now and then to acquire the power of discharging themselves into the

breasts of others by subtler channels, without waiting to go by the way of sound.

Our company of "beggars" turned their faces again toward Bareilly, crying, "So we are to have a hospital for women in India!" Was there at that moment in all India another company as rich, as full to overflowing with the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence? Whoever could have read the imagination of the thought of their hearts, would have probably seen, alternating with prayers for the bountiful prince of Rampore, pictures of wan forms regaining the hue of strength, of hopeless sufferers soothed in their anguish, of heathen women hearkening to the never-ending story of redeeming love and "saving health." And they had their hospital. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church found them about two thousand pounds. The grounds were laid out, the old house adapted, and new buildings added to the Nawab's bounty.

After having passed through an arduous season of epidemic, Miss Swain found the fifth year of her service more satisfactory than any previous one. Then her health broke down, and she was forced to retreat to her native air. The convalescence was slow, but after four years of absence, she was once more welcomed, joyfully welcomed, by old friends and new, back to her post again.

Mrs Gracey tells us that when the vacancy took place, prayer was made without ceasing by the ladies, that a successor worthy of the work might be raised up. Lucilla H. Green, of New Jersey, had taken her degree at the Woman's College in Philadelphia. Her accomplishments promised a successful career at home. Her spirit hailed the call to a missionary sphere. Like other missionaries, she had learned to sing her way across the sea. With the pine-clad sand-hills of New Jersey fresh in memory behind her, and the hospital with its dusky occupants rising in the mind's eye before her, she sang:

> "That Holy Helper liveth yet,
> My Friend and Guide to be;
> The Healer of Gennesaret
> Shall walk the rounds with me."

Miss Green gives a full and lively description of her visitors at the dispensary on a single morning. On entering she receives the salutation of the assistants, and of several women seated on the floor. Clean white clothes and bright faces tell her that these are native Christians. Next comes the wife of a rich merchant in costly array, and she retreats to her carriage with great precaution against male eyes. A Mohammedan woman, with a kindly,

trusty face follows. A mother brings two puny children, and holds a branch to prevent Miss Doctor Sahiba from putting any "evil spirit into them." The spirit she would like to put in is eggs and milk and meat, but animal food she must not name. Then a low-caste creature wonders if the like of her will be attended to, and goes away happy. Another woman wants to see if the doctor knows anything, and the two have a trial of their wits. One ragged woman, with "superfluous dirt," has "the usual" dozen bracelets on each arm, and five rings in each ear. The clinking of anklets and the rustle of rich dress announce two ladies from a zenana visited every week. A sweet, gentle woman is a native Christian, and "a jewel indeed." "You would feel," says Miss Green, "like putting your arms round her and calling her sister." Some Hill women come in blue, tall and handsome. A Mohammedan gentleman brings his wife and children. The wife will not take a seat while her lord stands, nor will she speak in his presence. When he turns his back she does so, and very winningly.

Miss Green finds that when asked their age, most of them say, in a helpless sort of way, "How should I know?" or "The news has not yet reached me." It is said that there are other countries besides India in which news of their correct age has not yet reached the ladies, and in which the longer it is waited for the further does it seem from arriving.

Miss Green married Mr. Cheney, a Missionary of her own Society, and removed to Nynee Tal. In less than ten years from the day when Dr. Humphrey first gathered his pupils, there stood, on the last day of September, a group in the beautiful cemetery of Nynee Tal around a grave—one of those graves so often opened in India at a sudden command of cholera. Their hearts were very heavy, and their eyes more than full. The clods that fell on the coffin of Lucilla H. Cheney buried large hopes—hopes raised by good services already done, by broad foundations laid with vigour; and by that something in a young and consecrated labourer which inspires others with the confidence that the bud of to-day will be the blossom of to-morrow, and that the blossom of to-day will be the fruit by-and-by. Thus in the same place where had assembled the first class in India for Female Medical Missionary Students, was dug the first grave of a lady physician. And all down the winding vale of time will those two reminiscences flow along, like two noiseless silver rills, side by side with the pathway of the Missionary Church of Nynee Tal.

In Lucknow, where not many years previously all the furies of war had been raging, Miss Monelle found that her character of lady physician opened her way into houses which had never

been entered by a Christian. In one touching case she was called to the wife of a Nawab, who for four days had been in critical circumstances, having all the native help available for miles around, but in vain. Accompanied by a lady of the Mission and a native female, Miss Monelle hastened over a distance of twenty miles, in part through jungle. At the palace she was led through yards full of elephants and horses, through a court, and finally into the Zenana. There she found sixty women in gorgeous apparel staring at her from among their trinkets. In the middle of the room, on a low couch, lay the sufferer.

A messenger from the Nawab commanded that a Christian hand should not touch the Begum till her father had given his consent; and as he was sleeping, they must wait. Waiting in such a crisis, on such a pretext, soon became intolerable. The lady who had come with Miss Monelle, taking with her the native attendant, sallied out of the Zenana, and ventured to attack some three score Mussulman gentlemen sitting in conclave. To her vehement representations they replied that they knew it all, but no one must disturb the Nawab. "Somebody must do it," cried the Christian lady, "the Begum must have relief, or she will die." After weary pleading, some one did, with trembling, veture to awake the slumbering dignitary. He came forth in rich robes, with gold mitre-cap; and as he advanced, the nobles and retainers, parting to let him take the post of honour, salaamed profoundly. But no one dared to speak. They stood "as dumb as so many oysters." One can imagine how the blood boiled in the veins of that American woman to see all this delicacy about forms, and this insensibility to the life-peril of a young wife and possible mother. After a long time they gently hint that something ought to be done. The great man announced his pleasure that the doctor should report the exact state of his child, and then he could consider the case. The doctor needed not to wait so long. She reported extreme peril. Then came her husband in person to take her professional opinion. Could she relieve the Begum without medicine? She could not promise to do so. "Will you promise that medicine will positively cure her?" This, again, she could not do. Then fell from the lips of the Nawab a final sentence which was twofold; a sentence for the doctor, of bitterness; for the patient, of death. "To take medicine from a Christian would break caste, and since you will not promise to cure her, she must die." On her way back to Lucknow in the dead of the night, Miss Monelle forgot the wild beasts, forgot the highwaymen, forgot the gloom, forgot all things but God and those hopeless faces which arose before her even in the darkness. She cries out, "This young and beautiful creature died of caste."

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the Channel Islands belong to France. At the nearest point, Jersey, the largest island of the group, is only about twelve miles from the Norman coast, and evidence is not wanting that at a comparatively recent period, geologically speaking, the dividing water was much narrower than it is at present. Indeed, there is a tradition to the effect that even within the memory of man this channel was so narrow that it was crossed at low tide on a planque or bridge. Moreover, geologists are of the opinion that at one time not only these islands, but also Great Britain itself, formed a part of the continent of Europe, and if the channel existed at all it was only in the form of an inconsiderable river or creek.

Without going so far back as this, however, the evidence is abundant that at a much later date the Channel Islands covered a much larger area than they do at present. There can be no doubt that the sunken, and partially sunken, rocks which surround them, and which constitute their natural defence, making it dangerous to approach, except at a few points, within miles of them, were once covered with land, which has been swept away by the action of the tides, marine currents, and other forces incident to the encroachment of the sea. Indeed, the remains of ancient forests are to be found to-day embedded in the sand, that have either been carried into the sea by landslides or submerged, as is more probable, by the sinking of the earth's crust.

The whole of this group, sometimes somewhat pompously called the Channel Archipelago, consists of four principal islands and half a dozen of insignificant islets—mere patches of rock rising above the surface of the water. Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark—the habitable islands—have an aggregate superficial area of 75,000 square miles, or somewhat less than one of the townships in the Province of Ontario. Jersey, the largest and most important island, is barely twelve miles long, with an average breadth of scarcely five miles. Guernsey is not half as large as Jersey, and Alderney and Sark are still smaller.

And yet each of these has not only physical peculiarities of its own, which serve to distinguish it from the others; but the population of each forms a separate community, with its own customs and traditions, and a history stretching far back into the dim

and distant past. From whence or by whom these islands were originally populated must, perhaps, remain forever a matter of conjecture. If, however, the use of stone, and bronze, and iron implements, respectively, mark so many distinct ages, or stages in the development of the race, the archæology of the Channel Islands establishes the fact that they were inhabited during all these periods. Without attempting to settle this point, it is safe to conclude that these little specks of earth, either in their present insular form or as a part of the continent, were the home or homes of some of the most primitive races of man in the distant prehistoric times.

The Celts, though it may be not their first inhabitants, were the first of which anything is with certainty known; and the monuments of their occupation consist chiefly of their temples and altars. These ancient Gauls, as they were called in the days of Cæsar, whatever was their character for piety or morality, were, beyond question, deeply religious. They filled all the lands of their dispersion with the memorials of their religion. Like the ancient Patriarchs, of whom they were probably the descendants, wherever they found a resting-place they erected an altar. They were apparently monotheistic, too, as in all the religious remains that they have left behind them there is not a single trace of polytheism or idolatry. It is remarkable that, in the Channel Islands at least, there is not the mark of hammer, chisel, or any other tool, upon any of the Druidical altars, or on any of the stones of the sacred enclosures, which for want of a more appropriate name we call their temples. It is probable that the employment of any such implement upon them would have been regarded by them as a desecration. In this respect, they shared the feeling, as they probably did the faith, of the Patriarchs, through whom, there is reason to believe, they had received some part at least of the truth contained in that primordial revelation which appears to have been given to man in the infancy of the race, and which was shared by all the primitive peoples of the earth.

It may have been a weakness in me, but I confess that I have felt myself more deeply moved as I have stood beside some of these rude altars, than I have been when standing in the midst of some of the most splendid monuments which architectural art has reared to the honour of a better faith. There is something especially touching in the efforts of these rude men, back in the twilight—nay, even before the dawn—of human history, to rid themselves of the sense of guilt, the common heritage of the race, and to effect a reconciliation between them and the Great Being

above them, whom they felt to be angry with them on account of their sins. I can quite sympathize with the feeling, if not with the conduct, attributed to Father Augustine by Sir Walter Scott, when

> "He crossed his brow beside the stone
> Where Druids erst heard victims groan,
> And at the cairns upon the wild
> O'er many a heathen hero piled,
> He breathed a timid prayer for those
> Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose."

We may, indeed, shed a tear over the dark and bloody superstition, mixed with what was purer and better in the faith of these people, and regret that their apprehension of the justice and holiness of God, and of His consequent hatred of sin, was not accompanied with an equally vivid perception of His pitying love; but even in what our Celtic forefathers, in pre-Christian times, had in excess, we can discern an essential element of true religion, and one, too, which, though in our age of boasted enlightenment it is liable to be dropped out of the popular religion, we can ill afford to lose.

After the Celts came the Romans, who had the Island of Jersey, and probably all the Channel Islands, in possession during the third and fourth centuries. The monuments which they have left are few and insignificant. A couple of forts still bear the name of Cæsar, and a few coins are still preserved which are unquestionably Roman; but these appear to be the only vestiges which these world-conquerors left behind them. They evidently did what they could to obliterate the traces of the more ancient inhabitants, by compelling them, as it is believed, to bury many of their sacred places, the monuments of their religion, some of them probably having descended to them from distant generations, beneath mounds of earth, which continue to this day. But they reared nothing better in their stead. By some "Jersey," the name of the largest of these islands, is supposed to be a corruption of "Cæsarea," the name given to that island by the Romans; and if this theory be correct, this name may be regarded as the most important and enduring monument of the Roman occupation.

In the fifth century the islands underwent another revolution, and to whatever remnants of their aboriginal Celtic inhabitants and Roman immigrants that remained, was added another element. The islands at that time were included in the conquests of Clovis, the fierce and savage king of the Franks. In the following century Childelbert, King of France, son of Clovis, made a present of the Channel Islands to Saint Samson, which brought

them under ecclesiastical rule, and laid the foundation of their conversion to Christianity, which was probably effected by mediæval, rather than modern evangelical methods. But it was not until three hundred years after this that the man came upon the scene whom the modern Channel Islanders claim as the father of their country, and by whom these islands became incorporated with the Duchy of Normandy, of which they continued to form a part down to the time of the Norman Conquest of Great Britain. This man was the warlike and justly famous Norseman, Rolf, or Rollo, and, strange as it may appear, his influence appears to be as great to-day as it ever was. He not only lives in the constitution and laws that he gave to the islands, but the islander who feels himself to be wronged or oppressed by his neighbour, especially in anything relating to real property, makes his appeal to him personally, on bended knee, just as he would have done had Rollo been alive and present, although he has been dead nearly a thousand years; and it is at his peril that the would-be oppressor goes one step farther, until he is authorized to do so by a court of competent jurisdiction.

How the custom took its rise is not quite clear; but it appears that it obtained in the lifetime of this remarkable man, that in case of any encroachment or invasion of property, or any other sort of oppression or violence requiring prompt remedy, the aggrieved party had only to call upon the name of the Duke, though at never so great a distance, thrice repeating aloud "Ha-Ro," a contraction of "Ha! Rollo," and immediately the aggressor was bound to forbear attempting anything further. And this *Clameur de Ha-Ro* was not only influential as against equals, but against the highest in the land. Indeed, it seems to have been especially intended as a defence to the weak as against the strong, the poor as against the rich, the obscure against the famous and the influential.

A single illustration of its potency may be interesting to the reader. It will be remembered that one of the pious works of William the Conqueror was the erection of the Abbey of St. Stephen at Caen; and in the accomplishment of that great undertaking, he ordered the removal of several houses which stood in the way of its accomplishment. The owner of one of those who had been dispossessed had not during the lifetime of the Duke been compensated for his loss. The son of the injured man, perceiving that the grave in which William was about to be buried was in the ground on which his father's house stood, though a private person, appealed to Rollo against the injustice, and his appeal was successful. He received full compensation for his land before the

King was allowed to be buried. This appeal is just as influential to-day in Jersey as it was eight hundred years ago. The man who feels himself to be wronged or oppressed, or whose rights are in any way invaded, has only to fall on one knee, and cry, *Ha-Ro a l'aide, mon Prince,* repeating the cry three times, and the probability is that if the aggressor has any respect for his own safety he will at once desist, so influential even now is the name of Rollo.

I would like to give in a paragraph some account of the constitution and laws of these singular commonwealths, but they are so unique and curious, I am afraid that if I had the requisite knowledge, the task would be impracticable. To give an intelligible account of them would require more than all the space at my disposal. But the task is even more hopeless on another account. They say there never was but one man who understood the laws of Jersey—to say nothing about the other islands—and he is dead. A more accurate knowledge of the laws and usages which prevailed throughout Europe—especially among the Normans—in the Middle Ages than I can lay claim to would be absolutely indispensable in order to a complete comprehension of the subject. Everything there, however, unlike the acts of our own Legislature, has the flavour of antiquity about it and strikes its roots down deep in the past.

There is one peculiarity about the government of these islands which invests them with special interest at this particular juncture. They enjoy Home Rule to the fullest extent consistent with their position as an integral part of the United Kingdom. The inhabitants of each island constitute a self-governed community, having its own Legislature and its own Executive. This is true of Jersey, and, so far as I am aware, of each of the other islands. The right of veto does indeed belong to the Crown, and in certain cases suitors have the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. But beyond this they are entirely free from the interference of either the national Legislature or Executive. The "States," as the miniature Parliament of Jersey is called, is composed of twelve jurats or magistrates, twelve constables or reeves, and the twelve rectors of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided; and this body is presided over by the Bailiff, or Civil Governor, who, though nominated by the Crown, must be a native of the island, and the Lieut.-Governor, who is usually an Englishman, but whose functions are chiefly ceremonial and military. Both these Governors sit side by side in the "States," but the Lieut.-Governor sits on a seat about four inches lower than that occupied by the Bailiff, to indicate the superiority of the civil over the military power, and the complete sovereignty of the people of the island.

To account for the unique position of the Channel Islands, the peculiar relation which they sustain to the Crown and Parliament of the United Kingdom, as indeed to understand almost anything else about them, we must go back to the past. There is this curious fact about the Channel Islands, they were never annexed to England; but England, indeed the whole of Great Britain, was annexed to them. The islanders are specially proud of the fact that they formed a part of the Duchy of Normandy long before their victorious duke, William the Conqueror, added Great Britain to his dominions by conquest. It is in recognition of this fact that they retain the Norman-French as their official language, that they jealously guard their ancient laws and customs, and that they have stubbornly refused to accept representation in the British Parliament, or to submit to anything which would involve the sacrifice of their autonomy, or of their status, respectively, as nations. For each of these islands is not only a self-governed country, but its people constitute a separate and distinct, though not an altogether independent nation. It is not, therefore, for any want of loyalty to the Crown of Great Britain, but simply in conformity to the fitness of things, that a higher seat is assigned to their own Bailiff than to the Lieut.-Governor, who is there as the representative of England.

The Anglican Church, as the reader has already inferred from the position assigned to the rectors, is established by law and supported by tithes. The next strongest denomination in Jersey, and probably this remark applies to all the islands, is the Wesleyan Church. The strength of this body may be inferred from the fact, that there are no less than twenty-one Wesleyan churches in the island, and most of them, as I can bear testimony from actual observation, are highly respectable and commodious places of worship. And this does not represent the entire strength of Methodism, as the Bible Christians have two very respectable churches, and the Primitives one, at least, in St. Helier. The French Protestant Church, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Presbyterian Church, have each an organization. From this it will be seen that Protestantism is well represented. But in spite of all this, it is to be feared that Romanism is gradually gaining ground. The same process is going on there as in the eastern part of our own Province and in New England. The Protestants are moving out and the Roman Catholics are coming in. Whenever there is a lot of land in the market there is sure to be a French Roman Catholic purchaser, and though the law in Jersey makes an alien incompetent to hold real estate, the French get over this difficulty by having the property deeded to the child that has been born on the island, though he be but a year old.

This process, however, is probably confined to Jersey. Guernsey—and probably the same remark applies to the other islands—is more intensely Protestant and more decidedly religious than Jersey is. When Jersey banished Victor Hugo, on account of some supposed indignity offered to the Queen, in some utterance of his, Guernsey offered him an asylum. There the French *litterateur* found a home during the greater part of the period of the second empire; and there some of the greatest of his works were written, including "*Les Miserables*" and "The Toilers of the Sea." But though the Guernsey people winked at alleged disrespect to the sovereign, they were not prepared to extend hospitality to the sworn enemies of their faith. When the Jesuits, banished from France, sought to make their island their head-quarters, they shut their doors against them. At the same time, the Jersey people, with greater liberality than wisdom, as some believe, offered them an asylum. *Le Maison St. Louis*, a large hotel, beautifully situated, in the town of St. Helier, has been purchased by them, and turned into one of their religious houses. They are occupying their spare time and money in building a cathedral of considerable pretensions, from which it would appear as if they contemplated the erection of Jersey alone, or of Jersey and the rest of the Channel Islands, into an episcopal see.

In the Channel Islands, as in England, there can scarcely be said to be a system of public elementary instruction. And in view of the social stratification of society, it does not appear possible for any such thing to exist. I am not aware to what extent the Board Schools exist in the islands, but so far as I could learn, the elementary instruction of the children is chiefly in the hands of the denominations, except in so far as it is carried on by private tuition. The "classes" will not patronize the Board Schools. Even the farmers and respectable mechanics refuse to send their children to schools in which they would be brought into contact with the children of the lower grades of society. Even the denominational schools do not embrace more than a single grade of the children of the congregations with which they are connected. I said to the head master of the Wesleyan School, in St. Helier, "I suppose your scholars are chiefly made up of the children of the congregation." He said, "Oh, no, out of one hundred and fifty" (I think it was), "I do not think that we have two dozen of children of Wesleyan families." All above a certain social grade, I found, were either educated at home or in private schools.

The provision for higher education in Jersey is excellent. Victoria College, at St. Helier, is beautifully situated, has ample

grounds and fine buildings, and appears to be thoroughly manned and equipped. The work that it does is said to be of a very high order. While the classics are not neglected, special attention is paid to modern languages, and to those other branches of a superior education which tend to fit the students for success in professional and commercial life. The Jersey Ladies' College, under the care and direction of the Wesleyan Church, situated also in St. Helier, is in every respect an admirable institution. Having had the privilege of forming an acquaintance with both the principal and the matron of this institution, Miss Roberts and Miss Frances Roberts, I can bear testimony to their eminent fitness for the positions which they fill. The highly educated and thoroughly refined daughters of a Wesleyan minister, they are in every respect the sort of persons to whom the care of girls, at the most critical period in their lives, may be most safely intrusted. The college has a full staff of thoroughly competent teachers, and every facility for successfully carrying on its work. It is not surprising that this admirably appointed and well-conducted institution receives considerable patronage from England, and even from America.

Among the educational institutions of Jersey, its excellent consulting library must not be overlooked. This institution, in which students and literary men can find the latest and highest authorities on almost any subject, and where they can sit as long as they please, and quietly pursue their investigations and studies, is a great boon to studious men, and no insignificant part of the educational machinery of an instructed community.

St. Helier has also a Young Men's Christian Association, with an excellent library, and performs a useful part in promoting, by this and other means, the cause of popular education. The care of the afflicted and the suffering poor is also admirably provided for. By the courtesy of Judge Vaudin, who presides in a court which, as far as I can understand, combines the functions of a police and a county court in this country, I was afforded ample opportunity for a thorough inspection of "The Hospital," at St. Helier—an institution every way worthy of the name, combining a hospital for the sick, a home for incurables, and a refuge for the indigent poor. Both as to the character of its buildings and the efficiency of its management, I do not know that I ever saw anything to equal it, except, it may be, the sumptuous charities of Ward's and Randall's Island, New York. In addition to this institution, there is, in the central part of the island, a well-managed lunatic asylum. There is also an industrial school at Gorey. And though, I suppose, not of the island, yet on it, Dr. Barnardo has one of his homes, which are doing so much for neglected boys.

There are a great many points of interest about the Channel Islands, especially about the Island of Jersey which, though I fear this article is already too long, have not yet been touched; but they will keep for another occasion. Enough has been written, however, probably, to show that these islands, though among the smallest countries in the world, are performing their part about as well as some of the larger countries; and though some of their laws and usages are a little complicated, and occasionally present features bordering on the grotesque, these islanders have been just about as successful in vindicating their rights of self-government as most of those communities that have filled a larger space in the world. They are an industrious, frugal people, generally well-housed, and well-clad, and well-fed. Their kindness to their cattle is remarkable. Their roads, though not of superfluous breadth, are well made and excellent. And the granite walls around their gardens and dwellings, and sometimes even around their farms, show that, like their English neighbours, they have faith in the future, and do not shrink from labour and expense in making provision for it.

LAUS PERENNIS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

O Monks of Antioch, I read
  That in the olden, happy days,
You kept alive a precious deed,
  And sang and chanted ceaseless praise.

Whoever neared your holy throng—
  Whether he came by night or noon—
Across his spirit passed a song;
  Upon his heart there broke a tune.

He heard and knew, and, gliding by,
  He spake within himself, and said,
"So must the angels sing on high,
  Where life hath risen from the dead!"

But now I tread your voiceless shore,
  O monks of Antioch, and lo!
I hear the ceaseless song no more;
  No more the choir go to and fro.

Nay, for the world is all too wide!
  Too strait and close the cloisters grew;
All nations laud the Crucified,
  And they and we still sing with you!

—*S. S. Times.*

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

III.

"Show me the way that leadeth unto Thee:
Though it be difficult, Thou art all might;
Though dark, Thou art the Living Light."

The winter passed wretchedly away. Proud, passionate, ardent, suffering occasioned Andrew an amazement bordering upon rebellion. He felt under it the indignation of a king's son upon whose purple a slave has laid his hand. His soul, retaining little of its high origin but pride, dealt with God in a presumptuous spirit. The sentiment of his own sinfulness did not strike him; the necessity of being purified, though as by fire and sword, made him angry. A victim also of the world's misapprehensions and of his own errors, mortified, devoured by a barren pain, a prey to the delirium of pride, unsocial and ashamed of his sufferings, he rapidly became an egotist of the worst type. And when a man is his own god, how can he possess the God of heaven?

One lovely day in April Ann persuaded him to ride into Port Braddon. "I'm no weel, fayther," she said, "and I want to speak wi' the doctor."

The complaint was true enough, and Andrew, diverting for a moment his eyes from himself, was shocked at the wan, shrunken face of the once blooming Ann Carrick.

"Why didna you speak ere this, Ann?"

"You hae been that fu' o' sorrow I couldna bear to gie you mair trouble. But I'll be in the bed soon, if I dinna get help, and we dinna want stranger folk roun' the place."

"God forbid! You ill, Ann, and strange faces here; that wad be the last drop in the black cup given me to drink. You shouldna hae run sic a risk for my sake, no to speak o' your ain."

He had not been in Port Braddon for many months, and the changes going on astonished him. Some capitalists had found out its excellent harbour, and its contiguity to the Irish coast, and had determined to make it the depôt of a line of small steamers between the two countries. A ship-building yard and a new pier were in progress. Old houses were putting on new fronts; new houses were being built in all directions. The drowsy air of the old town had given place to one of action and bustle, and quite in accord with it seemed the bright, eager-looking young minister, who was the first person to accost Andrew.

He rejoiced to see him again. His place had too long missed him in the kirk. He hoped he had quite recoverd, and should

look for him on the following Sabbath. He quite ignored the fact that Andrew had always refused to see him in all his pastoral visits. And such was Andrew's perversity, that he made the generosity of the oblivion an additional offence.

"He treated me like a petted bairn, whose anger wasna worth minding," he said to Ann, when telling her of the meeting; "and I canna thole that smile o' his, and his loud voice, and that look o' pairfect contentment wi' this sorrowfu', sinfu' warld, that he aye wears."

The doctor found Ann very sick and feeble, and Andrew was compelled either to milk and do certain household duties or to hire a stranger. He chose to do them, and, small as the distraction was, it did him good. The doctor also had a favourable influence upon him. He was a politic man, used to humouring his patients, and not disinclined to condemn Grahame and the Free Kirk elders in a prudent way. He advised Andrew, as soon as Ann was able to resume her duties, to get a fowling-piece and take to the hills. "There's naething like Nature," he said, "when you're sick to death o' men and women. Up on the hill-tops you may walk abreast wi' angels, and there's nane but God to o'erlook you."

The thought pleased Andrew. He remembered how persecuted men in all ages had fled to the mountains and the unplanted places of the earth; and there was a kind of comfort in putting himself among such a company. So, as soon as Ann was well, he began to go to the moors, as steadily as if it was his daily work. But there is no voice in Nature that cries to the children of men "Return!" and Andrew remained as spiritually far astray as ever.

When the fishing season came on, the desire to handle the sails, to pull in the nets, and to face the strong winds and the great waves, became a hunger in his heart; and he walked down to the cottages to see if there was any more friendly feeling toward him. Then he heard a most astounding piece of news. The whole colony was going to move into Port Braddon. Grahame had built some cottages near the new quay, and they were going to occupy them.

Johnnie Gilhaize, the lad who told him, said there had been a meeting at Peter Lochrig's the previous evening, and the men had agreed to call upon Andrew, after work was over, the following Saturday, and give him the reasons for their change.

"But it's Peter that will speak to you, Carrick, for I'm but a lad, and I'll dootless get my reproofs for saying what I hae said."

Andrew answered not a word. He turned round, and went once more into the solitude of his own room. That very night a letter came from Jeannie; and Ann, trembling with excitement, carried it to him. He read it, and gave it back to her in a suppressed rage. "She was so happy, and Grahame was doing so well, and they had a little lass bairn"—and in fact the world was all paradise. The girl had meant to please her father, but Andrew felt her flourishing happiness to be an insult to the shame and misery which had been brought upon her own home, and her own people,

by her selfish wickedness. Oh, it was all very bitter and hard to bear!

Lochrig and his ungrateful fellows—the minister and the elders—yea, even Grahame, might be forgiven more easily than this serpent daughter who had crept into his heart to poison his whole life. In that hour he laid upon her the blame of all the sin and sorrow which had made a shadow between him and his Maker. But for her folly and selfish indulgence, he might yet have been honoured among men and beloved of heaven. He might have been singing at his last, and happy among his mates in the fishing fleet. She had driven him from the Kirk and the market-place, and made her innocent sister to be ashamed to join any gathering of the lasses of her own age. She had been a canker in his gold. She had separated him from many friends; and in a few months the cottages, which had been his pride and his living, would be standing desolate, monuments of a broken tie nothing could ever heal. And she was "so happy." And "dear Walter" was "so prosperous." How could a just Providence permit such a wrong?

After an hour or two of such reflections, he went into the house-place. Never had Ann seen his face so terrible. He looked steadily at her a moment, and then said,

"You'll bring me the Bible."

"I'm right glad to do that, fayther."

"And the ink-horn, and a pen."

She brought them also; but ere she put them on the table, said, "What are you for doing, fayther?"

"I am gaeing to cross oot the name o' ane wha has nae longer pairt nor lot in my heart or house. Gie me the pen."

"To cross Jeannie's name oot o' God's Holy Book?"

"Just sae."

"Then I'll nae do it, fayther! No, I'll ne'er do it! What will mither say? And a' the dead and gane Carricks whase names are afore hers? You shall not 'file your soul and your hands wi' sic like a sin! Gie me the Holy Book! To-night you arena fit to lay hands upon it."

"Hoo daur you speak to me, wha am your fayther, that gate? Hoo daur you? Do you ken *wha* you are disobeying?"

"I never disobeyed you in anything afore this. Reasonable or unreasonable, your words hae been a law unto me. But I'll no let you cross Jeannie's name oot o' the Bible. I'll no do it. It wad be a sin worse than murder."

"Gie me the pen and ink, I say!"

She dashed the bottle upon the spotless floor, and pointed to the great black splash. "It's better there than on your soul, fayther."

"Sae you hae turned against me, too!"

She fell upon her knees at his side, and laying her head against his breast, sobbed with a heart-broken passion that terrified and quieted him. He soothed her with gentle words, and rising to his feet, lifted her up. "Gae to your sleep, dearie. I'll

spare the name for your sake." Then he went back to his room and locked the door.

Sick and exhausted with her daring disobedience and unusual emotion, Ann sat trembling in the chair he had vacated for some time ere she could gather strength for further effort. Her first action was to open the Bible at those leaves which contained the family register for nearly two hundred years. Jeannie's name was the last one. She looked at it. She softly touched it; then, with a prayer in her heart, she stooped and kissed it, whispering to herself, "Oh mither, mither! for your dear sake, as weel as for Jeannie's, I'll ware my heart's blood ere I'll hae the name blotted oot."

Andrew was singularly quiet next day. Ann's heart ached for him. He walked up and down, muttering, "Would God but gie me sleep! But that He gies only to His beloved! Wae's me! Wae's me!" The man was breaking fast, but the iron thews and the nerves of steel by which he was encompassed made the struggle a frightful one. His haggardness was extreme, and the haunted seeking look in his eyes touched Peter Lochrig so keenly that he could not say one hard word to him. Indeed he began to excuse the removal of the little colony on the plea of "the better harbour, the new quay, the market close at hand, not to speak of the kirk and the shops."

Andrew listened as one who heard not.

"Every ane must do the best they can for their ain side," he answered, "and eaten bread is soon forgotten. There's nae harm whar none is meant."

"Maybe, Carrick, you wad feel to gae wi' the boats an orra time. We'd be glad to hae you. I'm sorry to see you looking sae little like yoursel'."

"I'll no gae, Peter. I'd only be a Jonah in the boats; and I'd be sorry to bring sorrow on any o' you."

He turned sadly away, leaving the money Peter had brought upon the table. This indifference to the siller touched Peter more than words. He went home quite ashamed of his animosity, and feeling something very like reverence for a man in such deep, manifest trouble.

After this there were many days in which Carrick ceased to struggle. He had nearly reached that saddest of all spiritual conditions—the hopeless apathy of a soul subjugated by despair.

One morning in July, a hot dry morning, he went very early to the hills. Not far from the house there was a large flat rock raised upon natural boulders about as high as an ordinary table. It had often been used for preaching and sacramental purposes by the Covenanting congregations, and was still known as the "Martyr's Stane." It was Andrew's favourite resort. When the sun was high he lay among the brackens beside it; when it was cool and pleasant he sat beside it, watching the sea and the road beneath and his own house.

This day he went directly there, and Ann saw him at intervals

all the morning in its vicinity. About mid-afternoon there were signs of a storm. The air was tenuous, the heat oppressive, the sea black and motionless. She looked anxiously toward the stone, and saw her father begin to descend the hill. There were already large drops of rain and the "sough" of a coming wind. The cattle also had come home, and she went and opened the byre for them. Ere she had finished this task the air was black with rain. "He'll be wetted through ere he wins hame," and she hasted to lay ready for him some dry clothing and to build up the fire and put the kettle over it.

In the meantime Andrew had nearly reached the road, when he heard the sound of a galloping horse. The traveller came on at full speed with his plaid folded tight around him, his bonnet drawn down to his eyes, and his head bent to the storm. It was David Grahame. As soon as Andrew saw him the Devil entered into his heart. The animal desire for revenge dominated every other feeling; and yet, so subtly was the spiritual element interwoven in the fibres of his being, that in the same instant in which he determined to kill Grahame he began to justify the deed and to seek a sign that it was the Lord who had delivered his enemy into his hand.

"I'll count forty save ane," he said, fiercely, "and then I'll fire. If it be God's will to rid me o' the troubler o' my peace, He'll send the bullet to its ain place; and if this occasion be laid upon me I'll ne'er shirk it."

He stood firmly on a mass of boulders, with his gun levelled at the spot which Grahame must pass, counting off the allotted numbers with the strictest justice and impartiality. He feared for a moment that the man must pass ere he reached the thirty-nine; but he kept faithfully the engagement he had made with himself.

"*Thirty-eight! thirty-nine!*" Grahame was on the very spot; Andrew's finger was on the trigger, but he never fired! There was a dazzling light, a terrific crash; Grahame was riding safely down the road. Andrew had fallen to the ground, smitten, as it seemed, by the fire of heaven.

For an hour the storm raged, and Ann walked from one door to the other, anxiously watching for some sign of her father. "He must hae gane back and ta'en shelter aneath the stane, and he'll be hame when the storm be o'er," she concluded. But when the rain had subsided, and there were even stray gleams of watery sunshine, and still no signs of his return, she grew very miserable. Hurriedly she finished her milking, and then went to the cottages, and ere she had fully made known her anxiety Peter Lochrig was putting on his bonnet and calling for Johnny Gilhaize and Robbie Boyd. They walked much more swiftly than Ann, and she had barely got home again when she saw them coming with their unconscious burden.

Peter's eyes were full of tears when he laid Carrick upon his bed. In that hour all his faults were forgotten, and the man in his old, honest, pleasant aspects came back to memory. Then

Peter felt the strength of that long, long friendship, binding the cottages to the Lone House, and in the days and weeks of sorrow and anxiety which followed, it nobly vindicated itself. The men in turns watched beside Andrew, the women relieved Ann of all stress of household labour, for the shock to Andrew's system had been all but deadly in its force, and his long exposure to the rain, though it had saved him from death by lightning, had induced other disease of an acute and dangerous character. For long weeks Andrew held to existence only upon a tenure of the extremest physical suffering.

One morning he awoke as from some awful dream. He was in his right mind, but pitifully weak.

"Ann!"

It was only a whisper, but she heard it, and was at his side in a moment.

"My dear, dear faythe r! Are you feeling better?"

"Ay, thank God! What time is it?"

"It's near the noon hour. Will you hae aught?"

"Ay, open the shutters and let in the daylight!" I hae been long in the valley o' the shadow—sae lang—sae long!"

"The shutters are open, faythe r."

She spoke very low, holding both his wasted hands in hers, kissing them, and letting her tears downfall upon them.

"What is it? Ann—tell me? Is it light in the room?"

"Braid noonday. Oh faythe r! faythe r!"

"*Blind! blind! blind!* Nae sun, nae moon, nae face o' bairn or friend! Oh, my God, be mercifu'!"

There was a moment o' intense, anguished silence.

Then Cosmo Carrick, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, rose, and, taking Andrew's hand, said, in low, gentle tones,

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.

"He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so there may be hope.

"He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him: he is filled full with reproach.

"For the Lord will not cast off for ever:

"But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

"For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

"Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not." (Lam. iii.)

Andrew was far too weak and prostrate to answer. Ann gave him the few spoonfuls of nourishment he could take, and Cosmo wiped away the large tears that slowly rolled down his face. And the way of God with a man's soul is one which no human intellect can follow. The moment had come when the lost sheep,

called in vain through all the pleasant valleys of life, answered at length out of the dark valley of the shadow of death. Ah! how grand is the triumph reserved for those who submit. Andrew from his crushed heart only whispered, "Thy will be done." And instantly that peace which passeth understanding was with him.

Then he heard with pleasure and gratitude how kind the men and women from the cottages had been—how often the elders had called upon him—how regularly prayer had been offered in the kirk on his behalf. All these things blended with his daughter's tenderness, with Cosmo Carrick's spiritual ministrations, and with some sacred secret influence at work within his own soul; and Andrew came back to life a changed man.

But oh! how changed was life. Not at first did this appear to him He was so weak that the silence and darkness were grateful. He needed nothing of earth but spoonfuls of food and a tender word. In the early delirium of his sickness he had called incessantly for his cousin Cosmo, and Ann had written for the minister. Then Andrew received back the bread he had cast upon the waters many years before. Every hour that it was possible to give to his benefactor Cosmo gave cheerfully. He brought to the sick man the best medical counsel that Edinburgh could supply. Ann learned to depend upon him in all emergencies, and during the tedious convalescence his kindly visits never slackened.

Even after Andrew was able to sit up again, Cosmo came every week to see him; and these visits supplied pleasant conversation, and happy hopes until he came again. In the intervals he was not deserted. Peter Lochrig got into the habit of spending Saturday evening at the Lone House, and there were few days in which some old acquaintance did not "make it in his way" to call, and chat an hour as he passed.

In the following spring Andrew was able to go once more to Port Braddon kirk. It was the spring communion, and a most lovely day. Holding his daughter's hand, he walked with uplifted face to the holy table. There was not a dry eye among the men and women. The children gazed at him with wondering pity. With what humility and gratitude he ate that sacred meal no mortal but Cosmo Carrick knew; for to him alone Andrew had confided the murderous intention, so justly, so mercifully thwarted.

After this, life at the Lone House fell into very regular methods. Ann rose early, and hastened her regular household work, and then read to her father. Not only the Bible, for Cosmo brought books of missionary travel, magazines, and papers of varied interest. And Andrew, in his physical darkness, had his mental sight opened. He became gradually acquainted with peoples and nations afar off. The world that had been bounded by Glasgow and Edinburgh spread out from east to west, from Greenland to India. And Ann soon also grew to enjoy what had at first only been a labour of love. When they had such a book in reading

as Moffat's Africa, or Huc's Travels in Asia, both alike longed for the hour when it could be resumed. And then when Cosmo came next, what pleasant conversations and discussions grew out of it!

The year went peacefully away, and Andrew gradually learned to find his way with his staff about the house and yard, and even up the hill to the Martyr's Stone; and when Ann was busy, and the day fair, he often went there to meditate.

One day, just before Christmas, Cosmo Carrick came to the Lone House. Ann was in the dairy, and Andrew, sitting alone, was singing "St. Marnock's." As Cosmo listened a thought flashed across his mind, and he put it into shape immediately on his return to Edinburgh—that is, he bought an excellent parlour organ and took it to Carrick.

Andrew was full of gratitude and joy; he had a fine natural taste for music; and with some help from Cosmo, was soon upon familiar terms with his instrument. Henceforward it was the companion and confidant of all his moods; and, as years went by, he acquired a wonderful command over it. Not that he ever played artistically, but he did play so that artists listened to him with pleasure and astonishment.

These events indicate the main currents of Andrew's renewed life. No one will suppose that they were not blended with many dark and gloomy circumstances. Earth has deserts in all her fruitful lands; the work of God is barren in some parts; a rose is not all flower, but hath much of lower beauty; and even that life which is hidden with Christ in God is not all joy. Andrew had many sad hours—hours in which his helplessness fretted him like a chain—hours in which not even the sweet spirit of his organ could charm away the mournful, mocking phantoms that peopled his darkness—hours, also, when he longed with great longing for his lost child.

But he never named Jeannie, and Ann had nothing pleasant to tell him. One other letter she had had, dated from an interior station three hundred miles north of Sydney. It was full of complaint, sorrow and fear. Her child was dead; her husband had got among bad companions; he had begun to drink; he was "ill to her;" she was sick and longing for home. This letter had come when Andrew was very ill, and the answer Ann had been compelled to send had probably shocked and quite discouraged the unhappy woman. She wrote no more. But though Andrew did not name her, when he sat quiet in his houseplace he thought of her.

He had long begun to make excuses for her, in the very *necessity* which was a part of the creed inborn and interwoven in his being. Stormy wind and ocean, love's ingratitude and wrong, the lightning's cruel flash, all were alike His ministers, fulfilling His will. It was the keystone of his own submission, the sentiment of his triumphant song.

He indeed confessed to Cosmo Carrick that he had been permitted to "mak' a sair stumble, and to wander sae far frae his

Fayther's house, that naething but a fiery message frae heaven itsel' could bring him back; but then," he would add, triumphantly, "I was aye His child, ne'er forgotten—ne'er made little o'; and that's the glory o' His covenant wi' the seed of the righteous." So he gave Jeannie also the benefit of the same reasoning; and, by the benign interpretation of the great parable, he gave the prodigal son's position to his wandering daughter.

But year after year passed, and no word came from Jeannie. Even Ann had given up hoping. All her letters remained unanswered, and, after five years' neglect, any love but a parent's love ceases to remember—for absence and silence do not make the heart grow fonder. We should not forget the dead if we ever heard from them. It is the speechless blank, from which comes neither voice nor messenger, that appals love and slays memory.

Ann was now twenty-eight years old. She had been scarcely twenty-one when Jeannie left her home. Physically, she had lost the fresh bloom and easy grace of girlhood; in other respects she was a much handsomer woman. The culture of varied reading, the association with her cousin Cosmo, and the refining influences of sorrow, had given her far more than time had taken away. She was a beautiful woman, domestic, peaceful, loving. She loved God with all her soul, and went about her daily duties unchallenged by any of those desolating problems which make the knees to tremble and the heart turn sick with fear.

She was the one woman in the world to Cosmo Carrick. He loved her with all the strength of his truthful, generous nature; and he knew that her affection for him was of the same tender, earnest character. Andrew, however, closed his ears to every word which gave to Cosmo's visits any other meaning than that of friendship for himself. But waiting, which would have been intolerable to undisciplined hearts, was not difficult to them. They knew how to possess a true passion, instead of being taken "possession of" by it. "If our union is in the will o' God, He will bring it to pass in His ain way and time," said Ann; and Cosmo cheerfully accepted her decision.

One morning Ann was sitting in the houseplace with a measure of vegetables on her knee, and Andrew, at his organ, was filling the room with rolling cadences of sweet and solemn sounds. Outside it was the dreariest of days. From the ocean came drifting fogs and showers of chilling rain; the hills loomed huge and pale in the misty air, and the gray Lone House stood gaunt and gloomy amid its melancholy moors. But Ann was full of quiet happiness in her clean, white house. The fire crackled and blazed, the soup bubbled beside it, and the little table was spread for an early dinner, so that they could begin a new book which had come the night before.

Suddenly there was a momentary shadow. It was as if some one had passed the window. Ann looked up, and listened to hear if anybody knocked at the door. Ere she was satisfied, a pale

face, almost ghostlike in the vapoury atmosphere, looked in at the window, and a hand beckoned her outside. She obeyed at once. There was no one at the front of the house; but at the back a woman was leaning against the dairy door—a woman in thin, wretched clothing, shivering and wet, and quite worn-out. It was Jeannie. Ann knew her at once, and folded her to her breast with words of love and welcome.

"Gie me a drink o' milk, Nannie," were the first words Jeannie uttered; and Ann looked in fear and pity at the famishing creature as she greedily drank it.

"I haena tasted since yestermorn, Nannie, and I hae walked—I canna tell how far, sae mony miles, sae mony weary miles. I'm dying o' want, and pain, and sorrow. Oh, Nannie, ask fayther to let me bide at hame."

She led her into the dairy and made her sit down. "You arena going awa' frae me ony mair, Jeannie. Eat and drink, dearie, and I'll go to fayther."

Andrew was still playing, his face slightly uplifted, his fingers wandering among the keys. Ann put her hand upon his shoulder and said, "Fayther!"

"Well, lassie, what is it? I was just trying to find a bonnie bit that has slipped awa' frae me; it was only twa or three notes, but I canna find them."

"Fayther, you and I hae found more than a few lost notes; we hae found the lost piece o' siller—we hae found our Jeannie!"

"Whar is she? Ann Carrick, whar is she? Tak' me to her! tak' me to her!"

"She shall come to you; she's in the dairy waiting for your word. What will I tell her?"

"Tell her I hae forgiven her lang syne. Tell her that she is welcome to my heart and hame!"

He turned his white sightless face to the door, and when he heard Jeannie's footsteps he opened his arms, and the wretched woman tightly folded in their embrace, sobbed out her sorrow and grief and love.

Andrew hardly spoke, but he took her face in his hands and kissed it. No words could have said as much. It was an expression of affection so unusual with him, that Jeannie in all her life could only remember one other like token of his fatherly love—the kiss he had given her on the Sabbath when she had made her confession of faith and received her first Sacrament.

When she was clothed and warmed and fed, it was a sad story she had to tell. The death of her child had been but the beginning of many sorrows. Whatever dissolute, unfaithful, idle, cruel husbands can make women suffer had been Jeannie's lot. She drew a terrible picture of the miseries she had to endure in the rude frontier life to which she had been taken. Poverty had been the least of her sorrows, though poverty in its extremity she had been familiar with. "When Walter died a year syne," she said, "I had ane thought—to win hame again. I worked my way o'er

the water as under-stewardess. The ship put into Southampton, and I had only a sovereign. That took me vera near Carlisle. I hae walked the rest o' the way. I hae been a week on the road, and I lived on less than four shillings."

Poor Jeannie! She was two years younger than Ann, but she looked twenty years older. Exhaustion and exposure brought on a slow fever; for a month she was not able to leave her room. But after that she fell naturally into her future place, the companion of her father.

Before another winter came Cosmo and Ann married, and Jeannie took Ann's place also in the house. But Jeannie's way was not Ann's way. When she became mistress she made far less butter, and she did far less cleaning, but she read more, and she walked more with her father, and she spent hours together at the organ, for Jeannie soon learned the technical part of music, and was able to supply Andrew with constant new themes for his practice.

Not infrequently they left Janet Lochrig in charge of the house, and went to Edinburgh for a week; and these visits grew more frequent when Ann had a little lad bairn, who was baptized Andrew, and whom Andrew senior delighted to cuddle in his arms and croon to sleep with some old Covenanting melody. For ten years Jeannie and her father lived together in a peaceful happiness, almost ideal in its calm purity and freedom from all earthly care. Day by day they were climbing to the goal of an existence in which they spoke much oftener to God, and of God, than to the world, and of the world.

In the days of her great sorrow Jeannie had found the Christ of the poor and the forsaken, and proved His ineffable tenderness, and taken from His pierced hands royal compassions. It was with her Andrew first of all sat down at the foot of the Cross. And when the dawn of this higher revelation came to him he was as "one that dreameth." He kept repeating to himself, "The Cross of Christ! The Cross of Christ! It cleanseth from all sin. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ, *all! all!* shall be made alive. It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish!" And he set these assurances to music so lofty and joyful that it is worthy to be the prelude of an antiphony for the church militant in all lands.

He lived to be a very old man, and every year his faith strengthened and his nature grew riper and sweeter. But a little while ago death touched his eyes, and they opened amid the loveliness of the land which is very far off, and the joy of that multitude which no man can number. And oh! after nearly ninety years of life's fitful fever,

> "How sweet is the slumber wherewith the King causeth the weary to rest!"

THE END.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.*

BY THE HON. JOHN MACDONALD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain, stream and sea.

One 'mid the forests of the west,
By a dark stream was laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the forest shade.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The *G. W. Elder* has cast her anchor in Freshwater Bay. The day was lovely, the water of the bay smooth as a mirror and as highly reflective. Close to its margin was the deep, thick, rich border of the unbroken forest, and behind this, and completely encircling the bay, was a range of lofty mountains, some of which were snow-clad.

The bay reflected with great sharpness the belt of trees which reached the tide water-mark, and behind these, with equal distinctness, the darker and deeper shadows of the lofty mountain range. Occasionally a salmon sportively leaping from the water disturbed its glassy stillness, adding additional interest to the picture, the bay soon resuming its perfect mirror-like appearance. I was much impressed with the marvellous beauty of the scene, and in speaking to our pilot, Capt. W. E. George, of Victoria, B.C., of its loveliness, he said to me, pointing to a particular part of the forest, "Eighteen years ago, a young Englishman, serving on board the admiral's ship, the U. S. steamship *Saranac*, was killed, and buried with military honours in that spot."

How wondrous must have been the sight in this bay! How quiet the resting-place in the unbroken forest, where, in all probability, the foot of white man had never trod! How grand the mountains, how far from his home, were thoughts which in quick succession rushed through my mind. I found myself unconsciously weaving the story in the following simple lines:—

What mean those sounds of music,
And the dip of the muffled oar,

*The Hon. Senator Macdonald, who has just returned from Alaska, contributes this interesting sketch to *The Week*.

As those boats in long procession
Move slowly toward the shore?

And why are those men armed
Who are not bent on fray,
Why this imposing pageant
In the waters of this bay?

See! The Admiral's ship is flying
Its flag at half-mast head,
And that boat, with its mournful draping,
It bears a sailor—dead.

See! His comrades gently bear him
To his lonely place of rest,
So far from his home of childhood,
From the land which he loved best.

Hear the echo of the volleys
As they fire them o'er his head,
Ere with measured step they leave him
To slumber with the dead.

Where the wild, unbroken forest
Throws its shadows o'er the bay,
Its stillness broken only
By the salmon's sportive play.

In a land whose snow-clad mountains
Guard as sentinels his grave,
Fit resting-place for England's son,
For one so young and brave.

O England, dear old England,
Thy sons lie scattered wide,
Some sleep 'neath palms in tropic lands,
Some by the glacier's side.

But dear is every spot to thee
Where'er their ashes be,
And dear to thee is this lone grave
By this Alaskan sea.

On my return from Sitka the *Elder* again cast anchor in the bay, and I determined, if possible, to find the grave. I was unable to make the Indian whose aid I sought understand what I wanted, but through the aid of Mr. Kastromitinoff, the Government translator, and a Russian, as his name implies, I succeeded in getting an Indian, who, with two squaws, paddled me to the place.

Mr. Kastromitinoff was anxious to accompany me. He had

never heard of the circumstances and was somewhat doubtful. The Indian going into the forest and before us led us to the spot, for

> The Indian knows his place of rest
> Far in the forest shade.

How well the memory of Capt. George had served him, not only as to the spot, but as to the date, may be gathered from the lettering upon the head-board, which reads as follows:

W. H. NEIL,

SEAMAN,

U. S. SS. "Saranac."

Died July 1, 1871, aged 27 years.

I found the grave in a perfect state of preservation. Nature had lovingly covered it over with the most delicate lichen, mosses, ferns and wild flowers, with a profusion which seemed to mock man's efforts in bedecking the resting-places of the dead. I gathered specimens of these, and our pilot, who had been on board the Admiral's ship at the time, was glad to have one of the ferns as a memento. I found the lettering also on the head-board in an excellent state of preservation, and could only account for this by supposing that loving hands from ships subsequently visiting the Bay had carefully retouched it, so that time apparently had had no hurtful effect upon it.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

Comfort one another:
By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with His precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:
Let the grave gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.

—*Independent.*

THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.*

The impossibility of miracle is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry. They point to unbroken sequences in material nature, and refer every phenomenon to its immediate antecedent as adequate to its orderly production. But the appeal to this great achievement of our time is itself disorderly, for it calls upon natural science to decide a question which lies beyond its precinct. There is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until philosophy or science shall have determined a limit, beyond which this extraneous force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon or deflect the natural order.

Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that if the Gospel had been intended only for the Jews, they at least were open to the imputation of a biasing and binding appetite for signs and wonders. But scarcely had the Christian scheme been established among the Jews, when it began to take root among the Gentiles. It will hardly be contended that these Gentiles, who detested and despised the Jewish race, had any predisposition to receive a religion at their hands or upon their authority. Were they, then, during the century which succeeded our Lord's birth, so swayed by a devouring thirst for the supernatural as to account for the early reception, and the steady, if not rapid, growth of the Christian creed among them? The statement of the Squire, which carries Robert Elsmere. is that the preconception in favour of miracles at the period "governed the work of all men of all schools." A most gross and palpable exaggeration. In philosophy the Epicurean school was atheistic, the Stoic school ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy. Christianity had little direct contact with these schools, but they acted on the tone of thought, in a manner not favourable, but adverse, to the preconception.

Meantime the power of religion was in decay. The springs of it in the general mind and heart were weakened. A deluge of profligacy has gone far to destroy, at Rome, even the external habit of public worship; and Horace, himself a differentist, denounces the neglect and squalor of the temples; while further on we have the stern and emphatic testimony of Juvenal:

> "Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranea regna
> Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
> Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur."

The age was not an age of faith, among thinking and ruling classes, either in natural or in supernatural religion. There had been indeed a wonderful "evangelical preparation" in the sway of the Greek language, in the uni-

* Abridged from Mr. Gladstone's review of "Robert Elsmere."

fying power of the Roman State and Empire, and in the utter moral failure of the grand and dominant civilization; but not in any virgin soil, yearning for the sun, the rain, or the seed of truth.

Looking for a comprehensive description of miracles, we might say that they constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience. Distinctions may be taken between one kind of miracle and another. But none of these are distinctions in principle. Sometimes they are alleged to be the offspring of a divine power committed to the hands of particular men; sometimes they are simple manifestations unconnected with human agency, and carrying with them their own meaning, such as the healing in Bethesda; sometimes they are a system of events and of phenomena subject to the authoritative and privileged interpretation. Miracle, portent, prodigy and sign are all various forms of one and the same thing, namely, an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural. In the last-named case, there is an expression of the authorized human judgment upon it, while in the earlier ones there is only a special appeal to it. They rest upon one and the same basis. We may assign to miracle a body and a soul. It has for its body something accepted as being either in itself or in its incidents outside the known processes of ordinary nature, and for its soul the alleged message which in one shape or another it helps to convey from the Deity to man.

The lowly and despised preachers of Christian portent were confronted everywhere by the high-born and accomplished caste sworn to the service of the gods, familiar from centuries of tradition with the supernatural, and supported at every point with the whole force and influence of civil authority. Nor has there ever probably been a case of a contest so unequal, as far as the powers of this world are concerned. Tainted in its origin by its connection with the detested Judaism, odious to the prevailing tone by its exclusiveness, it rested originally upon the testimony of men, few, poor, and ignorant; and for a length of time no human genius was enlisted in its service, with the single exception of St. Paul. All that we of this nineteenth century know, and know so well, under the name of vested interests, is insignificant compared with the embattled fortress that these humble Christians had to storm.

First let us recollect, when we speak of renouncing Christian dogma, what it is that we mean. The germ of it as a system lies in the formula, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostles' Creed; the Creed which forms our confession of individual faith, in baptism and on the bed of death. Now belief in God, which forms (so to speak) the first great limb of the Creed, is strictly a dogma, and is on no account to be surrendered. But the second and greatest portion of the Creed contains twelve propositions, of which nine are matters of fact, and the whole twelve had for their office the setting forth to us of a Personage, to whom a great dispensation has been committed. The third division of the Creed is more dogmatic, but it is bound down like the second to earth and fact by the article of the Church, a visible and palpable institution. The principal purely dogmatic part of this great document is the part which is to be retained. And we, who accept the Christian story, are entitled to

say, that to extrude from a history, tied to strictly human facts, that by which they become a standing channel of organic connection between Deity and humanity, is not presumptively a very hopeful mode of strengthening our belief in God, thus deprived of its props and accessories. The chasm between Deity and the human soul, over which the scheme of Redemption has thrown a bridge, again yawns beneath our feet, in all its breadth and depth.

A Christianity without Christ is no Christianity; and a Christ not divine is other than the Christ on whom the souls of Christians have habitually fed. What virtue, what piety have existed outside of Christianity, is a question totally distinct. But to hold that, since the great controversy of the early times was wound up at Chalcedon, the question of our Lord's divinity has generated the storms of the Christian's atmosphere, would be simply an historical untruth.

The onward movement of negation in the present day has presented, perhaps, no more instructive feature than this, that the Unitarian persuasion has, in this country at least, by no means thriven upon it. It might have been thought that, in the process of dilapidation, here would have been a point at which the receding side-tide of belief would have rested at any rate for a while. But instead of this, we are informed that the numbers of professed Unitarians have increased less than those of other communions, and less than the natural growth of the population.

All that can be said or shown of the corruptions that have gathered round the central scheme of Christianity, of the failure rightly to divide the word of truth, of the sin and shame that in a hundred forms have belied its profession, affords only new proof of the imperishable vitality that has borne so much disease, of the buoyancy of the ark on whose hull has grown so much of excrescence without arresting its course through the waters.

Without doubt human testimony is to be duly and strictly sifted, and every defect in its quantity or quality is to be recorded in the shape of a deduction from its weight. But as there is no proceeding more irreverent, so there is none more strictly irrational, than its wholesale depreciation. Such depreciation is an infallible note of shallow and careless thinking, for it very generally implies an exaggerated and almost ludicrous estimate of the capacity and performances of the present generation, as compared with those which have preceded it.

It is sometimes possible to trace peculiar and marked types of human character with considerable precision to their causes. Take, for instance, the Spartan type of character, in its relation to the legislation attributed to Lycurgus. Or take, again, the Jewish type, such as it is presented to us both by the ancient and the later history, in its relation to the Mosaic law and institutions. It would surely have been a violent paradox, in either of these cases, to propose the abolition of the law, and to assert at the same time that the character would continue to be exhibited, not only sporadically and for a time, but normally and in permanence.

These were restricted, almost tribal, systems. Christianity, though by no means less peculiar, was diffusive. It both produced a type of character wholly new to the Roman world, and it fundamentally altered the laws and institutions, the tone, temper, and tradition of that world. For

example, it changed profoundly the relation of the poor to the rich, and the almost forgotten obligations of the rich to the poor. It abolished slavery, abolished human sacrifice, abolished gladiatorial shows, and a multitude of other horrors. It restored the position of woman in society. It proscribed polygamy; and put down divorce, absolutely in the West, though not absolutely in the East. It made peace, instead of war, the normal and presumed relation between human societies. It exhibited life as a discipline everywhere and in all its parts, and changed essentially the place and function of suffering in human experience. Accepting the ancient morality as far as it went, it not only enlarged but transfigured its teaching, by the laws of humility and of forgiveness, and by a law of purity perhaps even more new and strange than these. Let it be understood that I speak throughout not of such older religion as may have subsisted in the lowly and unobserved places of human life, but of what stamped the character of its strongholds; of the elements which made up the main and central currents of thought, action, and influence, in those places, and in those classes, which drew the rest of the world in their train. All this was not the work of a day, but it was the work of powers and principles which persistently asserted themselves in despite of controversy, of infirmity, and of corruption in every form; which reconstituted in life and vigour a society found in decadence; which by degrees came to pervade the very air we breathe; and which eventually have beyond all dispute made Christendom the dominant portion, and Christianity the ruling power, of the world. And all this has been done, not by eclectic and arbitrary fancies, but by the creed of the Homoousian, in which the philosophy of modern times sometimes appears to find a favourite theme of ridicule. But it is not less material to observe that the whole fabric, social as well as personal, rests on the new type of individual character which the Gospel brought into life and action; enriched and completed without doubt from collateral sources which made part of the "Evangelical preparation," but in its central essence due entirely to the dispensation which had been founded and wrought out in the land of Judea, and in the history of the Hebrew race. What right have we to detach, or to suppose we can detach, this type of personal character from the causes out of which, as matter of history, it has grown, and to assume that without its roots it will thrive as well as with them?

The Christian type is the product and property of the Christian scheme. No, says the objector, the improvements which we witness are the offspring of civilization. It might be a sufficient answer to point out that the civilization before and around us is a Christian civilization. What civilization could do without Christianity for the greatest races of mankind we know already. Philosophy and art, creative genius and practical energy, had their turn before the Advent; and we can register the results. I do not say that the great Greek and Roman ages lost—perhaps even they improved—the ethics of *meum* and *tuum*, in the interests of the leisured and favoured classes of society, as compared with what those ethics had been in archaic times. But they lost the hold which some earlier races within their sphere had had of the future life. They degraded, and that immeasurably, the position of woman. They effaced from the world the law of purity. They even carried indulgence to a worse than bestial type; and they gloried in

the achievement. Duty and religion, in the governing classes and the governing places, were absolutely torn asunder; and self-will and self-worship were established as the unquestioned rule of life. It is yet more important to observe that the very qualities which are commended in the Beatitudes, and elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, and which form the base of the character specifically called Christian, were for the Greek and the Roman mind the objects of contempt. From the history of all that has lain within the reach of the great Mediterranean basin, not a tittle of encouragement can be drawn from the ideas of those who would surrender the doctrines of Christianity and yet retain its moral and spiritual fruits.

Does then that severance, unsustained by authority or by experience, commend itself at any single point by an improved conformity with purely abstract principles of philosophy? and is the new system better adapted to the condition and the needs of human nature than the old? Does it better correspond with what an enlightened reason would dictate as the best provision for those needs? Does it mitigate, or does it enhance, the undoubted difficulties of belief? And if the answer must be given in the negative to both these inquiries, how are we to account for the strange phenomenon which exhibits to us persons sincerely, nay painfully, desirous of seeing Divine government more and more accepted in the world, yet enthusiastically busied in cutting away the best among the props by which that government has been heretofore sustained?

As regards the first of these three questions, it is to be observed that, while the older religions made free use of prodigy and portent, they employed these instruments for political, rather than moral, purposes; and it may be doubted whether the sum total of such action tended to raise the standard of life and thought. The general upshot was that the individual soul felt itself very far from God. Our bedimmed eye could not perceive His purity; and our puny reach could not find touch of His vastness. By the scheme of Redemption this sense of distance was removed. The divine perfections were reflected through the medium of a perfect humanity, and were thus made near, familiar, and liable to love. The great all-pervading law of human sympathy became directly available for religion, and in linking us to the Divine Humanity, linked us by the same act to God. And this is not for rare and exceptional souls alone, but for the common order of mankind. The direct contact, the interior personal communion of the individual with God, was re-established: for human faculties, in their normal action, could now appreciate, and approach to, what had previously been inappreciable and unapproachable. Surely the system I have thus rudely exhibited was ideally a great philosophy, as well as practically an immeasurable boon. To strike out the redemptive clauses from the scheme is to erase the very feature by which it essentially differed from all other schemes; and to substitute didactic exhibition of superior morality, with the rays of an example in the preterite tense, set by a dead man in Judea, for that scheme of living forces, by which the powers of a living Saviour's humanity are daily and hourly given to man, under a charter which expires only with the world itself. Is it possible here to discern, either from an ideal or from a practical point of view, anything but depletion and impoverishment, and the substitution of a spectral for a living form?

If we proceed to the second question, the spectacle, as it presents itself to me, is stranger still. Although we know that James Mill, arrested by the strong hand of Bishop Butler, halted rather than rested for a while in theism on his progress toward general negation, yet his case does not supply, nor can we draw from other sources, any reason to regard such a position as one which can be largely and permanently held against that relentless force of logic, which is ever silently at work to assert and to avenge itself. The theist is confronted, with no breakwater between, by the awful problem of moral evil, by the mystery of pain, by the apparent anomalies of waste and of caprice on the face of creation ; and, not least of all, by the fact that, while the moral government of the world is founded on the free agency of man, there are in multitudes of cases environing circumstances independent of his will which seem to deprive that agency, called free, of any operative power adequate to contend against them. In this bewildering state of things, in this great enigma of the world, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?" There has come upon the scene the figure of a Redeemer, human and Divine. Let us grant that the Incarnation is a marvel wholly beyond our reach, and that the miracle of the Resurrection to-day gives serious trouble to fastidious intellects. But the difficulties of a baffled understanding, lying everywhere around us in daily experience, are to be expected from its limitations; not so the shocks encountered by the moral sense. Even if the Christian scheme slightly lengthened the immeasurable catalogue of the first, this is dust in the balance compared with the relief it furnishes to the second; in supplying the most powerful remedial agency ever known, in teaching how pain may be made a helper, an evil transmuted into good; and in opening clearly the vision of another world, in which we are taught to look for yet larger counsels of the Almighty wisdom. To take away, then, the agency so beneficent, which has so softened and reduced the moral problems that lie thickly spread around us, and to leave us face to face with them in all their original rigour, is to enhance and not to mitigate the difficulties of belief.

Lastly, it is not difficult to understand why those who prefer the Pagan ideal, or who cannot lay hold on the future world, or who labour under still greater disadvantages, should put aside as a whole the Gospel of God manifest in the flesh. But it is far harder to comprehend the mental attitude, or the mental consistency at least, of those who desire to retain what was manifested, but to thrust aside the manifesting Person, and all that His living personality entails: or, if I may borrow an Aristotelian figure, to keep the accidents and discard the substance. I cannot pretend to offer a solution to this hard riddle. But there is one feature which almost uniformly marks writers whose mind is of a religious tone, or who do not absolutely exclude religion, while they reject the Christian dogma and the authority of Scripture. They appear to have a very low estimate both of the quantity and quality of sin ; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world, and of the subtlety, intensity, and virulence of its nature. I mean a low estimate as compared with the mournful denunciations of the sacred writings, or with the language especially of the later Christian Confessions. Now let it be granted that, in interpreting these Christian Con-

fessions, we do not sufficiently allow for the enormous differences among human beings—differences both of original disposition and of ripened character. We do not sufficiently take account of the fact that, while disturbance and degradation have so heavily affected the mass, there are a happy few on whom nature's degeneracy has but lightly laid its hand. In the biography of the late Dr. Marsh we have an illustration apt for my purpose. His family was strictly Evangelical. He underwent what he deemed to be conversion. A like-minded friend congratulated his mother on the work of Divine grace in her son. But, in the concrete, she mildly resented the remark, and replied that in truth "Divine grace would find very little to do in her son William."

We are bound to believe, and I for one do believe, that in many cases the reason why the doctrines of grace, so profoundly imbedded in the Gospel, are dispensed with by the negative writers of the day, is in many cases because they have not fully had to feel the need of them; because they have not travelled with Saint Paul through the dark valley of agonizing conflict, or with Dante along the circles downward and the hill upward; because they have to bear smaller share than others of the common curse and burden, they stagger and falter less beneath its weight.

But ought they not to know that they are physicians who have not learned the principal peril of the patient's case, and whose prescription accordingly omits the main requisite for a cure? For surely in this matter there should be no mistake. As the entire Levitical institutions seem to have been constructed to impress upon the Hebrew mind a deep and definite idea of sin, we find in the New Testament that that portion of our Lord's work was, so to speak, ready-made. But He placed it at the foundation of His great design for the future. "When the Comforter is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1890.

We are not yet able to make a complete announcement of the many attractions which this Magazine will offer during the coming year. We can confidently affirm, however, that in beauty and variety of illustration, and in interest and importance of its articles, it will surpass any previous year. This Magazine is especially devoted, as its motto sets forth, to "Religion, Literature and Social Progress." These ideas shall be kept prominently in view in its management. Its chief object shall be to promote whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. Its articles of travel and literature shall be written from a Christian standpoint.

Social Progress.

It will give special prominence to articles on "Social Progress," or, as it has been well called, "Applied Christianity." Recognizing, as we do, the Christian Church as the chief agent of social progress in the world, we shall treat fully the organized efforts of the Church to raise the fallen, to reform the vicious, to save the lost, and in every way to extend the kingdom of truth and righteousness in the earth. Among numerous papers on this subject will be the following: "The Woman's Christian Union and its Work;" "Woman's Missionary Societies;" "Modern Deaconesses;" "The Sisters of the People," an account of the new Methodist Sisterhood in London, by "One of Them;"

"The West London Mission," illustrated; "Woman's Work for Women in Pagan Lands," by Joseph Cook, with portrait and life-sketch of the author; "Miss Frances Willard," with portrait; "The Relation of the Church to the Capital and Labour Question," by Jas. McCosh, LL.D.; "Applied Christianity," by Washington Gladden, D.D.; "Co-operation in Christian Work," by Dr. Schauffler; "Octavia Hill and Her Work," by Helen Campbell; "The Care of Criminals and Prison Reform," by the Hon. Z. R. Brockaway; "Mission Work Among Degraded Populations," by Hon. Senator Macdonald; "Methodist Missions in the North-West;" "Christ's Sympathy with the Suffering," by Hugh Price Hughes; "The Exceeding Riches of His Grace," by the Rev. Dr. Douglas; "Many-Sidedness and True Emphasis in Religion," a Baccalaureate sermon by the late Chancellor Nelles; "Science and the Revelations of Christ," by Dr. Dallinger; "Between the Living and the Dead," a temperance sermon by Archdeacon Farrar; "Christ's Treatment of Honest Doubt," by the Rev. John Bond; "A Narrative Sketch," by E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D.; "Alleged Progress in Theology;" "Estrangement from the Church, its Cause and Cure," by Bishop Hurst, and other articles.

Among Canadian contributors will be Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Dr. Johnston, Rev. Prof. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Stafford, Rev. Dr. Douglas, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, and other of the leading writers of Canadian Methodism.

"Character Sketches."

A conspicuous feature of the year will be series of short stories and character sketches associated with social reform, as "East End Stories," by a Riverside Visitor; "Leaves from my Log, Episodes in Christian Work;" "Jack," a temperance story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Short Stories, by A. E. Barr, Jackson Wray, Mark Guy Pearse, Rose Terry Cook and others; "Nor'ard of the Dogger," Mission Work among the Sailors; "Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher;" "Sam Hobart;" "Fred Douglass and the Underground Railway;" "A Captain of Industry—Thomas Brassey," by Professor Goldwin Smith; "Samuel Budgett, the Successful Merchant," by Peter Bayne," LL.D., etc.

Among the other articles and biographical sketches will be "The Martyr of the Desert,"—Life of Professor Palmer; "Mary Moffatt, a Model Missionary's Wife;" "A Forgotten Queen," by M. A. Daniels; "A Nova Scotia Missionary among the Cannibals;" "Billy Bray;" "The Glorious Return of the Waldenses;" "The First Methodist Society;" "Tennyson and his Poetry," by Prof. C. H. Little; "The Geographical Advantages of Great Britain;" "The Nun of Jouarre;" "A Royal Log," etc.

Serial Stories.

A feature of very special interest will be a couple of serial stories of great literary merit and pronounced religious character. The first of these is "Kathleen Clare," an Irish story of blended humour and pathos. The other is a story of Yorkshire Methodism, by that popular writer, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled, "Master of his Fate." Mrs. Barr's genius has won wide recognition, and she has been engaged to write the leading serial story for the *Century Magazine* for 1890, in which periodical it will doubtless prove one of the chief attractions of the year, as "The Master of his Fate" will prove in this Magazine.

Illustrated Articles.

As heretofore, illustrated articles, on topics of general interest, will form a very attractive feature of this Magazine. Arrangements have been made for the presentation of a series of engravings which for number, variety, and artistic merit, have never been surpassed, if ever equalled, in these pages. Among the articles which will be so illustrated will be a series on the "Canadian Tourist Party Abroad," giving an account of the things best worth seeing in a

journey by land and sea of over 10,000 miles. Among the topics treated will be, The City and Lake of Geneva; Constance, and Martyr Memories of Jerome and Huss; The Rigi and the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons; The St. Gotthard Pass; From the Adriatic to the Danube; Tyrol and the Tyrolese; From Innspruck to Constance; In the Black Forest; In Rhine Land; Heidelberg and Frankfort, etc.

Through the great kindness of Lord Brassey, we are enabled to announce the most splendidly illustrated series of articles ever given in this MAGAZINE, if indeed in any other. All that art and wealth could lavish on a volume have been expended on Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," published since her death. This is a sumptuously illustrated octavo of 514 pages, published by the great London House of Longmans, Green & Co., the price of which in Canada is $7.35. This costly work Lord Brassey generously allows the Editor to reprint in this MAGAZINE with about one hundred exquisite illustrations, engraved in the highest style of the xylographic art.

The book is one of the most interesting Lady Brassey ever wrote, and has the additional interest of being the record of the last months of her life. It describes, in a very graphic manner, life and adventure in India and Ceylon, in Burmah, Singapore, Borneo, Celebes, Australia, and New Guinea. Lady Brassey had the amplest opportunity to see everything worth seeing under the most happy auspices. She had her private railway train, and her own camel and elephant trains, and the social *entrée* to the highest circles, and to the privacy of the Zenana. Her skilful pen describes what she saw with extreme grace and vividness, and the numerous engravings enable the reader to accompany the tourist through the strange scenes of these strange lands of the Orient.

Among the other illustrated articles will be "Napoleon at St. Helena;" "California and Alaska," by Hugh Johnston, D.D.; "Norway and its People," by Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.; "Choice Bits of Thuringia," by E. C. Walton; "Round About England," second series, etc., etc.

The Rev. George J. Bond's sketches of travel in Bible Lands, which have attracted so much attention—"Vagabond Vignettes"—will be continued. They will be illustrated by fine engravings, many of them from original photographs, made for the great Publishing House of Cassell & Co., London. They will give graphic illustrations of the Jordan Valley, Cana, Shechem, Nazareth, Samaria, Nain, Tabor, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, the Lebanon Range, Damascus, Petra, the Sinaitic Peninsula, etc., etc. They will illustrate Oriental life—its social, religious, and domestic customs. These series of articles will be of special value to every Minister, Sunday-school Teacher, and Bible Student.

Our Patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly, and thus preventany break in their reception of the MAGAZINE. All new subscribers will receive the Christmas number free. This is a special Christmas number, containing an illustrated account of Paris during the Exposition, Pictures of the Levant, a Christmas Story, Christmas Readings, Christmas Poems, and other attractive articles.

WHY DISCOURAGED?

DISCOURAGED! why?
Doth love e'er die?
Doth God forget His own?
The sparrow's cry
Doth reach the sky;
Is thine the less upborne?

Discouraged! nay,
When God's great yea
And amen seals His love;
Each blessed day
Hope lights the way
To rest and joy above.

Current Topics.

The Present Aspect of the Federation Question.

This question we may hope will now be settled, by the cheerful acquiescence of all concerned in the decision of the General Conference, all the conditions required having been fully met. It seems scarcely necessary to re-argue the question, which was so fully discussed in the Conference, and in the connexional and secular journals three years ago. It is expected, now that the generous bequest of Mr. Gooderham has removed the chief financial difficulty, that those who have heretofore opposed Federation will unite with its advocates in carrying out, with the utmost possible energy and despatch, the policy to which we are as a Church committed, to which every dollar subscribed, since the General Conference, is sacredly pledged.

We think that a good many of those opposed to Federation have not yet reached a true conception of what the requirements of a great university, adequate to the necessities of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand, really are. In his excellent pamphlet on this subject—excellent in its courteous spirit, its literary merit, and its painstaking accumulation of information—the Rev. Jas. Allen, M.A., endeavours to show that all that is required to adequately equip Victoria College as an independent university, apart from buildings and professors' salaries—a very large exception—is an expenditure of, say, $10,000 for physical and chemical apparatus, and $5,000 for a library. We covet for Victoria College, as a federated part of our national University, the advantage of a much nobler outlay of money on these departments than that—the advantage which it will derive from the fine collection of apparatus and large library which Toronto University already possesses—which are in the near future to be greatly increased. Our Methodist youth are not to be placed at a disadvantage as compared with any in the land. Nor will they. If our denominational University cannot furnish them as good opportunities as they can get elsewhere, they will go, in still larger numbers, where these opportunities can be found. Five thousand dollars seem to us an utterly inadequate sum for the library of an independent university. The most recent scientific books and journals, on account of their comparatively limited sale, are always expensive, and so rapid is the progress of science that any but the latest are soon out of date. Students, during their college days, should become familiar with the classics of all the languages which they study. They cannot, of course, read them all, nor is it necessary. Neither does one read the whole of a dictionary or a cyclopædia. But they ought to learn to consult them freely, to know what is in them, and to learn how to prosecute original investigation by means of the literary and scientific apparatus placed within their reach. Not one student in ten will proceed to a post graduate course, and still fewer will have the time or opportunity, when engaged in busy professional life, and remote from large libraries, to become familiar with the world's great storehouse of accumulated knowledge, to say nothing of the most recent developments in the specialized knowledge into which modern science is so minutely divided. For this something far more than two or three thousand volumes, on the whole range of the arts, sciences, and literature of all ages and all civilized lands, will be necessary. Scores of private libraries have more books than that number on the special subjects in which their owners are interested.

But the chief teaching now-a-days is not merely from books, but from

real things—by coming into contact at first hand with nature. For this, natural history collections, museums, technological models and apparatus are necessary, and these are still more expensive than books. Unless the student have the opportunity to examine and study these during his university life, he will have slight chance to do so after he takes up his arduous professional duties. Note, for instance, Prof. Marsh's noble geological museum at Yale; or Prof. Agassiz' natural history collection at Harvard; or the splendid new scientific collection at Oxford. These multiply the power of the most brilliant lecturer tenfold, and themselves give a character and standing to a university not to be otherwise obtained.

The opinion of the librarian of Columbia University, and of the President of Johns Hopkins University is cited in support of the theory that $5,000 is enough for a good working library of an undergraduate college. If by that is meant a college that is merely preparatory to a real university, like the *Gymnasia* in Germany, or like many of the "mono-hippous" colleges of the United States, it may possibly be true; but when it comes to the equipment of a university they tell a very different story. This very Columbia College, with its magnificent library of 84,000 volumes, makes an appeal for $4,000,000 for university work. Yale College, with its magnificent library of 140,000 volumes, its museums, laboratories, college buildings, etc., and its additions to its endowment of $700,000 in three years, yet says she is "crippled for lack of funds, and estimates her needs to-day at $2,000,000 more to enable her to efficiently overtake university work." A due proportion of this is doubtless for accessions to the library, museums, etc. Such are the estimates of old and already richly endowed universities of the needs for the future.

The Methodist people of this country, we judge,* will not be willing to contribute the very large amount of money required to adequately equip and endow a first-class university, when by joining their resources with those of the Provincial Institution they can enjoy all these advantages with a moiety of the cost, and at the same time help to build up a great university which shall be a credit to the whole Dominion. It is not remarkable that one of the most distinguished university men in the Dominion, Professor Goldwin Smith, should say in speaking of this very subject: "Long ago the *Bystander* advocated Confederation on the grounds which he has never seen assailed, that the resources of this Province are not more than enough to maintain one university on a proper scale, and that starveling universities must lower the standard and may do social mischief by luring into intellectual callings a number of youths largely in excess of the demand. . . It is easy to enter into the feelings of those Methodists who on religious grounds cling to the seclusion of Cobourg. But no seclusion short of that which is maintained in a Roman Catholic seminary will suffice. Impose what tests you will, and let your teaching be as rigidly orthodox as it may, with free access to bookstores and unrestricted intercourse, you will find that your separate university is a fortress with gates well guarded but without walls."

President Patton in his recent inaugural address at Princeton wisely remarked, "a million of dollars would make a very meagre university, while half a million may double the efficiency of one already established." Sir Daniel Wilson, with equal truth, in his recent inaugural address, affirms that "the multiplication of inadequately endowed denominational colleges with university powers conferred on them by local legislatures

* If we compare what has been contributed in fifty years for Independence, with what has been done since the General Conference declared for Federation, we shall be at no loss to infer which plan meets the approval of the Church.

has in the neighbouring States tended to bring degrees into contempt."

Even though we had a million of dollars, we think it would be a great mistake, a great disaster, if we were to refuse to join our resources to those of the National University, in which, as a Church numbering one-third of the people of Ontario, we have at least as large an interest as any other denomination in the Province. We have a duty to perform in moulding the higher intellectual life of the country and in taking our full share in the control of its leading institutions. Sir Daniel Wilson, speaking from the Toronto University standpoint, very truly remarked in his recent inaugural address, "Now that the Legislature, with the entire concurrence of the University authorities, has provided every facility for universities and colleges, representing the various Churches, to share in the government of this University, and bring their influence to bear on its intellectual and moral training, we have done our part. If left alone to carry on the work of this State University, experience has proved that, with an efficient faculty, there need be no doubt as to our satisfying the just demands of the community. We invite co-operation, not because we need it, but because we believe it to be in the best interests of higher education. The manifest tendency of popular judgment in relation to our whole scheme of Canadian education, from the common schools to the University, appears more and more to incline toward a purely national system, in which the rising generation shall not only enjoy ample privileges of intellectual training, fitting them for the duties of citizenship in a free state; but shall, as far as possible, mingle together in unconstrained equality in the impressible years of youth and early manhood, instead of growing up in isolated divisions, unconsciously trained to exercise the ordinary duties of citizenship apart from those with whom their interests are, or should be, the same."

This is the ground taken by the late General Conference, the ground that we are confident is taken by the very large majority of the Methodist people of this country, as expressed by their delegates in the Conference and by their representatives in Parliament. We believe that, without a day's unnecessary delay, the governing authorities of Victoria University will carry out with energy the task committed to it by the highest authority known in our Church.

P.S.—The above article was written and in type before the meeting of the Board of Victoria University on the 11th of October. The action of that meeting but emphasizes the importance of sustaining the authority and carrying out the decision of the highest court known in Canadian Methodism. We sincerly hope that the Church may be spared the disquieting and despiritualizing results of a prolonged agitation on this question. It would be, in our judgment, an irreparable calamity to have a question—this question or any other question—which had been so definitely decided by the General Conference again discussed in every quarterly meeting in the country. The Church is engaged in a great work—the work of saving souls and building up the walls of Zion—and cannot afford to stop this work that her leaders may come down into the plain to waste their time and energies in an unseemly wrangle over a decision that, having once been made, should remain forever unquestioned and undisturbed.

THOUGH the difficulties throng
And the struggle may be long,
And the power of evil strong,
Hope on;

For to patient, brave endeavour
Cometh utter failure never,
And the crown at last forever
Shall be won.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Wesley Memorial Chapel at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in honour of John and Charles Wesley, both of whom were known there, was dedicated September 5th, by the Rev. Charles Garrett, one of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference. There were about 3,000 persons present at the various services. The total cost of the church and school is $20,000.

During the past twelve months the Wesleyan Methodists acquired much valuable property, having built a chapel, a parsonage, or a schoolhouse for every working-day in the year.

Unusual difficulty was experienced in stationing the ministers; some circuits refused to receive those appointed to them, and some ministers objected to the places to which they were assigned. One correspondent in England writes that, "the time has come when a minister to be received by a circuit must be worth having or sit down."

The Leysian Mission in London has commenced its benevolent work on an extensive scale. A site has been secured. The total cost of the scheme will not be less than $35,000. The work to be carried on will be religious, social, and philanthropic. There will be a medical mission, a *créche*, a boy's brigade, a working-men's club, a cricket club, and a gymnasium.

The Methodist Church in Ireland had last year a net increase of 60 in the membership, with 624 on trial. Total now in Society, 25,306; new members, 1,954. There are 364 churches, 1,894 other preaching places, 49,391 hearers at Sabbath services, 74,232 sittings in the churches. There are 231 schools, 2,856 teachers and officers, and 25,298 scholars.

Methodist New Connexion.

Miss Waller, daughter of the late Rev. Ralph Waller, a most successful minister, who possesses in a very high degree the evangelistic spirit of her father, and was for some time an earnest worker in the McAll Mission, Paris, has now accepted the position of Head Teacher in the Girls' School at Tientsin, China.

The Rev. John Innocent writes from China, and states that some of the hopeful mission stations in the district of the Yellow River have been desolated by the floods resulting from the bursting of the river banks. He asks earnestly for more workers.

The foundation of a new Sunday-school building was recently laid at Birmingham. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., made an address, and said: "One of the most remarkable features of modern history is the unexampled development of voluntary religion in England." This he attributed to the influence of Methodists, who had entered into the highways and byways, and had quickened the spiritual life of the neglected poor. The close communion and sympathy with the masses of the people had, he said, imposed upon Dissenters the great responsibility of endeavouring to solve the great social problems of the time by inculcating thrift, industry and temperance among the people.

Primitive Methodism.

There is to be an Australasian General Conference of the Churches in Australia, to be held every third

year. Its constitution is to be on the principle of one-third ministers and two-thirds laymen.

An extensive scheme for the London area has been inaugurated, which will differ from the London Wesleyan Mission, and will comprise a series of small centres rather than a few great centralized halls.

The trustees of the Wesleyan Church, Westborough, Scarborough, Eng., recently lent their premises for a series of special meetings in aid of the reduction of the debt on the Palsgrave Primitive Methodist Church. Several sermons and lectures were delivered.

A writer in the Christian *Globe* says: "Of late years catechumen classes have been formed for the special purpose of fostering the religious life of the young. There are now 1,000 of these classes, in which 17,000 young people are gathered under fourteen years of age. The increase of these young disciples for the past year has been over 2,000. Another cheering feature is seen in the fact that over 5,000 scholars have become teachers during the last twelve months.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Fowler has just returned from an extensive tour in China, India, and Europe. The Bishop thinks that China will repay America for its exclusion enactment and violation of treaties. He fears that some of the best blood of America will be shed. Bishop Fowler was greatly pleased with the progress of missions in India. He also spent much time in Italy, where he thinks Methodism "needs aid by instruction and example in order to prosecute successfully the work it is fitted to do." He further says that the condition of Italy is bad, financially, politically, and spiritually, and that the development and instruction of the latent moral sense of the nation must be done by the spirit or sons of Wesley.

In the list of Annual Conferences forty were announced to be held in September and twenty in October, and in one of the issues of the New York *Advocate* during the summer, 152 camp-meetings were advertised to be held.

A writer in the New York *Advocate* has an article of interest, in which he urges the establishment of a great Methodist University in Washington city, to counteract the influence of the Romish Church at the national capital.

The *Indian Mission*, published in Calcutta, is printing and circulating weekly 10,000 short sermons. It is proposed, as means accumulate, to put these sermons in five different languages every week; thus securing an immense native congregation, and bringing them in contact with the pure word of God.

A corner-stone of a church was recently laid in the city of Nagoya, Japan, in the presence of 300 persons. It is the first Christian edifice built in this city of 200,000 inhabitants.

The Crouse College for the education of women in connection with the Syracuse University has been dedicated. It is said to be the finest college building in existence. The late John Crouse provided for the funds of the college about two years ago, and his son has faithfully carried out the wishes of his late father, by giving a further sum of money for furnishing the building and putting the grounds in order. What a fitting memorial to father and son.

The Rev. Dr. Moore has been elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, in place of the Rev. Dr. Bayliss, deceased.

It is estimated that there are now 2,154,237 communicants in this Church, showing a net gain of 60,000 during the last year.

A Chinese Christian named Ah Qui, described as an eloquent and effective speaker, has appeared as an evangelist in the streets of San Francisco.

Many of our readers will remember the Rev. Francis Berry, formerly a Methodist minister in Canada, now a member of Detroit Conference; one of his sons, Rev. E. A. Berry, has been appointed Superintendent of the mechanical department of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. An elder

son is associate-editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*. We congratulate our old friend on having such sons.

The Methodist Church.

The *Institute* is a lively little monthly periodical, published by the young people of the Methodist Church in Vancouver, British Columbia. The visit of Senator Macdonald was greatly appreciated, and his pulpit services were especially acceptable. The citizens wanted to see the man who, when their city was destroyed by fire, telegraphed from London to Toronto, instructing his book-keeper to remit $500 for the relief of the sufferers.

The Rev. A. E. Green, writing to the *Wesleyan*, states that the decision of the last Conference respecting "a Boys' Institute," at Port Simpson, is highly satisfactory; but as sufficient funds have not yet been received toward the erection of a suitable building, he would like to hear from those who can help in the enterprise. There are several boys whom they would gladly take under their care. A few are at the Mission House, and some are cared for at the Girls' Home.

A new parsonage has been erected at Wentworth, N.B., costing $1,500.

We are glad to report that there is an increase of $6,000 in the income of the Missionary Society for the past year. It is to be hoped that this amount, with the late Mr. Gooderham's legacy of $30,000, will enable the Board to deal more generously with the brethren on Domestic Missions, who for many years past have been put to great straits. We are also glad that, with the exception of the Bay of Quinte and New Brunswick, all the Conferences have contributed toward this increase. Montreal, to its honour be it recorded, reports the largest increase, and British Columbia comes next.

A very interesting letter has been received at the Mission House from the Rev. T. Crosby, written on board the *Glad Tidings*, while visiting the Indians at various points. Neither Brother Crosby nor those who accompanied him spent their time in idleness. One day he "preached five times in Chinook and twice in English, and walked ten miles." On another Sabbath he walked twenty-five miles in visiting the Indian camps, and he held three services. He called also on his route at several logging camps, and held religious conversations with the lumbermen. Brother Crosby strongly appeals for additional labourers.

An interesting series of meetings was recently held in connection with the jubilee of the Sunday-school at Thornhill, Ont. Mr. David James, the present Superintendent, deserves great credit for the way in which he planned the celebration of the jubilee. Revs. W. M. Beilby, J. A. Rankin, and G. W. Calvert, all of whom had been connected with the school as scholars or teachers took part in the interesting proceedings. Other schools would do well to follow the example of Thornhill.

An unusual event recently occurred at Woodstock, Ont.—*five* corner-stones were laid in connection with a new church in that town. No doubt they were all well and truly laid. The new church has grown out of a new enterprise inaugurated about two years ago.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn, Germany, died in August last, through the bursting of a bloodvessel in the brain. He attended the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York in 1876, where he delivered a magnificent address. He was also the author of a valuable work on Protestant Foreign Missions, and several other works.

The Rev. W. H. Olin, D.D., of the Wyoming Conference, New York, died from disease of the heart, while visiting friends in Michigan. He was a leading member in the Conference. In early life he was a lawyer, but on his conversion, in 1849, he resolved to become a minister. Dr. Olin was a man of great energy, and

was greatly beloved. More than seventy ministers attended his funeral.

The Rev. George Tindal, Primitive Methodist, recently died at the great age of ninety. He was the oldest minister in the denomination. The present writer can remember hearing him preach more than sixty years ago. He was very zealous in the pulpit, and faithful in pastoral duties.

In our own Church, since the Annual Conferences adjourned, the Rev. M. Baxter, Rev. J. R. Gibson, and Rev. J. C. Osborne have gone to their reward. Bro. Baxter was a superannuated minister in the Niagara Conference, and was eighty-six years of age. His early ministry was spent in Ireland, in connection with the Rev. W. Cooke, D.D., of the Methodist New Connexion Mission. In Canada he laboured on some hard fields. He was a good man and an earnest minister.

Brother Gibson was a member of the Guelph Conference. He commenced his itinerant career in Muskoka in 1870, where he remained four years. After spending three years at Haliburton and McKellar, he was sent to Algoma District, so that it will be seen our dear brother performed some hard ministerial labour.

Brother Osborne was a superannuated minister in the Montreal Conference. Since he retired from the active work, in 1877, he has resided mostly in Ottawa. For more than thirty years he laboured on circuits, and for eleven years he gave his services gratuitously. He was a man of great meekness, and was much beloved by those to whom he was best known.

Items.

Rev. J. A. Sawyer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, writes from Kentucky: "I have had three Baptist ministers to come around the table and help to consecrate the elements and to assist in the administration, and the members follow their leaders."

A Baptist church at Birmingham, England, has just elected a negro as its minister. Rev. P. D. Stanford was actually born a slave in Virginia, though he was liberated while yet a child during the civil war. He was converted under Mr. Moody.

Over 200 Baptist churches in New York State are pastorless.

W. Carey's sermon that led to the establishment of the Baptist Missionary Society and sent him out as its first missionary, was based on the text, Isaiah liv. 23: "Enlarge the place of thy tent," etc. Under this he made two points: 1. Expect great things of God; 2. Attempt great things for God. Where ninety years ago Carey was the only ordained Protestant missionary, are now about 7,000.

The Rev. E. Spoor, an English missionary, after about five years' labour in Brazil, says: "Brazil is fully open to the preaching of the Gospel. The first missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society went to Brazil in 1882, since then five others have joined them in the work. We have missions established at five important centres. The Empire of Brazil comprises one-fifteenth of the land surface of the globe, and more than three-sevenths of South America. It has an area of 3,000,000 square miles and some 14,000,000 inhabitants. Millions there have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Vast provinces larger than England are yet without a single minister. The people are idolatrous, and superstitious, and very ignorant; sin and immorality abound."

The Pope has sent an autograph letter to the authorities of Laval University, Quebec, thanking them and the citizens of Quebec for expressions in favour of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

There are scores of Methodist ministers in Canada who are largely deficient in their salaries, some to the extent of hundreds of dollars. One whom we know was more than $2,000 deficient in less than twenty years, and during no year was he promised more than $650.

Book Notices.

Glimpses of Fifty Years: The Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. Written by order of the National Woman's Temperance Union, with Introduction by Hannah Whitall Smith. 8vo., pp. xvi-704. Toronto: Rose Publishing Co.

Miss Willard has just celebrated her fiftieth birthday at her beautiful home at Evanston, Illinois, amid the congratulations and benedictions of thousands of admiring friends. She has in this volume given us her recollections of the last half century, the most marvellous in moral progress that the world has seen. In this progress Miss Willard has had no inconspicuous part. She has been identified intimately with one of the greatest moral movements of the age. She has probably addressed more audiences and won more friends than any woman living; for none can hear her speak without being charmed with her sweet womanliness, her moral earnestness, her intellectual ability. She is no stranger in Canada, and many Canadian admirers will be glad to possess this record of her useful and eventful life.

With rare modesty, yet with perfect frankness, Miss Willard tells her life-story—the story of her happy school and college days, with their diligent study and broad and liberal culture; and her wide experience as a "roving teacher," beginning as a "lonesome school-ma'am" in a western district school, and proceeding from grade to grade to a distinguished position in one of the foremost universities of the Union.

Miss Willard has been a notable traveller, too, in her own and foreign lands. She has visited every European capital and large city and specially interesting haunt of history, learning and art, besides going north as far as Helsingfors in Finland; east as far as the Volga in Russia and Damascus and Baalbec in Syria; and south as far as Nubia in Africa. A study of the most ancient civilizations of the world in its three oldest continents was her preparation for her life-work of endeavouring to advance the higher civilization of this western hemisphere. This delicate woman, besides performing her vast literary and administrative labours, has travelled not less than 250,000 miles, traversing this continent from Puget Sound to Maine, from Canada to Mexico. Her graphic sketches of travel evidence the keen insight and hearty appreciation of a broad and liberal mind.

Miss Willard found her true sphere as a temperance advocate and organizer, and as the promoter of those moral reforms which are designed especially to protect the sanctity of the home and promote the elevation of her own sex. In connection with her temperance work, with her advocacy of the political enfranchisement of woman, and in the promotion of social purity, Miss Willard had a very difficult part to play. In many places, especially the south, the antipathy to women speaking in public was very great. But she almost always converted opponents into admirers and friends. The work of the Christian Temperance Union is a very important factor in the great Temperance Reform. Every member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union should have a copy of this book. It will make them more enthusiastic in their noble work, and more appreciative of the labours of its leading advocate.

It will be remembered that Miss Willard was elected, with three other women, delegates to the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at New York; but were ruled out simply because they were women—against, however, the advocacy and vote of many of the ablest men in the Conference. Miss Willard at the same Conference

received a very large vote—over 100, we think—for the position of editor of the foremost journal of American Methodism. Of that, however, one will learn nothing from this volume. With self-effacement of which few men are capable, she makes no reference to an incident to which we think future Conferences will look back without any complacency. A fine steel portrait of Miss Willard embellishes the volume and over fifty other engravings.

Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada. By CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER. Pp. 488. New York: Harper & Brother. Toronto: William Briggs. Post 8vo., half leather. Price $1.75.

Mr. Warner is one of the most genial of tourists and most vivacious of descriptive writers. But in this volume he is something more. He exhibits many of the highest qualities of a statesman, a publicist, and a political economist. He studies the causes and tendencies which go to the making of the two nations occupying the northern part of this continent. He observes with the eye of an astute journalist, and deduces with the breadth of a philosophical critic the inferences to be derived from his travel and study. The resources, social progress and economical development of the New South, and of the great and growing commonwealth of the West and North-West of the American Union, are discussed in a series of chapters masterly in their scope and vigour of treatment.

The part of the book which will be read with greatest interest by Canadians is that devoted to the vast extent, exhaustless resources, and social and political condition of the Dominion. Such eulogy of our country coming from the pen of a foreigner, is all the more gratifying to Canadian patriotism. This is not Mr. Warner's first visit to Canada. No one who has ever read will ever forget the delicious humour of his book of travel in the Maritime Provinces—"Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing." The present volume, while much more serious in its character, is characterized by the same lightness of touch and grace of diction.

Mr. Warner's account of Ontario will give some Canadians a more adequate conception of the extent of their country. It is, he says, an empire in itself. It is nearly as large as France; it is larger by 25,000 square miles than the combined six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. He reports very favourably of its climate, soil and resources; and pays a noble tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers of Ontario, the U. E. Loyalists, who brought with them much of the best blood and noblest traditions of the older colonies.

Our Own Country: Canada, Scenic and Descriptive. A large octavo volume, of 608 pages and over 350 engravings. By W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.00.

It would not become the writer to characterize this book. He merely quotes the publishers' announcement: "This is not a history of Canada, but a copiously illustrated account of the scenic attractions, natural resources, and chief industries of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and the islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, Labrador, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and an excursion into Alaska. It describes every city, and almost every town in the Dominion. It gives a full account, with many illustrations, of the fishery industry, the lumbering industry, the agricultural industry, the oil-producing industry, the mining industry, the fur trading and trapping industry. It brings vividly before the mind the vast extent and almost limitless resources of the country. It is the most copiously and handsomely illustrated volume of the size ever produced in Canada. This volume embodies the results of the author's travels and observations for many years, from Cape Breton, N.S., to Vancouver Island. He has also

been assisted by experts in several departments. The book abounds in thrilling incidents of pioneer's and hunter's life, old legends and traditions, illustrations of Indian life, camping, snow-shoeing, canoeing, stories of moose and cariboo hunting, noted shipwrecks on the Gulf coast, gold mining in Cariboo, illustrations of Chinese life on the Pacific coast, life and adventure at the Hudson Bay Company's posts, explorations in Alaska and amid the sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks and Coast Range. All the above subjects are fully illustrated with handsome engravings. The cities of Halifax, St. John's, Nfld.; St. John, N.B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Victoria, and many smaller cities and places of picturesque interest, are carefully illustrated.

The Sermon Bible: Vol. III., Psalm LXXVII. to Songs of Solomon. 12mo., pp. 476. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Toronto: A. G. Watson. Price $1.50.

The volumes of this series will be found a very useful working apparatus for a preacher's library. They give outlines of important sermons by eminent preachers on a very large number of texts, consecutively arranged; as well as references to many other sermons on these texts and to standard theological treatises and commentaries. These outlines and references will be found eminently suggestive.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1890. By the Monday Club. Fifteenth Series. Price $1.25. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

This Annual has become well known, and ought to be read of all men—particularly those who have to do with teaching the Sunday-school lessons. The lessons are treated in it in a more comprehensive way than is possible in any Sunday-school help. The writers in it, untrammelled by the necessity, as in other helps, of giving expositions of the text, afford *perspectives* of the lessons, such as help a teacher to present them most effectively. From year to year an improvement in the sermons is manifest, such as might be expected from practice and experience. The names of the writers—Revs. Drs. Dunning, Boynton, Griffis, Leavitt, Wright, Foster, Clark, etc.,—have become as familiar as household words. The Monday Club sermons have become indispensable.

Raymond Theed: A Story of Five Years. By Elsie Kendall. London: T. Woolmer.

Like all the issues of the Wesleyan Conference Office, this is a very handsomely printed volume. It is a sound and wholesome religious story illustrating Methodist life in the old land—admirable for Sunday-schools and for family reading.

Christianity of Jesus Christ, Is it Ours? By Mark Guy Pearse. London: T. Woolmer.

This little volume contains a series of addresses given at the Friday noon services at St. James' Hall, the headquarters of the West London Mission. They are characterized by great plainness and religious warmth and earnestness. They are a bugle call summoning the Church to a new consecration and to greater efforts for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Picked up in the Streets. A Romance from the German of H. Schobert. By Mrs. A. L. Lewis. Montreal: Theo. Robinson.

Steadfast, the Story of a Saint and a Sinner. By Rose Terry Cook. Montreal: Theo. Robinson.

If the people must have fiction to read, it is important that it should be as free as possible from moral taint. So far as we have been able to judge from a hasty examination of this publisher, he seems to have been careful on this point in the selection of the works which he is from time to time sending forth to the public. Of the two above mentioned, the last appears to be the best.

The Man of Galilee. By Atticus Haygood. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 156. Price 80 cents.

Another book on Jesus of Nazareth! How many thousands of books have been produced upon this most interesting of all themes, and still they come. And the wonderful about them is that the subject seems to be as far from being exhausted as ever. We bespeak for this a wide circulation. It will do good.

Counting the Cost; or, A Summer at Chautauqua. By Cornelia Adele Teal. Introduction by the Rev. Frank Russell, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 16mo, pp. 315.

This is a book for Chautauquans, for whom it will have a special interest. But others beside these will find it interesting, instructive, and profitable reading.

Literary Notices

The Canadian Methodist Quarterly Review for the current quarter makes a highly respectable appearance. The Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., under the heading, "Who is God? What is God?" discusses the question of the natural fatherhood of the Supreme Being, in a manner which shows that he has made it the subject of profound and patient thought. He finds in the process by which man was called into being that which serves to differentiate him from all other creatures, and to place him in a relation to the Creator altogether different from that sustained to Him by every other part of the terrestrial creation. Made, like every other living thing, out of pre-existent matter, and endowed with all the attributes of being which he shares with the lower orders of creation, man was constituted a living soul by the inbreathing of the Divine, and it was this "generative" act which constituted him the son of God. Mr. Phillips, of course, holds the doctrines of gracious adoption and regeneration, by which Christ gives to as many as receive Him *power* —confers on them the right—to become the sons of God; but he apparently holds that, apart entirely from this gracious change, it is the privilege of every human being, as such, to approach God as *his* Father; though his restoration to the enjoyment of all the privileges which belong to this relationship can only be effected by the agency of the Holy Spirit through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. He holds with Pope, that "the perfect design of Christianity, and that which is, so to speak, its peculiarity, is to bring God near to us as a Father; to restore His fatherly relation to mankind. And the soul of personal Christianity is the adoption which makes us, as regenerate, the sons of God." And, according to this view, this gracious change, though in some aspects of it, a new creation, is in fact a recovery and a renewal—the recovery of a forfeited relation and the renewal of the soul in the image of God.

The Rev. John Morton, Congregational minister, Hamilton, writes pleasantly and instructively on Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." In the main, Mr. Morton's estimate of the work under review is favourable; he does not, however, fail to point out with skill and force the inconsistencies and errors into which its author has fallen. He puts his work in the category of "good religious books;" he dwells upon its many fascinating features, especially the fresh and engaging light in which it sets some old and familiar truths; he gives it credit for the impressive manner in which it points out certain great dangers to the spiritual life, and especially for the way in which it emphasizes the truth that there is order in the spiritual realm no less than in the natural; but, at the same time, he lays bare the confusion and errors into which its author's materialistic conception of natural law has led him, and the utter futility of the attempt which he has made to explain purely spiritual phenomena by the principles which prevail in the material world.

The Rev. Benjamin Sherlock writes wisely and well on "The Holy

Ghost." *Inter alia*, he gives some singular illustrations of the unaccountable extent to which this Divine theme has been neglected, both by the Christian pulpit and the Christian press. He quotes the Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D., an eminent American Methodist minister, who says: "I preached a sermon on Acts xi. 4, in Philadelphia a few days ago, and one of the leading members of the Church said to me that he had heard but one sermon on the work of the Holy Ghost in his life." Mr. Sherlock says that, though he has attended twenty-six Methodist Conferences in Canada, he has heard but one sermon on this subject on all those occasions. And during ten years that he was a deeply interested hearer of sermons, previous to entering the ministry, he can remember having heard but two. And, until within a few years, he acknowledges his own ministry was characterized by similar neglect. Rev. Daniel Steele, D.D., says: "Six years ago I announced to the public that the Holy Ghost was not receiving His due honour in the preaching and theological thinking of New England scholars. As a proof I cited the *Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review*, published at Andover, thirty-six volumes, 1844–1879, containing 1,250 articles by 300 contributors, as not containing one article on the personality and offices of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of man." And in the Methodist Episcopal *Quarterly* during the last forty years, according to the same testimony, but one article on this subject had appeared, and that was on the sin against the Holy Ghost.

The Rev. W. Harrison, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, contributes an able and well-written article, which deserves a fuller notice than our space will permit, on "The Mechanical Conception of the World." The purpose of the article is to point out the fallacy and utter inadequacy of the materialistic philosophy as an explanation of the system of things with which we are connected and of which we form a part. This philosophy "has ever regarded the raw eternal matter—the elemental stuff of creation—as the only substance, and the all-sufficient cause of every variety and species of life. It maintains that these various forms of life, and the wonderful manifestations of mind in all the departments of human thought, are the outcome of forces which exist in unintelligible matter, and that evolution explains and accounts for the whole array of these wonderful facts. Man himself, with all his organs of body and faculties of mind, has been evolved from matter by physical laws, or atomic forces, working without guiding thought or intelligence." Of course, the adequate refutation of this theory would require a volume, rather than a brief review article, but Mr. Harrison has made the best of his opportunity in pointing out some of the points at which this philosophy most signally and ignominiously fails to afford the needed explanation. He at the same time shows by remarkable facts and quotations that the ablest advocates and exponents of this theory have not full confidence in it themselves, and that they have to help out their explanations by reference to a Power which they hold to be unknown and unknowable, but the presence of which is demanded in order to account for the facts of the world, both within and without the mind. If they will not have the God of the Bible, they must either create a feeble imitation of Him, or invest matter with His perfections.

"Romanism in Quebec" is treated in an interesting article by our friend, Edward Barrass, D.D., which will doubtless be read with avidity at this particular juncture. Dr. Barrass's character for indefatigable industry and conscientious care in the accumulation of facts is well known. The statistics of the great Church of which he writes in the Province of Quebec, may, doubtless, in the main be relied on, and will be found to be very interesting; but we cannot help thinking that on one point he has been misled. He says of the big cathedral in Montreal, which has been so long in course of erection, "It is intended to outrival St. Peter's in Rome, from which it takes its name." It is understood,

indeed, to be modelled after that great creation of Michael Angelo, and will no doubt be made to look as much like it as circumstances will permit; but it can never become a rival to that magnificent structure, if for no other reason, because it is only one-fourth the size.

The Rev. James Graham furnishes a very able article on the "Inspiration of the Biblical Writers." Whether one can always agree with Mr. Graham in every particular, he generally excites one's admiration. His stalwart reasoning and vigorous style render whatever he writes interesting and pleasing reading. This particular article has, however, far more than its style to commend it. It is a fresh and vigorous putting of the argument in favour of the plenary inspiration of the writers of the Old and New Testament, and consequently of the infallibility of the teaching of "The Book" as a whole, which certainly places the readers of the *Review* under special obligation to the writer.

The Rev. Job Shenton writes on "St. Paul's Eschatology." The aim of the article is to exhibit St. Paul's teaching in respect to death, the intermediate state, the resurrection of the dead, and the final and unending condition of the righteous and the wicked. It will readily occur to any thoughtful person who has given any degree of careful attention to this great subject, in its manifold aspects, and especially to any one who knows anything of the literature of it, and of the state of the various questions connected with it at present, that it opens quite too wide a field for adequate treatment in a single article. Mr. Shenton would have done better to have selected a single branch of the subject, than to have attempted to cover the whole ground at once. And yet, a connected view of the teaching of the great apostle, even in outline, is not without its value. For popular reading it may answer even a better purpose than a more elaborate treatment.

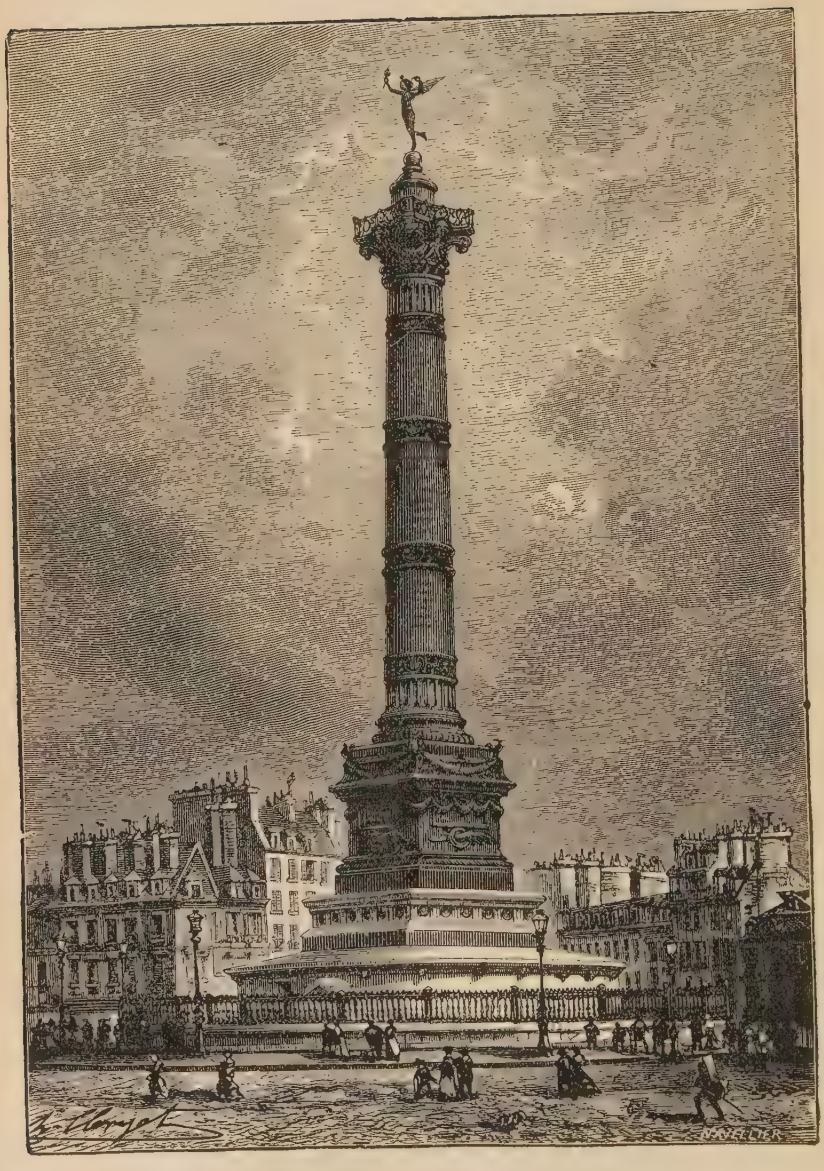
The *Chautauquan* magazine, under the able management of the Rev. Dr. Hood, has developed from the thin quarto of a few years ago, to a stout and handsome octavo of 158 pages, filled from cover to cover with high-class articles in general literature and in special Chautauqua readings. This is but another illustration of the marvellous growth of this great educational movement. We predict for the *Chautauquan* in its new form even more marked success than in its former shape.

Persons about to build will find it to their advantage to send for the Architects' and Builders' Supplement to the *Scientific American*. New York: Munn & Co. $2.50 per year. The designs are new and elegant, and working drawings clear and easily understood.

The *Scientific American* and *Supplement*, published by the same house, are both necessary to keep one abreast of the progress of science and art in their manifold developments. No papers which come to our desk are read with greater interest.

We extend a cordial welcome to the new series of the *Bystander* (Hunter, Rose & Co., $1 per year). The strong personality of Prof. Goldwin Smith, his keen and trenchant criticism of men and things, and his fascinating grace of style, are apparent in every line. Without fear or favour, he "hews to the line let the chips fly where they will." Whether one agrees with his opinions or not, one cannot but feel that he utters the honest convictions of a broad-minded and patriotic thinker.

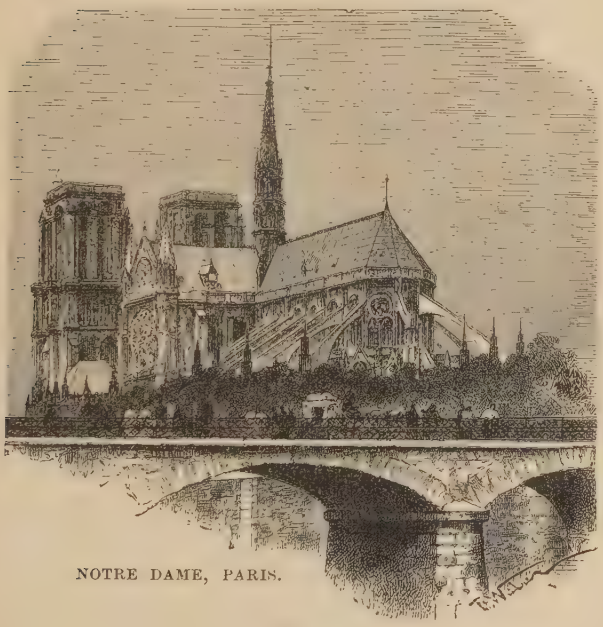
The *Magazine of Art* has published nothing more interesting than the frontispiece of its October number. "Madonina" is certainly beautiful. The opening article is "Glimpses of Artist Life." This is followed by a criticism of "The Sculpture of the Year," also illustrated. Very timely is the selection of Jean François Millet as the subject of "The Barbizon School" series of papers. Millet's famous "Angelus," recently sold for over $100,000, is well engraved. It is an excellent number. Cassell & Co., New York. 35 cents a number, $3.50 a year in advance.



Column of July.—On the site of the Bastile.

THE
Methodist Magazine.
DECEMBER, 1889.

PARIS DURING THE EXPOSITION.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

THE most brilliant pleasure city in Europe never looked so brilliant as during the World's Exposition just closed. All summer long was one continual festival. But the very acme and crisis of the festival was the historic 14th of July, the hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, the overthrow of the French monarchy and the establishment of the first French Republic. The Canadian tourist party, under the care of the present writer, were in Paris for several days, both before and after this, and so saw the city in holiday dress as it never was before. For days busy workmen were clambering over the

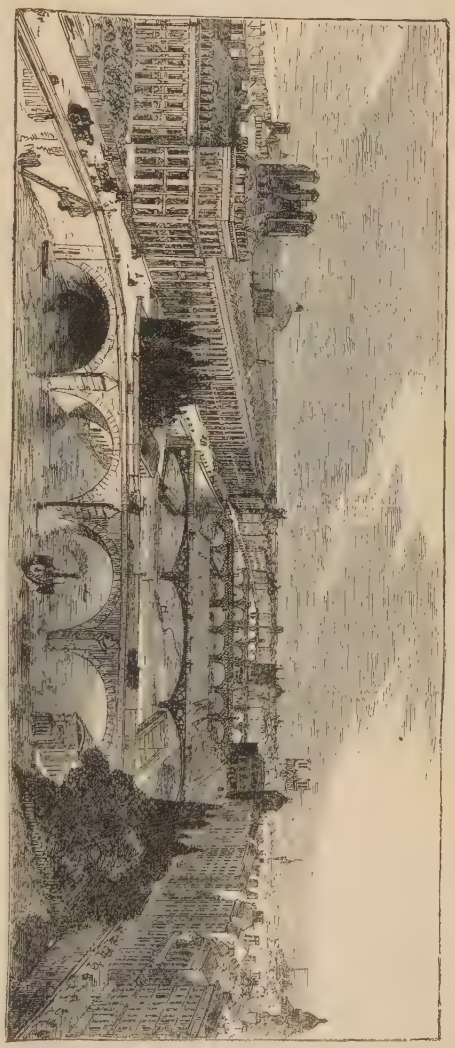
principal buildings, decorating them with the tricolour, arranged in various designs—in sheaves, in festoons, in endless lines of bannered splendour—and the French have exquisite taste in such decorations. In every direction as we drove through the city this bright array, made more bright by the brilliant sunshine, greeted the sight.

The historic 14th of July fell on Sunday, and the French exhibited their characteristic indifference to the Sabbath by making it the chief day of the festival. The elements, however, were not propitious, heavy rain fell nearly all day, and in a very literal sense threw a most effectual damper over the proceedings. A great review of 80,000 troops took place at Longchamps, near the city, which must have been a very bedraggled affair. In the evening the rain ceased, and the city presented a most brilliant aspect. Almost every street was gaily illuminated. The whole length of the Champs Elysées was festooned with lights, and the trees, with which it is lined, bore a strange-looking luminous fruit—innumerable orange-coloured lanterns—which gleamed like apples of the Hesperides amid the boughs. The Place de la Concorde was ablaze with light, and gigantic symbols of the Republique Française, in flaming gas, flared and flickered across the Seine from the pediment of the Corps Legislatif and other buildings, and over all streamed, in many-coloured bands, the powerful beams of electric light of the Eiffel Tower. To quiet, church-going people, it seemed more like the Mohammedan festival of Ramazan, than like a Sabbath evening in a Christian city.

During three days drives, in the comfortable and well-appointed carriages provided by Thomas Cook & Son, were arranged for the whole party—forty-five in number—under the direction of a well-informed guide, M. La Firme, whose politeness and intelligence made him a universal favourite. His slightly foreign accent and droll idioms added piquancy to his descriptions and reminiscences. Our drivers wore a gay livery—scarlet waistcoat, buff-faced coat and glazed conical hat—and managed their four-in-hands with professional skill and grace.

Most of us, I think, were surprised at the brand new appearance of Paris, much of the characteristic mediæval architecture having disappeared before the "deadly march of improvement"—except such ancient survivals as the Sainte Chappelle and the venerable Notre Dame. We were struck also with the monotony—a splendid monotony, it is true—of its street architecture. Broad boulevards and streets radiate from numerous points, so, according to Baron

Haussmann's design, as to be commanded by cannon from these strategic points. On either side of these streets rise uniform blocks and wedges of houses, of cream-coloured stone—five, six, or seven stories high, with iron balconies and bright shop fronts. Many of the boulevards are lined with noble trees, giving a refreshing shade and coolness amid the glare and heat of the city. Many of them are also paved with concrete or asphalt, which has the double advantage of being noiseless and of furnishing poor material for the erection of barricades—the favourite amusement of the Parisians in times of political excitement. At night the streets are brilliant with light — electric lamps, glowing like mimic suns; the cafés ablaze with gas, and occupying with their little round tables half of the broad sidewalks; and the numerous shops flashing with jewellery or glowing with costly fabrics.



PARIS, FROM PONT ROYAL.

Oh! those shops—"the ladies' paradise, but the husband's purgatory"—as the guide called them. The ladies of the party fairly revelled in the dear delight—dear in a double sense—of shopping. The brilliant display always makes me think how many things there are I did not want.

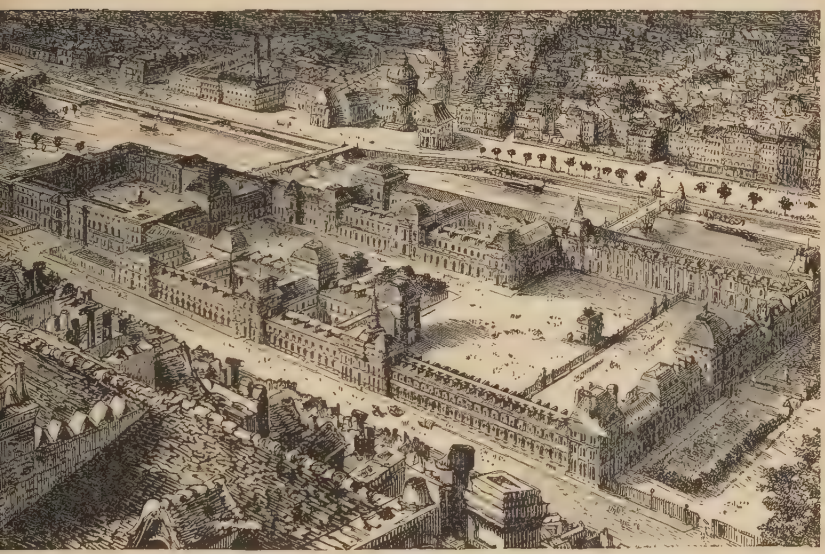
The public squares, of which there are many, are full of life and movement and rich in colour, adorned with noble trees, flashing fountains and snowy statuary, and filled with brilliant equipages and promenaders, with everywhere the ubiquitous gens d'armes. Of all the parks in the world I suppose the Champs Elysées is the grandest—not so much in natural beauty, for it shares the splendid monotony of the city, but in the stately architecture by which it is surrounded, the noble vista it presents, and the brilliant concourse by which it is thronged; and over all is thrown an intense historic interest by the tragic memories with

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

which it is haunted. On its broad Place de la Concorde, the guillotine began its bloody work with the execution of Louis XVI. Then in swift succession followed the judicial murders of his ill-fated and lovely queen Marie Antoinette, his sister Madame Elizabeth, and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orléans; and here, too, the arch-conspirator Robespierre, with many of his companions in crime, met a stern retribution. Nearly three thousand persons in all here became the victims of that tremendous social earthquake, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust, and shook all Europe with its throes. And here were renewed, in the wild orgies of the Commune, the darkest tragedies of the Reign of Terror.

I was surprised on the whole to see so little evidence of the most memorable siege of history. Except a few ruins, there was little to remind one of the dreadful scenes of the Commune or the siege. The Colonne de Vendôme, hurled from its base in detestation of the Imperialism which it commemorates, again rears its majestic form in air; and throughout the gay pleasure-city nearly all trace of its "baptism of fire" has disappeared.

The Tuileries, however, even in their best estate would not compare with the stately architecture of the Louvre, the abode of a long line of sovereigns, and now the home of the immortal



THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE, PARIS.

works of the mightier sovereigns of art. Its majestic façades, with their sculptured and columned fronts, its noble statuary, its spacious courts, its vast galleries, and its priceless treasures of art, make it almost without a rival in the world.

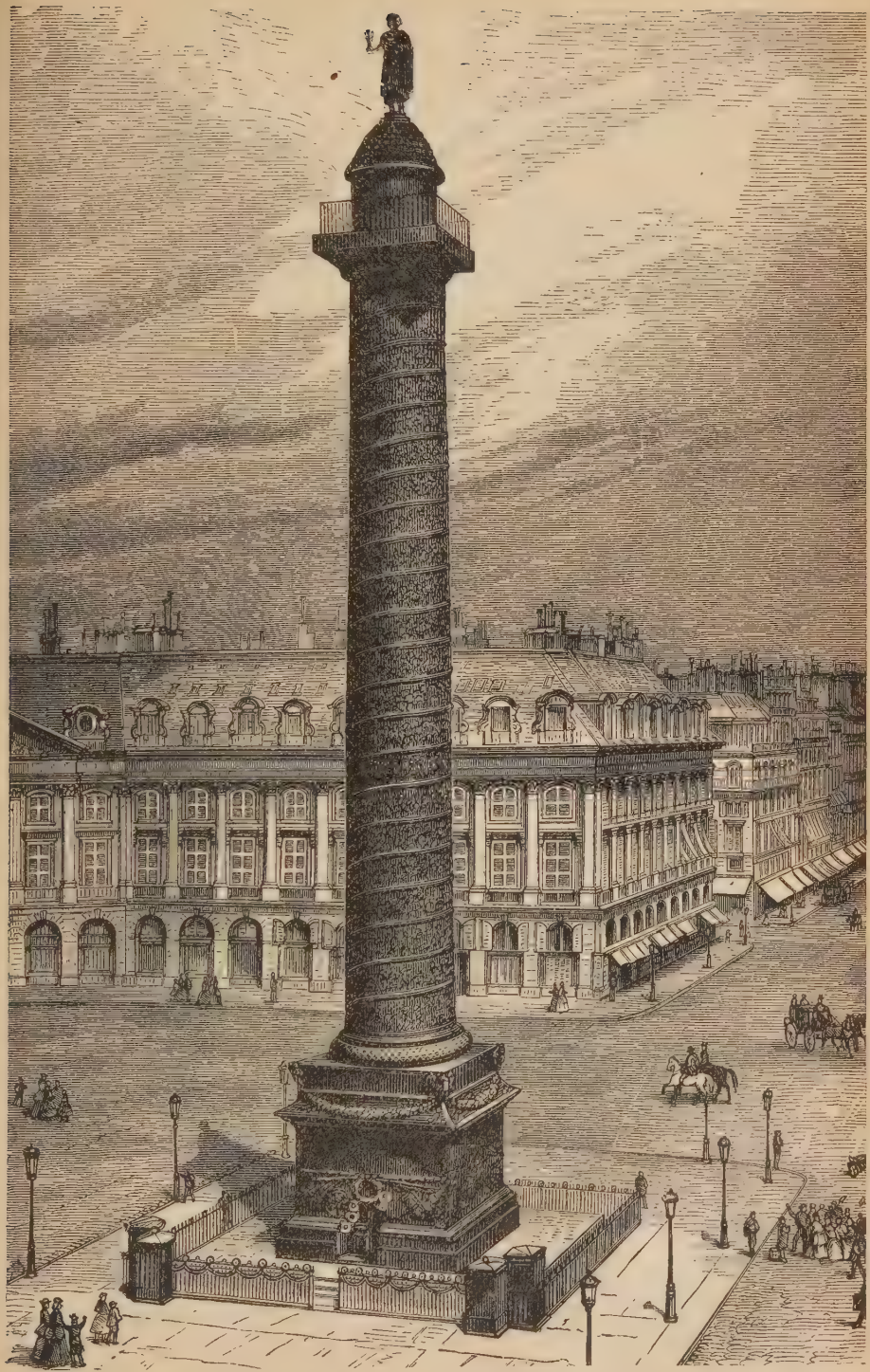
Several of the old French palaces are surrendered to purposes of trade. One of these, the Palais Royal, is entirely occupied by shops and cafés. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and was the palace of Anne of Austria, Louis XIV. and Philip of Orléans. Here were celebrated those disgraceful orgies which helped to bring on the Revolution. It is a vast court adorned with fountains, statuary, trees, and surrounded by the palace buildings.

Here in a café, overlooking the garden—in the ancient hall of kings—we twice had lunch, and then enjoyed a saunter in the old historic gardens, where Camille Desmoulins aroused the populace to the attack on the Bastile.

The most interesting palace, however, in or near Paris, is the Palace of Versailles, to which we drove out through the lovely park of St. Cloud, the forest of Ville d'Ivray and the long and noble avenue de la Picarde. We lunched *al fresco* in an old garden beneath a long arbour of trellised vines, through whose interstices the sunlight sifted down on a picnic scene like one of Watteau's pictures. After lunch we set out to explore the vast Palace of Versailles. The palace cost the treasury of Louis XIV. the enormous sum of a thousand million francs, and at one time 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed in constructing its terraces. When the starving people sent a deputation demanding, "What shall we eat?" they received the mocking answer, "Eat grass." No wonder a revolution swept away the evil dynasty with a besom of destruction. The chief consolation in visiting these monuments of royal tyranny is the fact that they are no longer the palaces of kings, but the palaces of the people—the private apartments of once mighty sovereigns, and the boudoirs of queens, are open to the poorest in the land. How time brings its revenges!

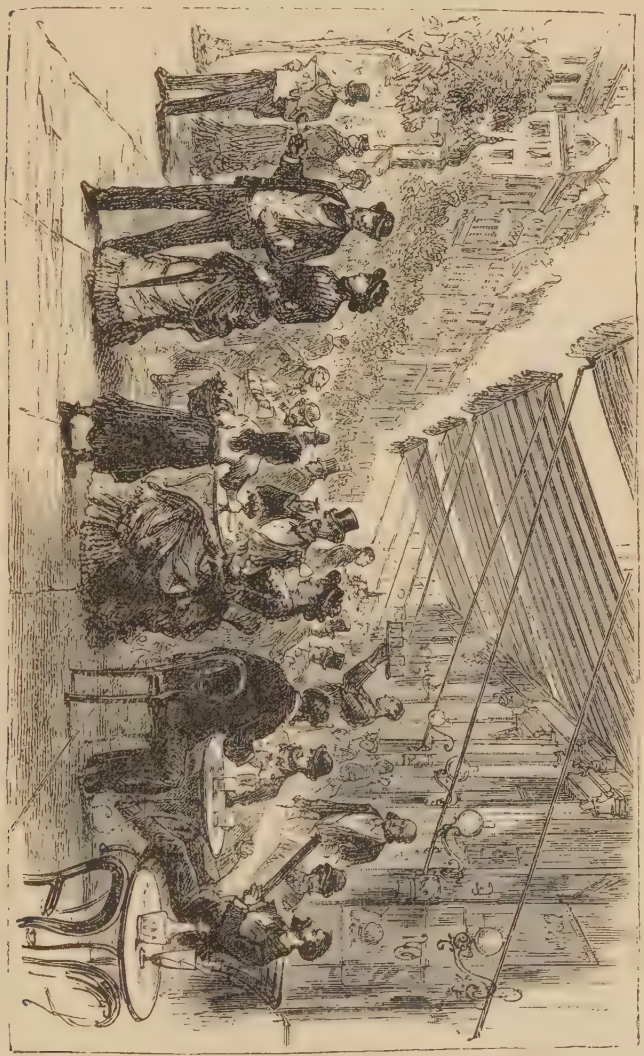
The palace is a quarter of a mile long and contains some of the grandest courts, galleries, and saloons in the world, adorned with priceless paintings—one of Vernet's battlepieces is seventy-one feet long and sixteen feet high—Sèvres vases, malachite tables, marble mantels and the like, beyond computation. During the late war these stately apartments were turned into hospitals for the German wounded; and in the celebrated *Salle des Glaces*, by a strange irony of fate, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of United Germany. Here also is shown the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., where the Grand Monarque used to receive his courtiers as he arose from bed—hence our word *levée*—and the royal chamberlains had the honour of arraying his sacred majesty in his wig, robes, and shoes and stockings. Here also is shown the state bed on which he died, and the window where the herald proclaimed, "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!"

Of greater interest, however, are the private apartments of the amiable and unfortunate Louis XVI. and of his high-born but low-laid consort, Marie Antoinette. Here is her boudoir, her writing and work-table, her library; and on the doors are the



The Vendome Column, Paris.

identical locks, of excellent workmanship, wrought by the royal locksmith, her husband. From the window is seen the long and noble avenue, up which swarmed the riotous mob of enraged men and women clamouring for blood. On this marble stairway the



ON THE BOULEVARD.

gentlemen of the guard kept the mob at bay, faithful unto death. The narrow passage through which the Queen attempted to escape is also pointed out. It makes the tragic story of those horrible days very real to see these mementos of their horrors.

The vast and monotonous park, with its formal parterres, its long avenues of trees clipped into accurate cubes, its terraces and fountains with their Neptunes and Tritons and river-gods, have a weary monotony that palls upon the mind. The Great and Little Trianons, built for royal mistresses, and the collection of unwieldy and heavily gilt state-carriages recall only memories of guilty pomp and pride.

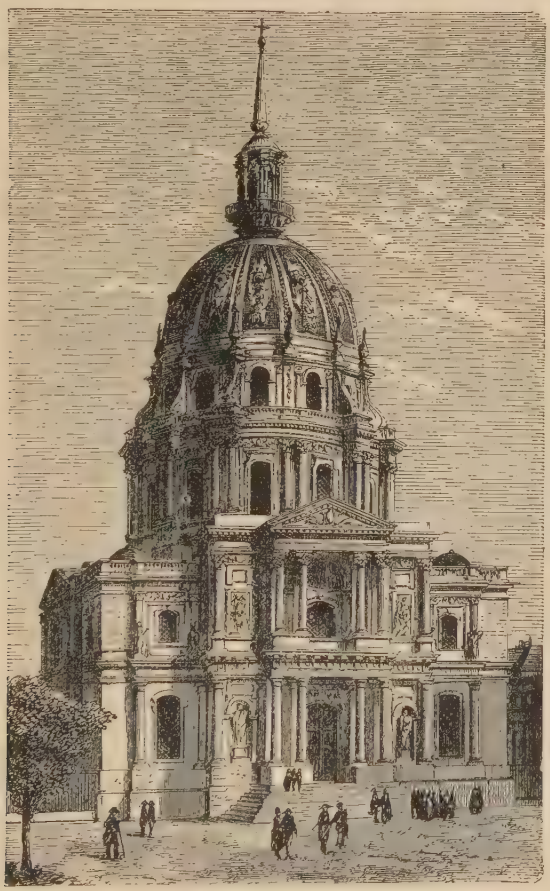
Far more beautiful, because more natural, is the noble park of St. Cloud, with its avenues of stately trees, its bosky solitudes, its swelling hills and magnificent panorama of Paris and the winding Seine. Here Louis XIV. erected a pleasure palace and filled it with every luxury that despotic power could command. The shells of the Prussians, however, spared not the pride of kings, and the blackened walls of the ruined palace are a monument of the vicissitudes of earthly greatness. Here, on a ruined terrace, with a background of magnificent trees, we were photographed in a group—the picture making a pleasant souvenir of our visit.

We visited, with special interest, on a bright and sunny day, the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise—the last resting-place of so many of the noblest dead of France. Our feet turned first to the tomb of Abélard and Heloïse, whose tale of love and sorrow, after the lapse of seven long centuries, still touches the heart of the world with perennial power. Their effigies lie, with hands clasped in prayer, side by side, and the simple inscription reads, "Les restes d'Heloïse et d'Abélard sont reunis dans ce tombeau." Dissevered in their lives, their dust mingles together with its kindred clay. Garlands of fresh and fragrant flowers, placed by loving hands upon their tomb, attested the living sympathy which is still felt for their sorrow. Here, too, is the narrow house of the money-king, Rothschild, and of those queens of tragedy, Rachel and Menken.

Among the other distinguished dead, interred in this populous city of the dead, are Fourier, Champollion, Abbé Seiyès, Pastor Monod, Eugene Scribe, Michelet, Talma, Cherubini, Chopin, Rossini, Béranger, La Fontaine, Molière, Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Arago, Madame de Genlis, Alfred de Musset, and many another whose name and fame have filled the world.

The French exhibit much kindly sentiment in decorating the graves of their departed with wreaths of flowers and immortelles; and over many of these are constructed glass pent-houses for their protection. Even rough fellows in their blouses reverently took off their hats when a funeral passed. In the mortuary chapel was

a beautiful marble angel crowned with living flowers, bearing a Bible, open at the text so full of hope for all the sorrowing: "Beati mortui qui in Domino morientur." The cemetery was one of the last strongholds of the Commune, and amid the funereal cypress and marble monuments of the dead was waged one of

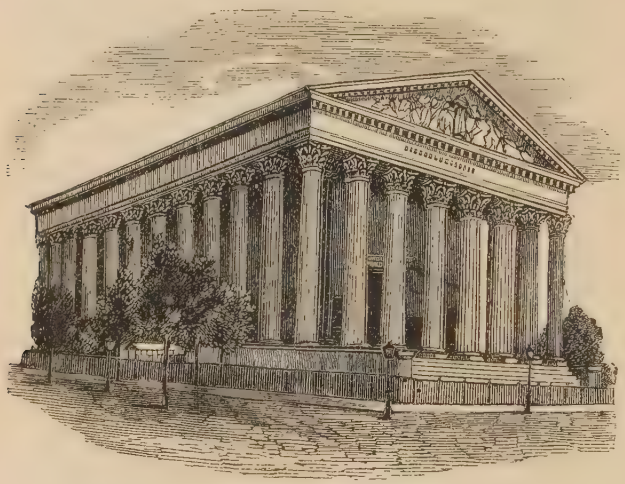


DOME DES INVALIDES.

the most desperate conflicts of the living. In the neighbouring prison of La Roquette was perpetrated one of the most lurid crimes of that reign of terror.

Near Père la Chaise, rise the heights of Les Buttes-Chaumont, the most picturesque park in Paris. It is situated on the Belleville faubourg, the very heart of the Commune despotism. The

park was a waste where the rubbish of the city was deposited, till the civic government of the late Emperor converted it into a garden of fairy-like loveliness. Artificial lakes, cascades, and grottoes; cliff and crag mantled with foliage and climbing-plants, and gay with flowers of brightest hue; and a magnificent view from a Belvidere crowning a lofty height, make it the most attractive bit of scenery in the city. The large and fashionable Bois de Boulogne is tame and uninteresting in comparison. The latter was denuded of its trees during its siege, and those since planted have attained only a rather meagre growth. Its



THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

walks and bosky vistas, its lakes and cascades, and its magnificent parterres of flowers, and masses of rich shrubbery are very charming.

The tomb of Napoleon I., beneath the vast dome of the Church des Invalides, is the noblest mausoleum, I think, I ever saw. In the centre of a large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor lies the huge sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Finland granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart, now still forever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contributes greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The Panthéon and the Madeleine are more like pagan temples

than like Christian churches; but in the Sainte Chapelle, Gothic architecture has achieved one of its most splendid triumphs. Of sinister interest is the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; for from its tower the fatal tocsin tolled forth the funeral knell of the awful night of St. Bartholomew's dread massacre.

I had not much opportunity of judging of the moral or religious

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN THE CONVENT.

condition of Paris. There may be vice, but it certainly does not flaunt itself on the highway. Nowhere have I seen public order or decorum better observed. I was surprised to find French Protestantism so strong. Some of the largest churches of the city belong to the old Calvinistic communion, which shares with Romanism the support of the State. English Methodism has an elegant church. A grand evangelical work is going on through the agency of Mr. McAll, who has numerous mission-halls through-

out the city. · On the heights of Montmartre a noble church commemorates the famous St. Vincent de Paul, who devoted his life to the succour of the suffering—especially to the rescue and training of orphan children. A fine fresco represents him kneeling before our Lord and presenting children to Him. The accompanying picture touchingly illustrates his beneficence.

The last night we were all in Paris we had a little farewell supper at the hotel, with toasts drunk in lemonade, and speeches, when Dr. Hare perpetrated a very successful surprise by presenting the conductor of the party, on behalf of the tourist company, with a handsome gold watch-chain and complimentary address. It was exceedingly gratifying to receive such hearty appreciation. The landlord, to whose courtesy we were much indebted, in a very neat speech for a foreigner—he was a Hungarian—assured us that we were the most agreeable party who had ever been his guests; which was, I believe, an honest tribute to as congenial a company of tourists as ever travelled together.

There remains only to be noted the Exposition of Art and Industry. This was so unique, so comprehensive, so vast and varied, that I avail myself of the following admirable account by Eugène-Melchoir de Vogué.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

Star of the East! Guide o'er the desert sand
Heaven's guide of the Magi's way;
Thy bright beams flashed, 'till they reached the land
Where the Infant Jesus lay.

Sentinel Star! Guard of the humble khan
Which sheltered the new-born King;
While angels aloft, their sweet song began,
That men will ne'er cease to sing.

Star of Devotion! Myrrh, incense and gold—
Offering of Magi's joy!
Fit signs of the world's great love untold,
Gratitude's grandest employ.

Star of Bright Hope! The long darkness is passed,
Christ the Redeemer is here;
Salvation's glory appeareth at last,
Ever the ages to cheer.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY EUGENE-MELCHOIR DE VOGUE.*

This year it is useless for the French people to travel abroad, since the world has come to us. The beneficent gods have reduced the size of the great globe and have rolled it along the shores of the Seine river; they have sampled the universe for our benefit. Let us take our summer outing, then, in the Paris Exposition. The notes gathered by the way I will report to the unknown friends who may wish to follow us in our rambles.

A first inspection permits us to affirm the following: The Exposition is not only a retrospective review, it is a point of departure for an infinity of new things. In this monumental chaos which has arisen in the Champ de Mars, in these edifices of iron and of decorative tile, in the machinery which obeys a new dynamic power, in these encampments of men of every race, and, above all, in the new ways of thinking which suggest new ways of living, are to be seen the lineaments of a civilization which is as yet only outlined, the promise of the world which will be to-morrow.

But we are talking at the gates and time presses. Let us enter by one of the wickets. What an elegant perspective of lawns, of water and of flowers is spread out before us between the many coloured domes of the great palace and the labyrinth of variegated pavilions. Where shall we go first? Let us follow the crowd to the great centre of attraction, the Eiffel Tower.

For some years such a construction had struggled obscurely in the brain of engineers, seeking to be born. In different places in the Old World and in the New, had men dreamed of it, and tried to design it on paper. Some had even attempted it, as at Turin, in wood, at Washington, in stone. At last the approach of the Universal Exposition hastened the unfolding of the idea. A Parisian constructer succeeded in making his projected scheme for the undertaking prevail. At first he encountered general incredulity. The word Babel sprang from all lips. But at last, in spite of derision, the Tower was decreed.

*Translated for "The Chautauquan," from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

We saw them lay the foundations deep down on a bed of solid clay; soon the four megalithic feet of the elephant-like structure pressed upon the soil; from these stone pedestals rafters sprang at

THE EIFELL TOWER.

M. EIFELL.

WINDING STAIRWAY.

COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF OTHER STRUCTURES.

1. NOTRE DAME, PARIS.
2. ST. PETER'S, ROME.
3. WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
4. PYRAMID (GREAT.)
5. CATHEDRAL, ROUEN.
6. CATHEDRAL, STRASBURG.
7. DES INVALIDES, PARIS.
8. CATHEDRAL, COLOGNE.
9. ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.
10. PANTHEON, PARIS.

such angles as to upset all our ideas as regarding the equilibrium of an edifice; a forest of plate-iron work took root and grew, revealing nothing to the eyes watching as to its object. At a

certain height the rising up of the material became very difficult; cranes were fastened to the structure, which like huge crabs grasped with their pincers the needed articles, and, unmindful of their enormous weight, easily lifted them to their required places. A second story was thrown up from the first; all of the framework seemed like an enormous carapace which gave neither the impression of height nor of beauty. However, the great difficulties were now conquered. The first story had presented to the constructer the hardest problems; the second was finished with much less trouble in six months.

Starting from this story rose the slender column, making its way rapidly into space. The work of its construction largely escaped public view. The autumn mists often entirely concealed the ærial work-yard; in the twilight of the winter afternoons might be seen reddening against the sky the fire of the forge; one could scarcely hear the hammers which riveted the iron-work. There was this peculiarity about it, one seldom saw any workmen on the Tower; it rose apparently alone, as if by the incantation of genii. The great works of other ages, the Pyramids for example, are associated in our minds with the idea of a multitude of human beings bending over handspikes and groaning under chains. The modern pyramid arose by the power of calculation, which made it require only a small number of workers. Each part of the great structure, each one of its bones of iron—to the number of twelve thousand—arrived perfect from the manufactory, and had only to be adjusted to its proper place in the gigantic skeleton. The structure presented an example of what mathematicians call "an elegant demonstration."

At last, one beautiful morning in the spring, the Parisians who had watched the beginning of the great column, saw the shaft bordered by an entablature. A campanile rose from this platform, and on its summit our flag displayed its colours. In the evening there appeared in place of the flag a giant carbuncle, the red eye of a Cyclops who darted his glance over all Paris. "The Tower is finished," cried the voice of fame.

My readers will not expect a detailed description of this gigantic work. Nearly all have already climbed it, or will climb it. The great hive is now in full activity. Several cities have arisen in its interior, with their varied commerce and their special customs. A Victor Hugo is needed in order to concentrate into the soul of a Quasimodo the interior life of the Tower.

I went to seek upon the summit the impressions which my guide-

book described as commonly experienced there, but I learned with astonishment that my views did not agree with them. The book said that one would at first feel surprised at the arrest of all movement in Paris, at the immobility of the crowds in the streets and at the foot of the edifice. My companions and myself were unanimous in remarking the acceleration of motion, the feverish haste of the Lilliputian people. The pedestrians seemed to run, throwing forward their tiny limbs with automatic gestures. A moment of reflection, however, will explain the apparent contradiction in impressions; the eye judges men from a height of one thousand feet as it habitually judges ants from a height of five feet, the relation is about the same. Who does not often exclaim, "How can such little animals run so fast?" But the actual distance covered is so small that in one sense movement seems arrested. The comparison to an ant-hill is exact at every point, for the agitation of these multitudes of human atoms, rushing in every direction, seems at this distance, as inexplicable, as bizarre, as the flurry of movement seen in an ant-hill. Again, the book said that oscillation was perceptible in high winds. I questioned the keeper of the lighthouse as to this, and he replied that occasionally when the air was very calm a slight swinging was noticed, but never any when the wind blew. With these exceptions our experience justified all that was written.

In the daytime one might prefer, to the urban view spread out from the height of this Tower, the vast and picturesque horizons which open from a peak of the Alps; but in the evening it is without an equal in the world.

Late one evening I remained alone on the summit. I was struck with the strong resemblance of all my surroundings to those of a man standing on the deck of a vessel at sea. There were the chains, the windlass, the electric lamps fixed to the ceiling. To complete the illusion the wind was raging through the sheet-iron rigging. Even the ocean was not lacking, there it lay under my feet—Paris. The night fell, or rather the clouds, as great veils of crape which steadily grew thicker, rose from below and spread out between the city and the sky still clear from my standpoint. It seemed as if the night was being drawn up from Paris. The different parts of the city vanished slowly one after another, and soon all were enveloped in darkness. Then lights began to appear, fast multiplying to infinity. Myriads of stars filled this abyss, assuming the forms of strange constellations joining at the horizon with those of the celestial vault.

Suddenly two luminous bars stretched themselves over the earth. They were the great pencils of light sent out by the two reflectors which revolved above my head. Seen here at their source, the two beams seem to feel their way into the night with sudden, eager movements, as if they were searching for something lost. I could not weary of their movements, so voluntary they seemed, and so anxious. One instant they drew out of the shadows a hilly wood having white spots here and there in its foreground; it was the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and the next, replacing this, they stopped upon Notre Dame, throwing out into strong relief its great towers. As, shortly after, I was descending the long spiral staircase, stopping on one of the landings, I looked back to the top. The two illuminated arms seemed then to be raised into space, and were continuing their revolutions. Suddenly they met at right angles; for a moment against the black sky they formed a shining cross, the sign of pity and of prayer, a fitting crown for the great Tower.

The Exposition has revealed the advent of a new art, the art of building with iron. The reconciliation of the engineer and the artist will date from this event. Cinderella has made herself known to her sisters upon the Champ de Mars; industrial architecture with iron for its basis has henceforward an æsthetic value.

We notice first the great central dome over the main building, from which sweep out the five great wings. Here the iron was not a success, because it followed the old errors of construction and decoration, because it subordinated its own properties to those of stone, which it replaced. The ornamentation is heavy and gaudy. The imagination of the artist was evidently possessed with the magnificence of great opera-houses—those bad counsellors—and he tried to reproduce their leading features, the niches, the human figures, the overloadings of carved iron. Within and upon the façade this debasement of art is marked; emblematic knops alternate with large nude figures; upon the summits of pillars are to be seen engines, complicated machines, gods, beasts, reptiles, and all the symbolism pertinent to agriculture. There are too many reliefs, too many colours, too much gilding. For this attempt the iron was forced to be too sumptuous; it presents the appearance of a rude workman dressed out in his Sunday best. In this fine apparel can be seen no longer the only beauty which it possesses, a powerful and flexible muscularity.

Let us now enter the Palace of Machines. All the terms expressive of admiration have been exhausted before its nave, 150 feet

high, and 1,380 feet in length. We would know in what its beauty consists, and find the answer in this: the iron, refusing to vie with stone, has sought means of expression only in its own proper nature—in its strength, its lightness, its elasticity. It has resolutely sacrificed all decorative ironmongery and has clung to the fundamental law of æsthetics; beauty is only harmony between form and destination. Those who erected this construction were not occupied in imitating any known type; they consulted the properties of iron, calculated its resistance, and, having become assured of what they could demand of the metal, they proceeded with their work. They modified the arch into the tierce-point, and so created a new Gothic arch, with inflections and elongations of an incomparable elegance. The Palace of Machines in every way contents the eye and interests the mind.

The Tower and this Palace have taught us what can be done with iron, reduced to its own resources. But the exclusive employment of great metallic net-work responds only to exceptional needs; for many other uses iron has to call in the assistance of other materials. It was a new problem to determine the choice, the æsthetic conditions, of these alliances. The solution of it was sought in the construction of the twin Palaces of Fine Arts and Liberal Arts, two of the wings from the main building, and was found in using decorated terra-cotta as the auxiliary material. The result was brilliant. Here the highest and most inventive taste has directed the co-labour of the smelter, the potter, and the ceramist. I do not know what to extol most in these buildings: the just apportionment of the iron and the brick, inspired, it would seem, by the structure of the human body with its bones visible under the flesh, the light and simple ornamentation consisting wholly of terra-cotta and encaustic tile; or the wise blending of colours, in which two tones predominate—the mild blue of the iron and the soft rose of the brick.

One especially remarks in connection with these structures the domes of glazed tile, a happy borrowing made from the old masons of Persia. Upon the frontiers of that land I admired last year cupolas of enamel upon mosques in ruins, which reflected all the colours of the sky above them. It seemed to me that I was looking upon their mirage, when in Paris I saw such cupolas upon these palaces of the arts. It remains only to mingle with these geometric designs a little of the characteristic ornamentation of that land, a few of their flowers and arabesques, to give to Parisians the visions of Ispahan and Samarcand. Nor are

the domes the only example of this able adaptation of Oriental art, which is not an imitation. In archways, in stairways, on columns, everywhere, these Eastern elements of decoration have been blended in a Western arrangement with that which is best in our country—the country of Limosin and Palissy—the medallions, the friezes, the cartouches, in which the ceramic art appears in a delicacy of relief and colour which is purely French.

If one could separate the Palace of Fine Arts from the accumulation upon the Champ de Mars, where the particular value of each building is lost sight of in the general effect of the kaleidoscope, if he could isolate it upon some eminence, all eyes would be struck by the beauty, grace, and novelty of the monument—Monument! Some will perhaps judge the word a misnomer for these temporary structures. It is not necessary to exaggerate, and I do not pretend that they have erected here the Parthenon of the future. I believe simply that when the exact history of iron shall be written, these original creations constructed from it will be mentioned with honour.

I foresee objection: How found a principle of art upon ephemeral buildings which will be demolished in a few months? That is not entirely proved; there is a question of preserving these palaces upon the Champ de Mars, or of removing them elsewhere. The vast pavilion of the Argentine Republic, attracting the attention of all visitors by its cordons of rubies and emeralds which the electric lights set into a brilliant glow, was transported in pieces from that land in an ocean vessel; and it will be carried back there to remain for a long time yet, the pride of Buenos Ayres. But whatever may be the fate of the palaces of the Exposition, it is necessary to remember that iron constructions will have this added character of being movable.

These light domes, with their glass-like coverings, recall to me those I saw not long ago in Asia—for their temporary purpose they recall more strongly the tent of felt where a Turcoman received me. Without going so far, you can see upon the right hand of the esplanade this ancestor of all dwellings sheltering the red man, the Lapp, the African. If I understand the history of habitations such as it is unrolled here before our eyes, from the primitive hut to the Gallery of Machinery, man has made a long effort to give to his house proportions always more vast, and a stability always more enduring. But behold at the end of the effort, by one of those ironies of which history is so full,

the circle where we turn closes upon itself; the last degree of civilization rejoins the first, the nomadic instinct awakens under other forms. The little tent of skin at the beginning, the colossal tent of iron at the close; the two differ only in their materials and in their size. This one, like that, is made to shelter multitudes in movement, no longer a pastoral people, but still a working people.

The electric fountains next attract our attention. The people seek more and more this supreme feast of the eyes, which may be seen every evening; they even wait long hours in crowded ranks around the basins; and when the jets spout up, a cry arises from the crowd. No wonder, illuminated by the invisible fire, they blend in their changing combinations all the shades and tints of the prism, and form rainbows which raise themselves up into the air and fall back again shattered into cascades of pearls and diamonds.

I went to visit in their subterranean cave the brave workmen who make in the heat and in the darkness the preparations for this fairy scene. Like their brothers in coal mines, although with less hardships, they go to extract for other men the light and the joy which they themselves do not see. A bell is sounded; some orders in cipher are flashed across a signal board, directing the men in the use of their levers. Immediately in the funnel-formed reflectors rays of light appear and are seized in the chimneys by inclined mirrors which send them to the openings above. Plates of blue, red, yellow, all-coloured, glass glisten over our heads. One could easily imagine himself in the central forge of the earth, where the kobolds elaborate the precious stones and form the crystals. These workmen—the good gnomes of actual service—throw themselves upon their levers, and by their toil cause to spring up above that eruption of gems.

In leaving the underground works I stopped at the bell-turret of the commander. That musician gives his orders upon a table which resembles a piano having two key-boards. A line of electric buttons, coloured white, corresponds to the scale of coloured glass plates, and behind this a row of black buttons corresponds to the plugs of the jets of water. The present system which necessitates the transmission of the orders to the intermediate places under the basins marks the infancy of the art. With a few simplifications which will not surpass the genius of an ordinary mechanism, a single man will be able to work directly from his bell-turret the stop-cocks of the water jets and the plates of glass.

Our next visit will be to the Earth, our mother. There is presented here in a special pavilion of the Exposition, for the millionth time, a new representation of it. It is expedient on going there, to get a good view of the *ensemble* before studying in detail the different examples of men which it bears and the different works with which these men have embellished it. One does not know how sufficiently to felicitate Messrs. Villard and Cotard upon their intelligent enterprise. If we have reason to congratulate ourselves over our ancestors on any one thing, it is that we know a little of geography. It is necessary that our children should have still a much better knowledge of it. When we leave to them the earth it will be more than ever inhospitable and rude to those who do not understand it. I wish I could see all the youth of France coming again and again into the pavilion of this great hall. They would learn more here in one moment from the keen and singular impressions they would receive, than from hours of half-hearted study over books. Flat maps demand of a child an effort disproportionate to his intelligence. His eyes believe only in appearances, and the false appearances of the maps contradict the explanations given. Here all is truth and joyfulness for young imaginations: the form, the motion of the globe, the immensity of its oceans, the red lines of great voyages, and the discoveries of cities and countries which they actually make for themselves as they search over it.

We will go up in the elevator. It leaves us at the North Pole. With its diameter of about forty feet the earth presents a really imposing appearance. It turns—sometimes. When this slow movement makes to file under the feet of the spectator "the great silent country," the first impression is startling. A spiral staircase leads to the opposite pole, and as we slowly descend it, coloured wires permit us to trace on the revolving globe the lines of navigation, of railroads, of telegraphs, and the wanderings of famous explorers. Clusters of nails mark the principal veins and mines of metals—the colour and material of the nails indicating the kind of metal. When I expressed my surprise that the great mountain chains were not brought out in stronger relief, it was replied to me that to keep the proportion exact the highest peak of the Himalayas required only an elevation of about one-fortieth of a foot. This must be very humiliating to the Alps and the Pyrenees.

Along the adjacent walls a succession of placards gives in large figures the statistics of the different countries of the world. I learned there that China has about seven miles of railroad and the

American Union about 140,000, and I understand without any other comment the actual march of civilization around the globe. Commercial statistics showed me for England a figure double that of Germany and France taken together. These figures sufficed to explain the history and the policy of England. Another table recalled to me that there are nearly five hundred millions of Buddhists in the world, one-third of humanity; that increased my consideration for the bronze Buddha which smiles in the vestibule of the Palace of Liberal Arts.

Let no one exclaim over my weakness for this great plaything. By very puerile means, I grant, it suggests grave thoughts, rectifies errors, and establishes knowledge. Even to those who have no passion for our planet I would say that no theatre can offer them so abundant a source of enjoyment. Let them listen to the public. One cannot imagine how many men lay bare their souls in the presence of the Earth, nor how it serves to bring out diversity of mind. You hear there actually all dialects, even those of the slightest local colour; and all questions are answered. The adventurers trace out the route of a great navigator; a crowd attaches itself to the steps of a well-known traveller; bending over the balcony a company of explorers search the boundaries of Pamir and exchange views upon the disclosure of recent explorations. Other persons propose to the one on guard certain rectifications. It is thus both very instructive and very amusing to follow the people who make this circumnavigation. So humanity circles around the world.

CHRISTMAS.

O BLESSED day, which givest the eternal lie
To self and sense, and all the brute within!
O! come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes,
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine,
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

CYPRUS AND THE LEVANT.

The island of Cyprus occupies a distinguished place in both sacred and profane history. It early belonged to the Phœnicians of the neighbouring coast. It was afterwards colonized by the Greeks, who founded there several independent kingdoms, and it passed successively under the power of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Romans. At the time of the Crusades it was detached from the Greek Empire, and made a kingdom for Guy of Lusignan. Then it fell to the Venetians, and in 1570 was subdued by the Turks after a brave defence. And now it has passed under the protection of Great Britain, and is held as a pledge for the fulfilment by the Sultan of the convention entered into before the Treaty of Berlin.

The island is about 140 miles in length, by a breadth of 40 miles at its widest part. Its population, which, under the Venetians, was over 1,000,000, under the misrule of the Turks has dwindled to one-fifth of that number, of whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Jews, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. The Greek Church in the island was made independent by the Council of Ephesus in the fifth century, and so it has remained to this day.

This fair and fertile island lies in the extreme north-east angle of the Mediterranean, about sixty-five miles from the Syrian coast and forty-four miles south of Asia Minor. Through its centre runs the mountain range, rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, known to the ancients as Olympus—not, however, the fabled residence of the gods, which was another mountain of the same name in Macedon and Thessaly. The wine of Cyprus was famous in ancient times, but has now little reputation. Famagusta, a commodious port under the Venetians, under Turkish neglect has been so choked up as to hold only about a dozen small craft. Larnaka, where the consuls and foreign merchants reside, is the chief port. Its trade consists of exports of colocynth, cotton, carob beans, madder, and wine. Its imports are all kinds of manufactured goods. It has valuable mines, but they are neglected. Special interest has of late been awakened by the rich "finds" of antiquities of classic times. Turkish oppression and tax-farming have greatly injured the island, but under British administration it is recovering a degree, at least, of its former prosperity.

We will now be better able to appreciate the late Lady Brassey's charming account of her visit to this picturesque and historically interesting island. On the 7th of November, 1878, the *Sunbeam* made the western extremity of Cyprus, and anchored off the port of Papho, the ancient Paphos, where were once the famous temple and gardens of Venus. Going ashore, our tourists explored the ruins of Ktima, the adjacent fields and roads being strewn with fragments of white marble capitals and acanthus leaf ornaments.

ANCIENT GREEK ALTAR.

The column to which St. Paul, it is alleged, was bound, and then scourged, for preaching in the island, was also shown them. The British camp was visited, and one-fourth of the men found ill with Cyprus fever, and the convalescents looking like ghosts. Limasol, the second port in the island, was the next place visited. The country is described as naturally very fertile, but the vine-culture is very slovenly, the water bad, and the climate insalubrious. At Larnaka they found that the troops had been despatched to Afghanistan on account of the outbreak of the war.

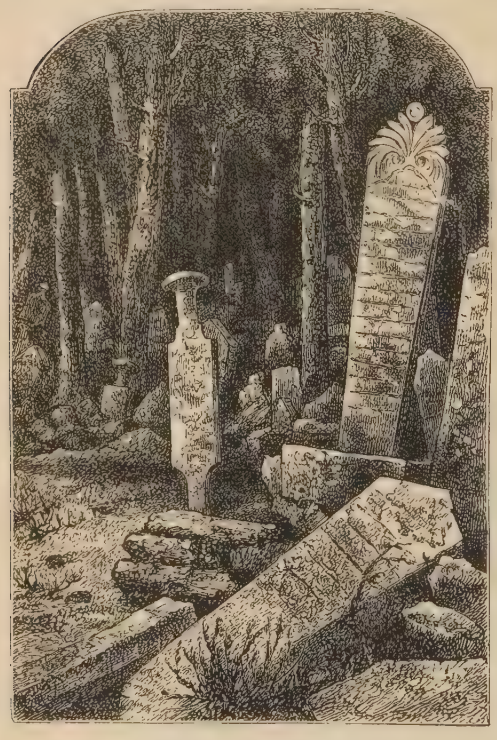
Their horses and stores were sold at a fearful loss—a good horse fetching only from 17s. to 20s. Almost every one was ill with the fever, or only convalescent. On the whole, the military occupation of the island seemed to have been hardly a success.

Having accepted an invitation to visit the camp of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander of our Canadian Red River Expedition, our tourists started for the interior. They reached the town of Mikosia late at night, only to find the gates closed, and with much trouble effected an entrance and found the camp. The weather was excessively hot by day and cold by night. In summer the heat rose to 120°, and the troops died like sheep. The Ghoorkas, and other Indian troops, suffered as much as the British. The officers had seen nothing like it, even in India. The difficulties of interment were great, as some burned and some buried the dead, with peculiar religious ceremonies. An interesting visit was made to the Archimandrate, or Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, and to his church. The pulpit is entered by a rope ladder, which forms the only communication with the floor.

The next place visited was the once magnificent Famagousta, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and re-named Fama Augusti, by Augustus, the victor of Actium. Here Shakespeare's Othello was once governor. "In the midst of the dust and ruins of houses and palaces," writes our author, "once containing a population of 300,000 souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud huts, the habitation of some 300 people. Three churches remain standing were there were once 200; and in the streets only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts." The predominant features were ruin, desolation, and dirt. The once capacious harbour is now choked with rubbish. Here our tourists met a famous Syrian brigand, who used to rob the rich and give to the poor. He was said to have given dowries to 2,000 Greek girls. After seven years' confinement, chained to a wall, he was doing duty as a groom at the Government stables.

Sailing round the eastern end of the island, on the 10th of November, our tourists reached the ancient port of Kyrenia, shown in the cut facing page 503—a charming spot, but smitten with the fever. The natives said the very dogs in the streets died of it. The 42nd Regiment, most of whom were invalided, were preparing to escape the pestilence by immediate departure. As the steward was sick, Lady Brassey did the marketing, and found vegetables remarkably cheap—a supply for forty persons costing only 2s. An interesting visit was made to the old Gothic convent

of La Pais, on a bluff five hundred feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls—one was one hundred by fifty feet—with their Gothic tracery, were very noteworthy, though quite ruinous. The English engineer had fitted up the convent for a hospital, but it was found that the sick were worse than in their stuffy tents. The fever seems to be caused by the bad water of the island. In dry seasons many of the people have to be shipped to the mainland to prevent their starving. The island will probably be available only for a coaling station. Our brave tourists visited another convent, where the barefooted monks were extremely kind, though unable to communicate, except by signs, with their guests. Four of them assisted Lady Brassey and her daughter to perform their ablutions—one holding a basin, another a towel, a third soap, and the fourth a candle.



TURKISH CEMETERY.

Leaving Cyprus, the famous Isle of Rhodes was soon reached. The capital, Rhodes, was founded, B. C. 408, and Strabo says, in his time was the finest city in the world—finer even than Rome. Its celebrated Colossus was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, bestriding the harbour, between whose legs ships could sail. After standing fifty-six years, it was thrown down by an earthquake, B. C. 224. It lay for nearly a thousand years on the ground, and was sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded 900 camels with the bronze. The Knights of St. John, when driven from Jerusalem, captured the island from the Moslems, and held it for 200 years. In 1522, Solyman the Magnificent besieged it

Convent of La Pais, Cyprus.

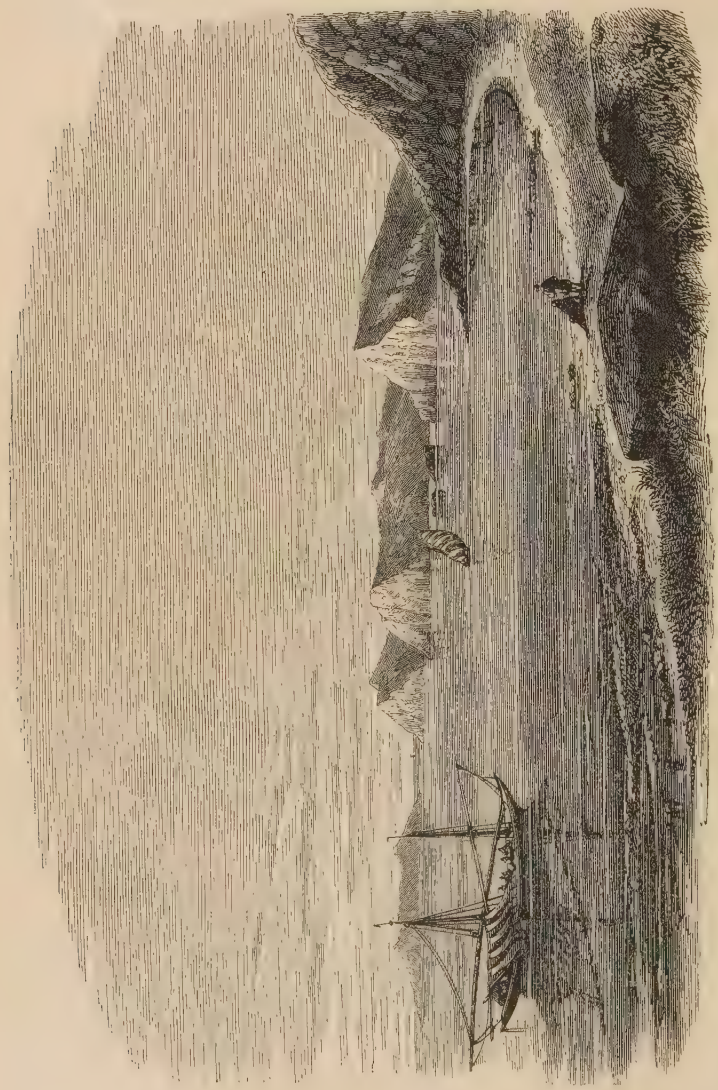
with an army of 200,000 men. Its garrison of only 6,000 defended it with heroic valour for many months, and only yielded in the last extremity. It has since been held by the Turks. The Grand Hospital of the Knights, a fine building, is now used as a barrack. The church and the palace also exhibit evidences of their former grandeur; but the blight and curse of Turkish domination broods over all.

A more striking evidence of this is seen in the island of Chios, which—after passing Patmos, where the cavern in which St. John wrote the Apocalypse is shown, and Icaria, where Icarus, flying too near the sun, fell into the sea—our tourists visited. In consequence of a revolt against the Turks in 1822, the island was invaded; 45,000 of its inhabitants were carried off as slaves, 25,000 were slain, 15,000 escaped penniless to other countries, and of 75,000 Greeks, not 2,000 were left. As an illustration of the wealth of classic art buried beneath the soil of these lands, our author mentions seeing on the beach of the Bosphorus a piece of statuary of the finest Greek period, which had been brought to Cyzicus as ballast, and then pitched ashore as of no further use.

Our tourists stopped also at Smyrna, where Polycarp was martyred, and went by rail to Sardis, one of the Seven Churches of Asia, and visited the ruins of Ephesus. Here were shown the ruins of the church of St. John, and close by his grave and that of the Virgin Mary.

Ephesus was one of the twelve Ionian cities of Asia Minor, and was said to have been founded by the Amazons, whose legend is connected with Artemis or Diana, the deity of Ephesus. The Romans made it the capital of the proconsular province of Western Asia, and the centre of a great commerce. Its rich territory, central situation, and the energy of the Greek population gave Ephesus great prosperity. Its chief glory was its magnificent temple of Diana, and the city did not fall into decay until the Goths destroyed the temple. The Ionian colonists found the worship of Diana established and the foundations of the temple laid. It was enlarged and seven times restored at the expense of all Asia. During the night on which Alexander the Great was born, in 356 B. C., this magnificent structure was burned to the ground by the caprice of a certain Erostratus, who avowed that he had no other object than to immortalize his name. While it was rebuilding Alexander offered to pay all the expense if he might be allowed to place his name upon it; but the Ephesians refused, and the temple was built by the people generally, the work extending over 220 years. It was 425 feet long and 220

feet wide, being the largest of the Greek temples, and four times as large as the Parthenon at Athens. It was magnificently decorated with sculptures by Praxiteles and a great painting by



FAIR HAVEN OF CRETE—ACTS XXVII. 8.

Apelles. The statue of Diana was of ivory, furnished with exquisitely wrought golden ornaments. The temple had the right of asylum, which extended to the land around it, and caused the city to be overrun with criminals until the limits were narrowed by Augustus. The medals of Ephesus under the emperors bore a

representation of the temple, which was counted one of the seven wonders of the world. It was still the most notable thing about the city when St. Paul preached there in the year 54. The commerce of the place attracted many Jews in apostolic times, and this led the Apostle Paul to found there a Christian church, and to remain there over two years. The Apostle John also lived in Ephesus, and addressed to the church there one of the messages in the Apocalypse. It was the resort of sorcerers and magicians, and the "Ephesian letters" were celebrated magical charms, even to the sixth century. Several Christian councils were held here; the most important of which was the assembly of the bishops of Asia, convoked in 196 to fix the day for the celebration of Easter. About A. D. 260 the city was sacked by the Goths, who burnt the temple. During the Byzantine period Ephesus was the see of an archbishop, but it dwindled in population, its port became choked, and its plains, from want of drainage and cultivation, unhealthy. In the thirteenth century it was alternately in the hands of the Mussulmans and their foes, but in 1308 fell finally under the Turks, and was held by one or another Turkish Sultan. The ancient city almost entirely disappeared before the modern era, even the site of the temple being lost, the ruins having been in great part carried away for the construction of later buildings, while the rapid formation of alluvial soil buried many beneath the surface. Several small Turkish villages occupy the ground, the most important of which is Ayasalook, 48 miles south of Smyrna by the railway to Aidin. The great theatre appears to have been large enough to contain 50,000 persons. It is here, probably, that St. Paul preached. Near the city is the grotto of the seven sleepers, who are said to have taken refuge here from the persecutions during the reign of Diocletian, and, falling asleep, to have waked two hundred years after and come into the city. The tradition was received by Mohammed and embodied in the Koran, and the cave is a place of pilgrimage with Moslems and Christians. The names of the seven sleepers, and also of the dog Ketmehr which slept with them, are reverenced throughout the East as of talismanic power. Not far from here tradition places the grave of St. John the Apostle.

Crete, now Candia, is one of the three great islands of the Mediterranean Sea, lying at nearly the same distance from each of the three quarters of the globe, but accounted a part of Europe, whose southern point it may be considered. It was celebrated from a very early period. Homer, in consequence of its large population, speaks of its hundred cities. A range of mountains stretching

east and west, and sending out spurs north and south, gives to the surface of the island an essentially hilly character, and determines its leading features of river, valley, and plain. The highest point, Mount Ida, famous in classic mythology, which in some parts is covered with perpetual snow, lies near the middle of the island, rising from its broadest part in the form of a cone. North-east from Ida, on the river Cairatos (hence Krete), lay Gnossos, the ancient city of Minos. Crete contained of old other distinguished towns. In Acts xxvii. 8, mention is made of Lasea, of which there is no other record. The same may be said of Phœnice

CRETE.

(12). Not far from Lasea was the port denominated "Fair Haven" (8), which is recognized in a bay still bearing a name of the same import.

Crete was in a special manner favoured by nature. These blessings were, however, abused; for the Cretans have come down to us with some discreditable epithets affixed on their character. From profane authorities we learn that the Cretans were accounted avaricious, luxurious, deceptive, and lying. Hence *to cretise* was used as signifying *to lie*. The facts throw light on the peculiar exhortations given of Paul to Titus in Crete, and particularly on the apostle's assertion, Titus i. 12.

Salamis is another of the storied "Isles of Greece," whose very name, with the adjacent Marathon, recalls heroic recollections—

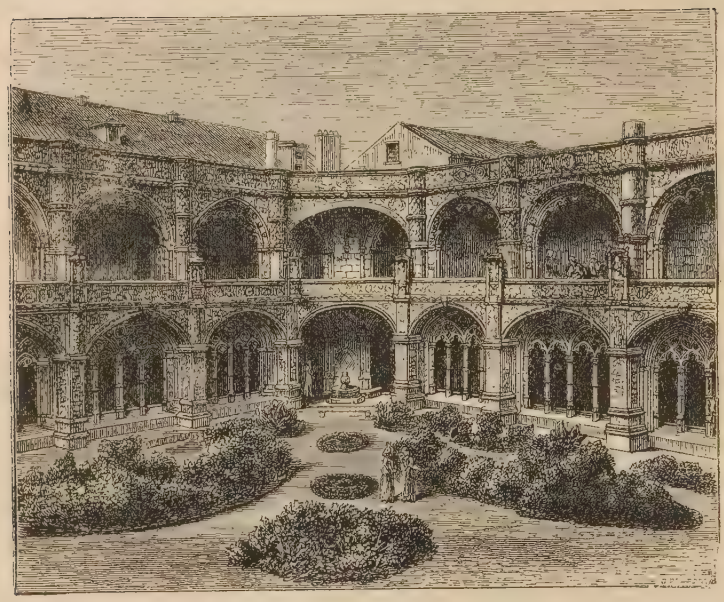
"The mountains looked on Marathon,
And Marathon looked on the sea."

The little island is famous as the birthplace of Solon and Euripides, but most of all for the great naval victory gained by the

SALAMIS.—ACTS XIII. 5.

Greeks, under Themistocles, over the fleet of Xerxes, twenty-three hundred years ago. The story still thrills our pulses like a clarion. To-day the golden sunshine falls, the sapphire seas expand, and the gentle waters of the placid bay reflect the shadows of the purple mountains and the lateen-sails of a fisherman's bark.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SPAIN.



CLOISTER GARDENS.

"Africa begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds,* and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. The hedges of cactus and prickly pears, narrow streets, and flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, heighten the illusion. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

Everywhere the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and the present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish

* "What! has the river run away, too?" asked the French troops when they entered Madrid. "Pour it into the Manzanares, it has more need of it than I," said a Spanish youth, fainting at a bull-fight, in quaint parody on Sir Philip Sidney, when a cup of water was handed him.

monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair.

What is the secret of this national decay? "Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, "is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the flames." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

Yet no one can travel through this now degraded land without stirrings of soul at its chivalric traditions and its famous history. For eight hundred years it fought the battles of Christendom against the Moor. The story of its knightly champion, the Cid Campeador, still stirs the pulses, and the tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. The Moorish architecture, with its graceful arabesques, horse-shoe arches, and fretted vaults, finds its culmination in the fairy loveliness of the Alhambra, the most exquisite ruin in Europe. The wonderful development of Saracenic influence in Spain is one of the most striking events in history. When the rest of Europe was sunken in ignorance, fair and flourishing cities—Cordova, Granada, Seville, Segovia, Toledo—with their famous mosques, colleges, palaces, and castellated strongholds, attested the splendour of the brilliant but short-lived exotic Mohammedan civilization of the land.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard has passed into a proverb. Even the railway porters address each other as "Your distinguished excellency," "Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II. appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

There are in Spain a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Borrows, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. Many of their women, with their lithe figures, sloe-black eyes, and ivory-white teeth, are exceedingly beautiful.

"Some few miles away from Madrid and its gaieties," writes Miss Annie E. Keeling, "there stands a gloomy, wonderful palace; not airily graceful and rich in fretted traceries and glowing mosaics, like the buildings in which the ancient Moorish masters of the realm delighted; but heavy, solid, frowning, like a monastery or a prison; imposing itself strongly on the land like a tyranny.

ESCORIAL.

This is the Escorial, built in gridiron-shape by Philip II. of Spain, in fulfilment of his vow to St. Lawrence, on whose day the battle of St. Quentin was won by Count Egmont for that most orthodox of all Catholic sovereigns.

"It is well that the favourite abode of a king unsurpassed among royal bigots for grim superstition should bear the name and the form of the instrument whereby a saint was tortured to death; for many were the saints of God who were sent by a rough and

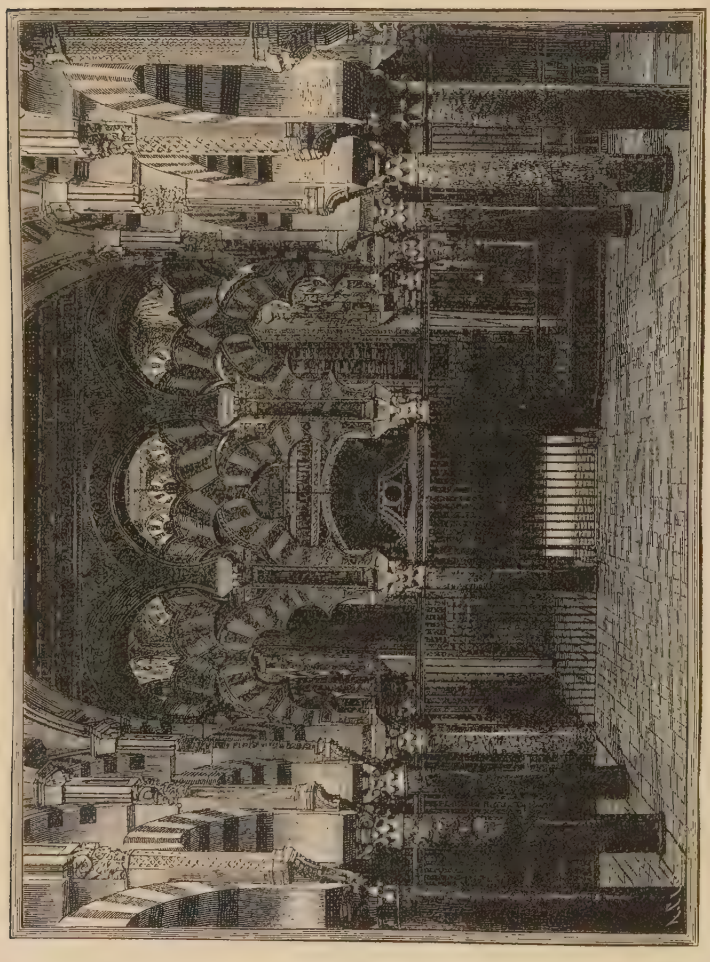
bloody road to heaven through the agency of Philip and his servants. Visitors whose curiosity leads them to inspect the Escorial, can find in it nothing of greater historic interest than a modest suite of rooms on the ground-floor, almost subterranean, in fact, and dimly lighted even at noon-day through their deep-set windows. This suite is composed of an ante-chamber, a cabinet, and a bedroom, the latter being so arranged that a person occupying a bed in it could look upon the altar in the adjacent chapel, and so participate in religious functions there proceeding. The antique furniture, costly but sombre and scanty, the writing-table in the cabinet, the devotional apparatus in the bedchamber, the very paintings on the wall, are such as they were well-nigh three hundred years ago. Some objects may have been removed, none have been added since, in the September of 1598, Philip, King of Spain, son and successor of the mighty emperor Charles V., having lived seventy-one years in this world and misgoverned many great, fair and rich dominions for forty-three of those years, died in these very rooms a death not like the death of other men.

"In the first days of his fatal sickness, Philip had caused himself to be transported to the Escorial; and there, in his favourite retirement, he lay for many a week, bearing horrible sufferings with unvarying gentleness and patience.

"For the conscience of this great persecutor was utterly at rest. During all his life he averred—during all those seventy-one years, so full of murders, treasons, falsehoods, private vice and public iniquity, to the eyes of his historians—King Philip had never wittingly done wrong to any one. If he had erred, if he had been betrayed into any one act of injustice, it was done ignorantly, through defect of judgment or of information. We cannot but stand appalled at the moral darkness revealed by this tremendous avowal, at the destructive influence exerted by a set of religious opinions which taught a sinful man to believe that those who resisted his authority incurred thereby a guilt so enormous that every form of injury—loss of means, of liberty, of life; cruel sufferings, unimaginable anguish—was but justice when employed against them, and could not be regarded as any wrong.

"Resting, then, on this conviction as on a couch of softest down, the King bore himself with marvellous sweetness and serenity toward all about him, and his fierce torments never wrung from him an impatient or angry word. Full time was granted him to meditate on his ways and prepare for the momentous change awaiting him. He employed it in a constant round of those ob-

servances which during all his life had replaced for him 'the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy.' He sent to Rome to obtain the Papal benediction; he made a detailed confession which lasted three days, receiving thereafter the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and from time to time while his life lasted



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

the rites were repeated, so that death should never overtake him while he was not 'fortified with all the rites of the Holy Church.' For the relics of saints this monarch had always a great devotion, and now comforted himself much with contemplating and handling these sacred objects, which he had been collecting diligently for years. Three fragments of bone, of peculiar sanctity, were

always kept in his sight on the altar, and he daily rubbed his sores with them, deeming them of higher healing efficacy than the most precious ointments. A human skull stood on a sideboard in his chamber, for a perpetual reminder of man's nothingness; to to make its mute teaching more impressive, the King bade that its fleshless temples should be encircled with a golden crown; and taking his own bodily humiliation for a text, he discoursed to his attendants and his heir on the transitory and frail tenure of worldly glory and bliss, and exhorted the prince who should reign after him to keep, *as he had done*, 'a conscience void of offence;' that he, too, might meet death with undismayed tranquillity. That he might more efficiently mortify his soul, the King busied himself in giving the minutest directions for his funeral, shrinking from no detail of that grim solemnity, inspecting the coffin prepared to hold his yet breathing body, and specifying with some anxiety what style of decoration should be employed for it, and what rich material should cover it as a pall. All these matters being settled, he turned with new earnestness to devotion; and being afresh strengthened by Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, he passed away, in amazing peace and composure of soul: his last action, while he remained conscious, having been to clasp and kiss the crucifix which had been held in the dying grasp of his imperial father.

"Were we ignorant of the previous tenor of King Philip the Second's life, did we but know him by the record, undoubtedly veracious, of his dying illness and last moments, we must judge of him as of the saintliest of Catholic men. In face of the portraiture which his own hand had drawn for us of his life-long conduct—for it is he himself who has written down Philip of Spain for the blackest of dissemblers and most ruthless of butchers, in the carefully-preserved State archives of his reign—we remain amazed and horror-struck at the judicial blindness which was the most terrible penalty of his heavy sins, and which held his dying eyes from seeing the handwriting of God's wrath against sin blazoned on his walls—in defeat, discomfiture, and ruinous calamity for the King—in almost unparalleled sufferings, inevitably avenging the sins of the man."

"If Cordova," writes Dr. Buckley, "were reduced to huts it would still command the respect, if not the reverence, of every intelligent member of the human race. It was founded two hundred and six years before Christ, and is the site of the first

Roman colony, then became the capital of 'ulterior Spain.' It was captured by the Goths in 572, and one hundred years afterwards by the Moors. The real glory of the city of Cordova is the cathedral, formerly a mosque. Probably it gives a better idea of

THE ALHAMBRA.

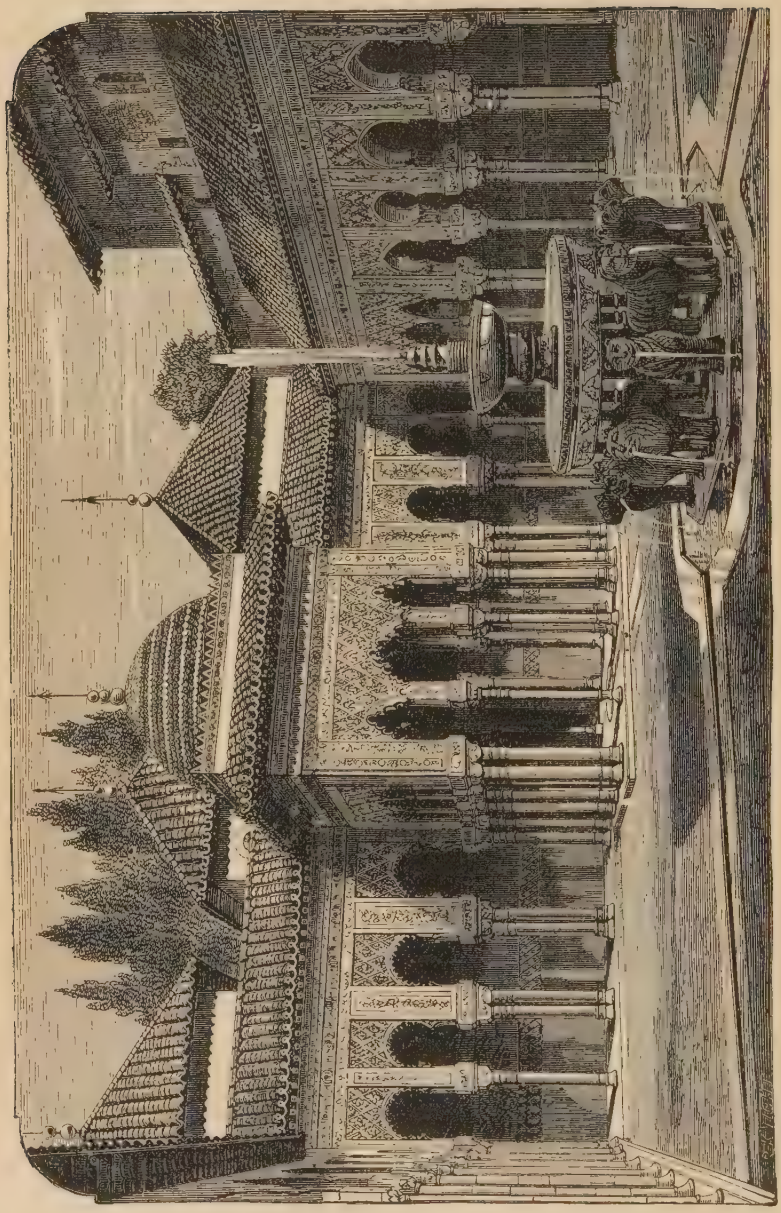
the grandeur of the ecclesiastical edifices erected by the Mohammedans than any other which can be seen in Europe. It was begun in 786, and finished in about ten years. It ranked among the Arabian mosques as third in sanctity. The entire area is six hundred and forty-two feet long by four hundred and sixty-two wide. On entering, the first impression is that of astonishment.

Twelve hundred pillars originally supported the roof, every one of a solid block of marble brought from various parts of the world—capitals and all, from different countries over which the Saracens had become rulers; some from Constantinople, Spain, France, and Carthage. Here can be seen every conceivable hue and kind of marble, and other suitable stones; pink and white marbles, dark brown, black streaked with white, pale yellow, jasper, blood red, green, and different colours of porphyry. About nine hundred and twenty columns still remain. The effect of the whole is unique. It has been well described as a roofed-in forest. In whichever direction one looks the rows are perfect. When the mosque was lighted on the great festivities, 10,805 lights were used. The mosque is almost as vast as the Escorial; but it is massive without being severe, original without monstrosity, elegant in its curves and profiles, and instead of making the impression of a huge stone quarry, slightly altered, it is obviously a happy combination of the gems of many a quarry.

"What must it have been when its roof was higher and glistening with gilding and vivid colours, and thousands of gold and silver lamps; when its walls were worked like lace, and looked like cashmere shawls illuminated from behind! And what must Cordova have been when it was the centre of riches and of the highest civilization of the age, with its vast university, its population of a million, its three hundred mosques, and nine hundred baths, and six hundred hotels!

"The Alhambra," continues Dr. Buckley, "is not one building, but many. In the deepest valley or the most gloomy desert on the globe, it would intoxicate and enthral; but its situation increases its fascination immeasurably. I doubt if the earth can show a grander natural setting for a more astonishing human creation.

"In approaching Granada, for more than sixty miles the scenery becomes most grand. The Sierra Nevada mountains rise to the south-east, attaining a height of nearly twelve thousand feet, while other ranges bound the horizon in every direction. The city is built on several hills, spurs of the Sierra Nevada, at a height of more than two thousand feet above the sea-level. Beneath is a magnificent valley, continually watered by rain and streams from the Sierras, the summits of which are above the snow-line. The ascent from the bed of the river Darro to the Alhambra is a steep climb by coach of nearly half an hour. The prospect is enrapturing. The long line of the Sierras, ever visible



COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

except when lost in the clouds; the valley smooth as a prairie, seventy miles in circumference, studded with 'villas and villages;' the river, like a thread of silver, winding through it, guarded, as Jerusalem, by the mountains that were round about it; and

Granada itself, with its picturesque white or gray stone houses, tile roofs, cathedral, churches, towers, private residences of varying height and forms. The Alhambra, both in what it is and in what it leaves for the imagination and requires of it, transcends not only the formulated expectations, but the vague, indefinable fancies of the mind.

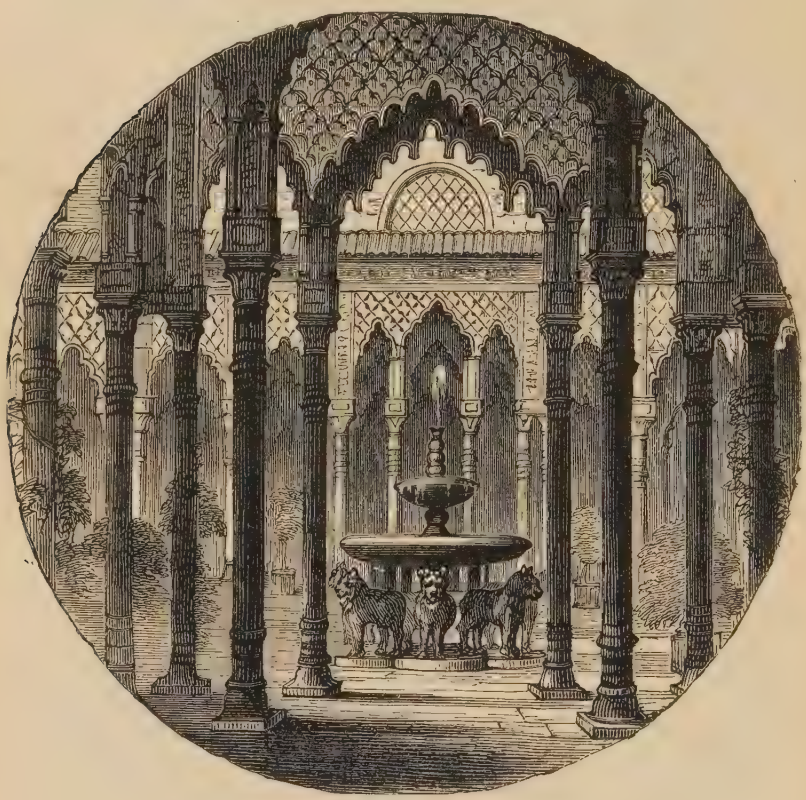
"Its external and internal aspects present a complete contrast. The Moors never cared much for the exterior, made it as plain as possible, in everything differing from the Greeks and Romans; but the interior revealed, as with a sudden burst of sunrise, a profusion and wealth of decoration which would alike astonish and captivate.

"From our hotel, built against the wall of the Alhambra, we entered the enclosure through the most wondrous scenery. Deep ravines on either hand, their sides filled with elm trees a hundred feet in height (presented by the Duke of Wellington), growing there for three-quarters of a century, interspersed with cherry trees which almost overtop them in height. Here and there streams of water, pure and translucent as rock crystal, burst from the mountain-side. These trees are the habitation of countless nightingales, which, at the proper seasons, make the slopes vocal.

"We entered by the Porch of Justice. Over the door-way the name of the founder is inscribed, with this Mohammedan prayer: 'May the Almighty make this a protecting bulwark and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just.' Over the outer arch a hand is sculptured; over the inner a key. The legend says that the Moors boasted that this gate would never open to the Christians 'till the hand took the key.' But the hand never took the key, and the Christians entered nevertheless. Then we passed through the fountains, baths, the Hall of Ambassadors, and the courts. The supports in some of the rooms and concealed, 'so that the apparent supports, thin pillars and cashmere, perforated fabric which seemed fairy-work, appear incapable of sustaining the roof.' Divans, alcoves, courts of oranges, gardens filled with tropical vegetation, in the midst of the building, with inscriptions from the Koran, such as 'There is no conqueror but Allah,' everywhere, the whole culminating in the Court of Lions, with its one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, supporting porticos on each side, transformed the Arabian Nights' entertainment into prose.

"The name *Alhambra* is mentioned for the first time after the Moors had been in power in Spain for one hundred and fifty

years. Its meaning was simply a 'Red Tower.' But no extraordinary edifice was erected until the time of Ibn-l-ahmar, in 1248. He enlarged the former edifices and erected an addition, which he intended should excel in grandeur the renowned palaces of Bagdad, Fez, and Damascus. His successors carried on the work, adding to the buildings, summoning the finest artists from all parts of the world, and giving them free access to his treasures.



LIONS' FOUNTAIN, ALHAMBRA.

"Here, then, we have the Alhambra, a fortress palace, in which an oriental monarch was to live, intended 'to awe the city below with the forbidding exterior of power, to keep out heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and to keep in women.'

"The Alhambra is not one house, but many. Like the Kremlin, in Moscow, it is an enclosure, a half mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, but of irregular confines. The Alhambra, as the word is generally used, occupies a very small part of it. The hill is

surrounded by walls thirty feet high and six feet thick, but as it is on the hill-side these walls do not shut out the view from it. It is cut off from the mountain by an artificial ravine.

"Mr. Richard Ford, who lived for a year within the Alhambra, says: 'To understand the Alhambra it must be visited often and alone; at night, when the moon floats above it in the air like its crescent symbol, the tender beam tips the filigree arches, a depth is given to the shadows and a misty, undefined magnitude to the salons beyond, * * * then, in proportion to the silence around, does the fancy and imagination become alive. The shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the form of the dusky Moor as, dressed in his silken robes, he comes to lament over the profanation of the Infidel and the devourment by the destroyer.'"

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
And in the stillness, growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

They enter softly; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life:
We bid them welcome to their vacant places;
They won the peace and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they trod:
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words and looks of cold disdain:
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother:
Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.,
President of Toronto Conference.

II.

Mr. Gooderham began to speak late in life, but he developed into one of the readiest and most effective speakers to be found among the laity of our churches. His services were in demand in all the churches. His addresses were plain, forcible, straightforward, direct, searching, sympathetic, and adapted to the heart-wants of the people. In the day of the Lord how many will own him as the instrument under God in leading them to Christ! Said a gentleman to a mutual friend, "Four years' ago I first met Mr. Gooderham. What he said then led me to immediate decision for Christ. Since that time I have never seen him on the street, or read his name in the newspaper, without its being an inspiration to me." He was instant in season and out of season; he pressed as much as possible into every day, adopting the watchword of the Saviour, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." The favourite text upon which he preached was: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." He felt like redeeming the closing years of his life and filling them brimful with service, because of his years of inactivity. It was like writing an epistle in which we commence with making the letters large and the lines wide, but as we proceed we find there is so much to say in the diminishing space that we crush the words and lines together as close as possible, to crowd in all that we desire to express. He had allowed so many years of his past life to go unimproved that he gave himself to untiring effort and "patient continuance in well-doing."

He took a broad and general interest in business matters, as well as in the things that accompany salvation. He was at the time of his death a Director in the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, the British American Insurance Company, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Great North-Western Telegraph Company, and other business enterprises. He was "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The conviction was upon him "I must work," and he never slackened until he dropped with the harness on.

He was rich, but as the Editor of *Saturday Night* has well put it, "he seemed to administer his estate as if it were the Lord's, and dying, left it to do the greatest possible good." The use of money is one of the surest tests of Christian character. Mr. Gooderham never clutched after money simply to hold it or to squander it on himself. He lived without ostentation and without covetousness, and used his wealth as a golden trowel by which to build up structures for the good of his fellows and for the honour of God.

He might have built up a colossal fortune, but he realized that he was a trustee for the Lord, and should use his abundance in ministering to the comfort of those around him. Few men were so ready to listen with open mind and generous spirit to the appeals of charity. We have no conception of the frequency and abundance of his bestowments for the causes of charity and the fairest enterprises of religion. There was a constant stream of applicants to his home, and he was ready with open ear and warm heart to listen to every appeal for money. He gave abundantly, variously, perpetually and unostentatiously of his means toward every good cause. Oh, if our rich men in all the churches were as ready to give in such proportion of their abundance as Mr. Gooderham was during his life, how many hundreds of places, now barren and desert for lack of Christian ministrations, would rejoice and blossom as the rose. His public benefactions are as monuments to his noble beneficence; but his private benefactions are only known in the hearts and homes where they are held in grateful remembrance. The remark of the afflicted Mrs. Yeomans, who had received much kind consideration from Mr. Gooderham, on hearing of his death, "I have lost one of my best friends," would also find a response in many a heart.

And what a noble will he left behind him! How generous, and what a grand reflex of his life! His property not used to aggrandize his family or to be applied to private interests and the gratification of luxurious tastes, but to irrigate the land with streams of blessing. Scarcely a charitable institution in the city was overlooked. His bequests to the cause of higher Christian education alone shows how deeply seated in his breast was his love and loyalty to Christ and His Church. It is no small thing to contribute to the establishment or endowment of an institution of learning that shall go on with ever-increasing usefulness, sending forth students whose earnest and consecrated lives shall ennoble every department of human activity and hasten the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom. The founders of these great schools of sacred learning shall live in honoured memory as long as the

earth endures. It was fondly hoped that his decease, a removal which came upon us with a feeling of suddenness and surprise, would, in the providence of God, heal the great division and end the unseemly strife which has agitated the Church on the question of the federation of Victoria with our national University. But the fact that this munificent bequest is regarded as available either for Independence or for Federation, has revived the hope that a highly equipped denominational University can be established in Toronto. One thing is certain, the matter of location is settled, and henceforth the only question to be decided is, Federation or Independence in Toronto—which?

Knowing, as I do, Mr. Gooderham's views on this question, that an opportunity had come which would not soon come again, for us to take our share in the inheritance of a common University, and to help to give tone, influence and Christian impress to the future education of this land, and that this scheme served to reconcile the breadth and freedom of the State Institution with the moral safety of our young men and their loyalty to the Church, I am free to say that his wishes would be best carried out by putting Victoria College in the park and organizing a collective Methodist life about our national University.

There was another outstanding feature in the character of this great-hearted man, and that was his deep practical sympathy with the unfortunate and struggling, the laborious and suffering. It is one thing to give money, it is quite another thing to give time, thought and heart to the rude and ignorant; to be hands and feet to men, teaching them to work, lifting up before them a higher standard and a larger manhood, making their sufferings less painful and their poverty more hopeful. As an illustration of his work among the lapsed classes. He obtained from a friend $5.00 for a suffering family, and then persuaded him to accompany him to their wretched abode. The filth, the air, the surroundings, were too much for the friend, and after they had talked and prayed with the household and found their way out of the stifling and unhealthy quarters, he said to Mr. Gooderham, "William, this is too bad, you will never catch me in such a place as that again. I do not mind giving $5.00 when you want it for such purposes, but don't ask me to go along with you, and don't go yourself; you will contract some infectious disease; you are risking your life." What cared he so long as he could help his brother man. If the code of medical honour requires that at any risk a physician should use his skill in the service of those who are sick and send for him, is it any wonder that a true Christian should be ready to imperil life itself to lift up the fallen and ready to perish?

Only a few weeks before his death, when we were talking together in his beautiful home, glancing around, he said, "I have made up my mind to sell this place, I do not feel right in keeping up such an establishment when there is so much suffering and poverty around." I answered, "Mr. Gooderham, you will make a mistake. This house is not a bit too large for you nor too well furnished. It is consecrated by precious memories; you would not feel at home in any other house. How could you leave a room in which your precious wife was a sufferer for so many years and from which she went home to heaven. Besides," I said, "it is an open house; it is free to the poorest and humblest. Think how many servants of God you have cheered and strengthened by your hospitality here. Do not sell your home." The tears were in his eyes; we little thought that so soon the question would be decided for him by his removal to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Royal home of a royal man! I never pass it without thinking how much food has gone out of this mansion for the sick; how much raiment for the naked; how much bounty for the widow, the orphans, the friendless, and those in circumstances of embarrassment. How open were its doors; how free as the air for his fellow-men to come in. As was said at the memorial service: "Let the world have ten thousand more such men and there would be less difficulty between the employer and the employee, less difficulty between capital and labour."

His departure was sudden; one touch of the Divine hand and "He was not, for God took him." He lived in constant preparedness for death. Beneath his well-girded working-dress he wore the well-guarded wedding-dress, and was ready to drop his work and meet his Lord. At the close of the day on which he died he was unusually weary, and said before leaving his home, "I am very tired, but will have an eternity to rest in by-and-by. Oh, won't it be grand when we all get home."

> "It matters not at what hour of the day
> The Christian falls asleep, Death cannot come
> To him untimely, who is fit to die;
> The less of this cold world the more of heaven."

He had not time even to utter a dying testimony: but, as Dr. Punshon said of another, "His life was his testimony." Character is of more consequence than speech. When Mr. Wesley was asked "If you knew you were going to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" He answered, "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning.

After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, to preach in the afternoon, and meet the Societies in the evening. I should then repair to the house of friend Martin, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commit myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." This is the true ideal of a Christian life, because it makes living everything and dying comparatively nothing. Dying is easy enough; dying will take care of itself if we attend to the living.

There was an abruptness in the termination of his earthly career. The last stages of his life were the richest, the noblest, the best of all, and new possibilities of work and of usefulness seemed opening up before him. There are few deaths in which there is no feeling of something interrupted, something unfinished, something unfulfilled. But when a man of tender sympathies, true affections, lofty purposes and aims, full of noble philanthropy and a many-sided activity, who lives not for himself but for the good of others and in devotion to Christ; when such a man is suddenly cut off there is a sense of incompleteness, of something still to be done that can never more be done, a life that is not full-orbed and finished. Yet he has not left his work undone. The individual life at best is but the fragment of a larger whole, and has no completeness in itself. We spend our years gathering knowledge, and die just as we are prepared to live. We learn how to live nobler and better lives, and then pass on. Though, no doubt, it may not seem so to us, this life was rounded into completeness, and that in the Master's presence His servant can say, "I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." They rest, but the works follow on. The good set in motion does not die when they die. Goodness perpetuates itself; there is something which appeals to the gratitude of men, their generous sentiments, all that is best in them. There is universal sympathy with men who seek the good of their fellows; their memories do not sink below the horizon out of sight; they exert a subtle invisible power which is ever working on for blessing. William Gooderham is not dead. His words, his thoughts, his deeds live on in the lives and character of those who knew him.

> "Can that man be dead
> Whose spirit-influence is felt upon
> His kind? He lives in glory, and his speaking dust
> Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

A pure, strong, steady light has been suddenly withdrawn, but

he has left behind him a track of glory along which others will follow, even as he followed Christ. His body has been laid away in the family vault, but there is built for him a mausoleum, not of fretted stone, but of living hearts—the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands who knew and loved him. Farewell, dear and honoured friend. We shall not see thy strongly marked face nor hear thy well-known voice again—never again, till the eternal morning dawns, and we shall wake in the likeness of Him "who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God."

The following beautiful poem is a fitting tribute of affection to this saintly man.

IN MEMORY OF MR. WM. GOODERHAM.

"Entered into Rest," September 12, 1889.

At home! safe home! the angels wake the melody of heaven,
While to the blood-washed throng, another soul is given—
The gold harps ring
The angels sing,
They tell the same old story;
And welcome home,
No more to roam,
An heir of God and glory.

At home! safe home with her he loved—forever and forever,
They sit beneath the tree of life, they walk beside the river;
Oh! happy land,
Where God's own hand
Shall join our lives in one—
Where heart from heart
No more shall part,
And sorrow's days are done.

At home! safe home! not merely saved, but an abundant greeting,
With those he won for Jesus' crown, oh! what a joyful meeting—
A work well done
Souls nobly won,
And now he stands victorious
Before the throne,
"Saved" not "alone,"
His rest shall be all glorious.

Lord, give us help so now to work, that when our call shall come,
We may but lay our banner down and gladly enter home—
Henceforth each day
Along our way,
We'll serve Thee by Thy grace,
And others sing
To love our King
Till we see Him face to face.

—*Katie A. Clarke.*

CHRISTMAS.

BY THE REV. W. A. VROOMAN.

"This is the month and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace."

—*Milton.*

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
'Peace on earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

—*R. Sears.*

"MERRIE CHRISTMAS!" These words express the spirit of the season. They spring gaily from the lips of the millions of America, and floating across the oceans join the joyous exclamations of multitudes on every continent, till every breeze that blows bears upon its bosom the burden of a song—"Merrie Christmas!" Now, memories awake, in hearts grown old, of days long past, the days of happy childhood. Now, fall the tears of "Rachel weeping for her children," for the angel of death has come and taken the darlings of the household to a fairer land; and the home is dreary on Christmas morning without their childish, gleeful prattle. Now, humanity puts forth its fairest flowers, and strives to realize in experience that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The merriment of the gift-laden children reminds us of the joy of the herald angels and of the words, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The love, which shows itself in the good wishes and tokens of esteem, makes Christmas a prophecy of the golden age to come, when all men shall continually rejoice before the Lord, when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, when the desert shall blossom as the rose, and the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad; when no man shall say to his neighbours "Know ye the Lord," for all shall know Him, and His great law of love shall be inscribed on all hearts and obeyed in all lives.

The celebration of Christmas festivities is not, as all know, of Bible origin. In fact, much uncertainty shrouds the days of their birth. But practically, we are little affected with question of their first institution; and when we learn that the first traces of them are found during the reign of that disgraceful tyrant, Commodus, in the latter part of the second century, we are satisfied that they are recommended by venerable antiquity.

Christmas is ostensibly the anniversary and celebration of the birth of Christ; and in it the secular and religious are strangely blended, the former usually quite eclipsing the latter. How often it seems as though the word "Santaclausmas" would be a more appropriate name! The mythical and mysterious donor of the good things of the season is often given more prominence than the historical Christ, whose birth is the real occasion of the festivities. Notwithstanding this tendency, how inspiring is the appearance of Christendom, in its pride of civilization and culture, standing in reverence before the cradle of the once despised Nazarene! The inner circle of worshippers is composed of humble shepherds from the plains of Bethlehem, and near them are bowing the wise men of the East, with the gifts of their wealth; around these are standing the twelve apostles, whose zeal was undiminished under the terrors of martyrdom. Each century is represented by a host of believers, who were rescued from the darkness of heathendom and the eternal misery of death. As the centuries increase the hosts are multiplied. Surely the little one has grown to be a thousand. On the outer margin of this vast conclave of souls, we of this generation stand as living witnesses of a living Lord, taken from every people and nation under the sun. We stand as millions of monuments of the grace of God, gazing in mute meditation upon the multitude before us, who prepared the world for our coming, mingling their blood with the blood of their Master, that we might be free from the thraldom of tyranny, ignorance, and sin.

It has been customary among nearly all nations to set apart certain days or seasons for special festivities and rejoicings in memory of some religious or secular events. Those most familiar to us are doubtless the Jewish festivals—the Sabbath, the Passover, the Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles; of these, the Passover is in its meaning the most nearly allied to our Easter season, and the Feast of the Tabernacles reminds us somewhat of Christmas rejoicing.

The nature of religious rites and festivals of a nation may be taken here, broadly speaking, as the outward representation of the religious spirit pervading the nation. The gorgeous pageantry

of sensuous Oriental idolatry, and the exhibitions of physical and intellectual skill in the games of the West, alike stand strongly contrasted with the simple and homely celebration of the Christian Christmas. We see in the great annual Christian festival the reflection of the Gospel of peace with God and good-will to men; whilst in heathen festivals the vain strivings of man to satisfy the hunger of his religious nature with ceremonial magnificence are plainly manifested.

From among peoples brought up among the traditions and educated to enjoy the seductive pleasures and hilarious worship of paganism, and the almost equally gorgeous rites of Judaism, the first of Christian converts came forth, as champions of the simple, child-like, spiritual worship of God, whose character had been revealed in Jesus Christ. During the early ages of the Church, however, we find her more and more compromising with heathen formality in the introduction of many ceremonies into Christian worship which were of heathen origin. Thus, the Romans had a favourite annual festival called the *Saturnalia*, and this grotesque masquerade of society, in the face of the solemn anathemas of the Fathers and Councils, kept its place among the Christian masses. It was called in different places and at different times by various names, of which the commonest is—The Feast of Fools. The circumstances of its observance were almost infinitely varied, but it was everywhere marked by the same boisterous drollery and coarseness. The donkey played a frequent part in this pageant, and in every instance there was a greater or less attempt at dramatic representation, the theatre being usually the chief church of the city. A boy-bishop was elected with boy-abbots, boy-deacons, etc. He conducted service in the church, interspersing the liturgical acts with parodies and buffooneries of the coarsest description. It was not until the revival of pure religion at the time of the Reformation that these irreverent travesties were suppressed. This grotesque festival but illustrates the vast influence exerted over the Church by the traditions and festivals of heathen nations.

From the riotous revelry of the heathen festivals, the great Fathers of the Church sought to lead the people to a holy *spiritual* rejoicing at the seasons of the Christian festivals, and taught that the joy of these seasons should pervade the entire year. Chrysostom says:

"Our first feast is that of Christmas. What is the object of this feast? That God appeared on earth and walked with men. But this is for all times, for He said: 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' We can, therefore, celebrate Christmas at all times."

Leo the Great, Bishop of Rome, in 440 A. D., spoke as follows at a Christmas festival:

"Our Saviour was born to-day that we might rejoice; for no mourning is admissible, when that life is born which destroys the fear of death and pours into our hearts the joy of a promised eternity. No one is excluded from participation in this joy; for our Lord, the destroyer of death and sin, when He found no one free from guilt, came to free all. Let the saint triumph, because he hastens to receive the crown of victory; let the sinner rejoice, because he is invited to the forgiveness of sins: let the heathen be awakened, because he is called to life."

Augustine, at another Christmas festival, said:

"Rejoice, ye righteous, this is the birthday of the Justifier; rejoice, ye weak and sick, this is the birthday of the Saviour; rejoice, ye prisoners, this is the birthday of the Redeemer; rejoice, ye slaves, it is the birthday of the Lord: rejoice, ye freemen, it is the birthday of the Liberator; rejoice, all ye Christians, it is the birthday of Christ."

There appears to be no reason for asserting that Christmas is a festival of heathen origin. It appears to be a spontaneous outgrowth of a desire among Christians to celebrate upon one day of each year the birth of their Redeemer. As the exact date of His birth was unknown, entire liberty of choice was given as to the day which should be dedicated for that purpose. The 25th day of December was chosen, and not casually or arbitrarily does the choice appear to have been made.

Among the causes which co-operated in securing this date, perhaps one of the most powerful was the fact that the winter solstice occurred about this time. Almost all nations regarded this period as the most sacred of the year. This time of the shortest day was often called the birthday of the sun, from which time he increased in power and brilliancy until the summer solstice was attained. It was the beginning of renewed life and activity in nature, and it is easy to see how the superstitious ignorance of the ancient peoples would look upon this change in the sun's apparent course with peculiar awe and veneration. At this season the Germans and Celts held their great Yule feast in commemoration of the fiery sun-wheel. The analogy which this "birthday of the sun" bore to the birthday of the "Sun of Righteousness" was evidently remarked by the early Christians. As the one marked the dawn of a new summer, with its blossoms and harvests, so the other marked the dawn of a new era in the spiritual history of men. From the shortest day the sun began to increase in power and brilliancy unto the perfect summer, and in this they saw an analogy to Christ, whose light in the world's darkness, from His

birth, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. This analogy and the already prevailing sanctity of the season exerted a strong influence in deciding the date of Christmas.

In addition to this, the Romans celebrated their great festival of the Saturnalia from the 17th to the 24th of December. Saturn, a mythical king of Italy, was regarded as the most ancient of the divinities, and his reign was considered the golden age of Italy. It was said that he introduced agriculture, civilization and morality among the barbarous tribes. In memory of this mythical golden age, the recollection of which lingers among all races of fallen man, the Romans held their great festival. It was a "harvest-home," after the fruits of the year had been gathered in and the populace was free to join in jocund ceremonies, merriment, and festivity. There was an intermixture of all ranks upon equal terms, and an interchange of presents among friends. All social distinctions, for one week, were broken down. The slave reclined on his master's seat and his master waited on him. The distance between freeman and slave was, for a brief interval, removed. Fun, joviality and good fellowship were supposed to reign during the week; and at the close was the children's festival, at which they received presents of little earthenware figures.

Here Christianity found a point of contact with what was noblest and best in heathen mythology. The golden age, the mild paternal reign of old Saturn, the spirit of thankfulness for the harvest, the breaking down of social distinctions, the general good-fellowship of the people, all combined to make the period of this festival a happy one for the transition from heathen to Christian rejoicing. These influences, probably concurring with others, led to the choice of our present Christmas season; and many of the customs of other festivals held at the same season, passed naturally and easily into the celebration of the Christians; of which might be enumerated the burning of lights, the giving of presents, the children's feast, and the burning of the Yule log; and the Christian world, recognizing their innocency, has never found reason for their exclusion.

Of all the celebrations of the world the anniversary of the birth of Christ should be the most joyous. For Him the centuries had been preparing, and while the religious spirit of man was weary in the search for Truth, men were universally looking for some mysterious event to occur, when the problems of human life and destiny would receive satisfactory solution. All religious systems which could be devised by human ingenuity and art had proved their inability to ameliorate the moral condition of the race. The world was standing giddy upon the brink, and ready

to reel into an unfathomable precipice of ruin. The nations were smitten by the blasting simoons of vice, and were perishing in their iniquities under the curse of God. Yet, the inextinguishable instincts of the human heart, which feels after God, even in the midst of universal pollution, uttered, in various forms, most pathetic prayers to the great Creator for salvation.

Canon Farrar says of this period:

"Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, and impurity rioted in the heart of society, which knew of no other means by which to break the monotony of its weariness or alleviate the anguish of its despair. Speaking of this age, I need but make a passing allusion to its enormous wealth, its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances both of infidelity and superstition."

Amid the crumbling ruins of ancient mythologies, amid the widespread consternation and scepticism of a hopeless world, amid universal self-indulgence and unbridled licentiousness, there appeared at times a mighty yearning after God and a holier, happier manner of life.

"The desire for salvation had come out more distinct and purer from its various mythological evolutions, and the Greco-Roman world had abundantly proved its own incapacity to satisfy that desire. Fallen man had never lost for a single day his sense of the need of pardon and reparation, as is shown by the multitude of sacrifices and the smoke of the holocausts rising to heaven on all sides, and uttering an inarticulate cry for mercy. This desire was, indeed, dim and undefined. Though it was present in all classes of society, it lay buried deep in the heart; and only the leaping sparks now and again betrayed the hidden fire. It was never fully realized until the religion of Christ had come; for great religious movements not only satisfy the cravings of which humanity is conscious, but make manifest to it its deeper needs. This explains the rapidity of the early conquests of Christianity in the pagan world. If it met with opposition no less strong and determined than the welcomes which it won, this was because the masses were too deeply corrupted not to hate the revealing light. This terrible corruption of the Greco-Roman world, at the time when the greatest revolution of history was about to be effected, is only another proof that the fulness of the time had come."*

In response to the widespread desire and anticipations of heathendom, from the banks of the sacred Ganges to the waters of the mighty Atlantic; in response to the long-deferred Messianic hopes of Judaism; God sent, on that first Christmas morning, His only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believes on Him

* Pressensè, "Anc. World and Christ," p. 455.

might not perish but have everlasting life. To the Babe of Bethlehem all ancient history converges, and from Him all modern history takes its organization and law. He, in the words of Richter, "with His pierced hand raised up empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages." The blessings of the advent of the Lord are not confined to the spiritual and religious sphere, but overflow into all departments of human nature and activity.

Hence the singular mingling of the secular and religious in commemorating His birth. For what He has done to improve the temporal condition of our race, as well as for His revelation of God's character and law, and for His atonement for our sins, we, at this season, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"He set before the conscience an ideal so sublime, and yet so truly human, that it satisfied, and even surpassed, man's highest aspirations. His soul, like a pure mirror, reflected the image of God, as at once the High and Holy One and our heavenly Father. Nor did He only bring God near to man in this new and tender relation; He also reconciled man to God, making peace by the blood of His cross. Though He was put to death by the hands of men, who could not endure the presence of such awful holiness, yet He died for man, and saved him by His dying, offering to God, as man's representative, the true atoning sacrifice of love—the full, living surrender of heart and life and will, sealed by His blood. The Deliverer is at length come! He, for whom the old Chaldean was yearning, when with terror-stricken conscience, he used the incantation to his seven demons, and weeping for his sins, called upon a God whom He knew not. The Deliverer is come! whom Egypt dimly foresaw when she spoke in words which she understood not, of a God who was wounded in all the wounds of His creatures. The Deliverer is come! for whom the India of the Vedas panted when she lifted her eyes for a moment above her Pantheism by the intuition of a Holy God One who could satisfy the burning thirst for pardon, which none of the springs of her own religion could avail to quench. The Deliverer is come! He who can have compassion on the sufferer and oppressed, without plunging Himself and the whole world into the Buddhist sea of annihilation. The Deliverer is come! He whom Greece had prefigured at Delphi and at Eleusis -the God who saves because He has suffered. The Deliverer is come! He who was foretold and foreshadowed by the holy religion of Judea; which was designed to free from every impure element, the universal aspiration of mankind. He has come to obey, to love, to die, and by dying to save."*

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

RAT PORTAGE, Ont.

*Pressensè, "Anc. World and Christ," p. 469.

ENVIRONMENT AND RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JOHN McLEAN, PH.D.

The rapid extension of the kingdom of the Nazarene, its acceptance by some tribes of men and rejection by others, has caused students of missions to inquire concerning the causes of the different attitudes of races and communities toward the superior religion. At first sight it seems strange that one tribe should eagerly embrace the teachings of the Divine Book, and another, removed two hundred miles distant, should persistently refuse to accept the same truths. Yet there are causes which time, patience and devotion can overcome. It is a well recognized fact, that the physical features of a country wherein a race of people is located have much to do in developing the individual members, and the race as a whole. The people who dwell in a thickly wooded country differ from those who live on inland rivers. The stunted Eskimo and Lapp are not to be compared to the stalwart Indians of the plains. Geographical position and climate exert powerful influences in producing a progressive or retrogressive civilization. Tribes physically and intellectually well developed are not found in the remote places of the earth. War, famine, or crime has driven the cowardly, weak, or immoral to seek a shelter out of the reach of their enemies.

When comparing savage races and their characteristics, we are unable to push our study to its utmost conclusions from lack of data, as their history is unwritten, save in their languages and arts. Yet we can gather sufficient from their languages, mythology, traditions, native religions and arts, to give us true ideas as to the influences which geographical position and climate exert upon the minds of peoples in their relation to Christian missions. In the study of the Indian races of the American continent, a striking difference in development, physical, mental, and moral, and in their attitude toward Christianity in any form, when first presented to them, will be found between the Indians of the forest, the coast, the mountains, the prairie and the inland rivers.

The Blackfeet of the plains are tall, with well proportioned bodies, but their arms and limbs lack muscular strength, elasticity and form; the Mountain Stony is short of stature, lithe in form, and active in his movements, and the Chinook Indians, on the rivers, are short, stout, and heavy. The place of residence creates its own peculiar kind of labour, which acts upon the mental power of the individual, and upon his morality.

The study of a single nation will reveal the influence of environment upon labour, and the civilization resulting therefrom. The grandeur of the sea produced the adventurous Norse rovers, and the daring Venetians. The mountainous scenery of Switzerland, Wales and Scotland nursed a race of heroes and bards, and subsequently of eloquent preachers and people famed for their intelligence and thrift. The language and literature of a mountain people is grand and rugged, presenting a striking contrast to the mellow tones and gentle strains of the famous Troubadours of the sunny plains of Provence. Some countries are better adapted than others for developing a high state of mental activity. The resources of land and sea which bound the residence of a tribe determine the kinds of labour in which they shall engage. These necessarily act upon their intellectual development and morals. Labour requiring energy and daring will create corresponding mental excitement and moral courage; while idleness, or a desultory kind of toil, will beget debasing appetites, bestial thoughts, and a listlessness toward a spiritual life.

The Chinook Indians lived for a time in a wild section of country where their food was berries and grasshoppers pounded together, and their abject condition made them cowardly and sensual in the extreme. That kind of labour which necessitates the constant use of the reasoning faculties will prepare a tribe for thinking upon matters of religion. This may result in its acceptance or rejection, according to the ability of the religious messenger, or the motives which prompt the tribal leaders to admit the approach of the missionary.

The reception of Christianity by different Indian tribes will be seen to depend somewhat upon the influence of country and climate, as related to labour, mental activity, morals, and native religion, making all due allowance for the hindrances arising from inefficient religious teachers, and the advantages resulting from isolation and excellent food.

The Indian tribes of the Dominion may be conveniently divided into five classes, namely: Forest, Coast and Island, Mountain, Prairie, and Inland River Indians.

The Hurons and Iroquois, when first met by Jacques Cartier, dwelt in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. Subsequently they went westward to the region of the lakes, and lived within the area embraced by Ontario and the western part of the State of New York. Though at that time separate tribes and allied races, they were bitter enemies, and for a long term of years waged deadly war against each other. Dwelling in palisaded towns, they still belonged to the class which I have named—Forest

Indians. The Iroquois were tall, proud, and energetic, fitly called by Parkman, "the Indian of Indians." Morgan, in his "League of the Iroquois," says of them: "They achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organization, and acquired a higher degree of influence than any other race of Indian lineage, except those of Mexico and Peru. Under their federal system the Iroquois flourished in independence, and were capable of self-protection long after the New England and Virginian races had surrendered their jurisdictions and fallen into the condition of dependent nations; and they now stand forth upon the canvas of Indian history, prominent alike for the wisdom of their civil institutions, their sagacity in the administration of the league, and their courage in its defence."

The Hurons were a "patrician order of savages," fitful in temper, superstitious in religion, and terrible in war. The attitude of this "typical race of American aborigines" toward Christianity will present one phase of the subject under consideration. The Hurons were taught Roman Catholic Christianity by the Jesuit missionaries, under the guidance of Brebeuf and Lalemant, and the spiritual teachers laboured for a long time before there were any permanent results.

The influence of the French under Champlain, the missionary-soldier, on the side of the Hurons against the Iroquois, prepared the way for religious instruction. Success in war was of greater consequence to them than the religion of the pale-face, but if they could gain the former, they were willing to adopt the latter. The sensuousness of the native religion appealed to their minds with stronger force than the truths taught by the priests. They found nothing in the new religion to replace the "medicine" of the old. The wretchedness and poverty induced by frequent wars broke the power of the Hurons; and the missionaries, by nursing the sick, feeding the hungry, teaching incessantly by precept and example, at length won the affections of the people and gained adherents to the cross.

Isaac Jogues, the founder of the "Martyr's Mission" among the Iroquois, after many months of intense suffering, trod the way of the cross, and went home to God. As he entered the wigwam of an Iroquois chief, in obedience to a summons, the swift stroke of a tomahawk smote him to the ground, and his red-handed parishioners rejoiced in his death. The story of this pious Jesuit and his mission, as told in Withrow's "Adventures of Isaac Jogues," reads like a thrilling romance.

Not till war had weakened the Iroquois, and laid their hearts on the ground, did they accept the teachings of their spiritual

advisers. The strength of intellect that devised the wonderful political organization of this race should have caused them to examine the new religion for themselves, but there were reasons for postponing its acceptance. They were a race of warriors, who devoted all their energy to gaining a superiority over other tribes. They loved intensely their native religion, and the "medicine men" opposed the new religion, as they foresaw the loss of prestige and power. Bloody warfare does not prepare the hearts of men for spiritual meditation; and the history of the introduction of Christianity among the Huron-Iroquois by the Jesuits strongly enforces this truth.

The Coast and Island Indians, although addicted to many barbarous customs, are possessed of considerable power of intellect. Living near the sea, and constant adventurous toil to gain a livelihood, increase and sustain this mental power. Sir George Simpson wrote concerning the Indians of British Columbia, residing near Fort Simpson, that they were very clever and ingenious. They carved steamers, animals and many other objects very neatly in stone, wood and ivory, imitating, in short, everything that they saw, either in reality or in drawings. One man had prepared very accurate charts of most parts of the adjacent shores.

Large quantities of salmon are caught by the coast tribes, and were they to engage in this kind of work in order to get sufficient for food only, there would follow periods of idleness and mental inertia. They have, however, sought other kinds of labour, making oil from the oolachan and dogfish, and working in saw-mills and canneries. When the natives first came in contact with the teachers of Christianity, their wars, prevailing superstitious practices, and opposition from the "medicine-men," presented a strong obstacle to the new doctrines. The missionaries employed the Chinook jargon for a time, only to discard it as useless for the purpose of teaching religious truth. Assiduously studying the native languages, they preached, worked and lived heroically, and the artistic natives gradually pondered over, and finally accepted, the Gospel. The different denominations engaged in Christianizing the natives of British Columbia have been eminently successful in their labours. Whilst not detracting in the least from the honours due these earnest and worthy teachers of the faith, their success, in part, follows from the influence of country and climate.

The Mountain Tribes introduce to us a people with environment and mode of life entirely different from those that have been mentioned. Feelings of reverence and awe take possession of the

soul when contemplating the eternal hills of God. The grandeur of the hills, however, implies hard toil for the Indian. Hunting on foot, climbing the slippery slopes, is excellent exercise, inducing good digestion, sound health, clear intellect, strength of limb, cheerfulness of spirit, and courage. Surely there should follow religious thoughts—reverence for the Supreme, dread of evil, and a prayerful disposition. The Mountain Stonies are a hardy race. They listened reverently to the story of the Cross as told them by Rundle, Woolsey and the McDougalls. The truth has found good soil, and the harvest is abundant.

The Prairie Tribes are the Goths and Huns of the New World. The introduction of the horse to the new continent by the Spanish conquerors, and the later reception of firearms by the Indians, have changed the life and labour of the natives of the plains. Expansion of intellect and sterling independence, closely allied to a lordly haughtiness, are begotten by a life on the broad prairies of the South and West. The excitement of the chase and continual warfare nourished the pride of these people, and made them feel that in everything, even in religion, they were superior to all other peoples. With the simplicity of children, curiosity and a love of novelty caused them to listen attentively to the teachings of the Bible. When they heard of salvation they were eager to embrace everything included in the new religion; but they would not give up their practice of polygamy, their sun-dances, religious and social festivals, and their martial raids upon their foes. They expected that by submitting to the rites of religion, some mysterious influence would be imparted to them whereby they would become superior to all the other tribes. But the tree of knowledge yielded evil only. There came not the fulfilment of their expectations, and they were disappointed. The advent of the white man brought disease and death. The native prophets of the plains said the Great Spirit was angry, and was punishing them for allowing the white men to enter their country, and for listening to the white praying men.

Drs. Riggs and Williamson, of the Dakota Mission, with the brothers Pond, toiled earnestly for years, seeing little fruit and enduring many hardships at the hands of the Sioux. After twenty-five years of labour, there came the Minnesota massacre, when the mission was destroyed. But in the prison the Sioux began to see that their medicine-men and their religion had failed, and they sought help in Christianity. Three hundred were baptized in one day.

The Prairie Tribes lived by hunting the buffalo, and so great were the numbers of these that in a few days enough meat

could be procured for making pemmican that would last for months.

After the excitement of the chase, there was feasting, revelry and idleness, and wars with the neighbouring tribes. Camp-life was then debasing to the intellect and morals. What has been the attitude of the other Plain Indians besides the Sioux? The Plain Crees have been harder to reach in religious matters than the same people included in forest tribes; these are the Swampy Crees. The Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans have had Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries for nearly a decade, and still there is not a single conversion. What are the causes of this? Country, climate, modes of life and labour, proximity of white population, missionary sectarianism, and tribal relationship. The Indians expected physical benefits from religion, and their expectations were not met. The whiskey trader preceded the missionary, and the people were debased in mind and morals, while they were fast going to destruction physically. Disease, immorality, the departure of the buffalo, and consequent change of labour from hunters to agriculturists; the opposition of the medicine-men, the influence of tribal relationship, by means of which a leading chief can control the confederacy in favour of the native religion, are some of the influences that have thus far hindered the progress of Christianity among the people. But the day is coming when they shall follow the other tribes in accepting the truth, and become disciples of the Master of Life.

The Inland River Indians are the lowest in the scale of civilization, that is, in comparing the tribes in their native state, before the influences of the white population have reached them. The Chinook Indians, a tribe of the Flathead confederacy, may be regarded as representative of this class. A distinction must be made in this classification on the scale of civilization between the Chinooks whom I include under coast tribes, and those of the inland rivers. It is not an ethnological division, but nevertheless, in the study of the Indians, is an important one. The Chinook Indians on the Columbia may be regarded as the most uncouth and lazy, in their native state, of all the Indian tribes, if we except the Digger Indians of California.

The country in which these people lived, when Paul Kane visited them, was almost destitute of furs. Fish were easily caught; and although they were expert in the management of their boats, and could ride safely over the boisterous waves, their mode of labour induced laziness, and exerted a stunting influence upon their intellects. They were deficient in decorative ability, and showed little taste in the arrangement of their dress, or in

ornamenting the implements of peace and war. The tribes of the interior of British Columbia and Washington Territory were in a similar state. Missions were established among the inland river tribes, and success has followed the labour of faithful men. When they receive the Gospel there is imparted an incentive to toil, desire for improvement, domestic and social, and a love for justice and truth.

The Gospel was preached to the Indians on the Fraser river, and in a short time many were converted. The Indians have become missionaries to other tribes. In the vast territory of Alaska, converted Indians were the pioneers of Christianity; and now many Alaskans are rejoicing in the presence of churches, schools, missionaries, and teachers.

Studying the tribes as a whole, making all due allowances for exceptions as to persons and individual tribes, and for all the influences which affect them before and during the time Christian agencies are brought to bear upon them, the following, according to my judgment, as affected by the study of the history of American Indian missions, is the order in which they will receive the Gospel: 1. The artistic tribes residing on the coasts. 2. The mountain tribes. 3. The inland river tribes. 4. The forest tribes. 5. The prairie tribes.

The Divine Spirit does not, however, act according to any set rules, and there are individuals and tribes that have been reached despite the influences of country and climate.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

Dost Thou in a manger lie,
  Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
  Saviour long awaited!
If a monarch, where Thy state?
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
  Royal purple where?
Here no regal pomp to see,
Nought but need and penury;
  Why thus cradled here?

"Pitying love for fallen man
  Brought Me thus down low,
For a race deep lost in sin,
  Rushing into woe.
By this lowly birth of Mine,
Countless riches shall be thine,
  Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
  Heaping joys for thee."

Fervent praise would I to Thee
  Evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me
  Praising, praising, praising.
Glory, glory be forever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
  And that loving Lord!
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
  Angels' songs afford.

John Manburn, Brussels, 1460–1502.

A NOBLE REVENGE.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN COLWELL.

I.—A CHRISTMAS BOX.

"Thou art born wealthy, but who knows whether thou wilt live worthy."
—OLD AUTHOR.

"A FINE mornin', Master Catchpole."

"Yes, but bein' as I didn't say it, were *not* a fine mornin', an' as furdermore everybody can see as it *is* a fine mornin', that obserwation is a *leetle* out o' place, Master Timothy."

"Well, well," replied friend Timothy, "never mind the obser-vation, 'e don't matter much any way; the mornin's right, Master Catchpole, an' so will you be ef you'll just take a pinch o' my new mixture."

"Now, thur you be agen, Master Timothy, allus pullin' out that snuff-box an' thinkin' as *that 'll* cure all the ills as flesh is 'eir to, as wise old Solomon do put it in one o' his proverbs. What do make folk take to snuffin' *I* can't think. I'd snuff 'em out, *that* I would."

But Master Timothy waited, well knowing that, notwithstanding his talk, old Master Catchpole was quite as fond of a "good mixture" as he was of the use of italics or of the Proverbs of Solomon.

"Well, just to oblige *you*," Catchpole said at length, "I'll take *one* pinch," at the same time helping himself to nearly all that the little box contained. This, however, sufficed to put him into tolerable humour, and he forthwith proceeded to be agreeable.

"What *I* do allus say," he remarked, "is that *men* should be good tempered. Ef they can't be, let 'em bide at home, an' not go pokin' their ill ways upon *other* folk. *Women*—well, o' course you can't expect much good temper from them; they be fearfully and wonderfully made, as Solomon said, an' by *all* account 'e knowd a good deal about 'em, yes 'e did."

"Talkin' o' women," broke in Master Timothy, "the Squire's wife 'll be in a fine state o' pleasure this mornin', an' this bein' Christmas mornin', too, of all others."

"An' *why* should the Squire's wife be specially 'appy o' *this* mornin'?" inquired Master Catchpole.

"Ain't you 'eard the news, then?" was the astonished reply.

"Now, Master Timothy, you *do* vex me. If you'd read the Proverbs, oh, if you only would, you'd have more *sense*. Don't it say thur plain enough, 'never beat about the bush?' If you got any news why don't you *tell* 'em?"

* Reprinted from the *Methodist Recorder*.

"So I will, Master Catchpole, an' so I would have done long ago, only I thought you know'd 'em. I quite think, as you do, that men ought to be good-tempered, specially when they do 'ear as the old Squire 'ave got a son an' 'eir. That's the brave news. The very bells do seem to know it. 'Ark at 'em."

"An' for *which* partikler reason shud *they* be such very good news, eh, Master Timothy? The Squire ain't as young as 'e was, 'e ain't as rich as 'is father was, an' if the boy turns out a bad 'un, what then? 'It 'll be great pain and small gains,' as Solomon do say."

"I don't know aught about that," replied Timothy. "But whatever you do say, I know as it's a proper, an' I might say even a Christian thing to be pleasant with folk, an' as the old Squire 'll rejoice to-day specially as the young Squire 'ave come into the world of a Christmas mornin', I rejoices with 'im. Besides which, Master Catchpole, I'm invited to go up to the 'All to-night, an' I'm sent invite you, an' the whole village 'll be there, an' there 'll be bonny times, I warrant you."

"Well, I'll be thur," grunted old Catchpole. "I mean the folks up there no 'arm, although I will say that in *my* opinion its a' ill wind that have blown the young Squire *this* road; but then, again, it's an ill wind that blows luck to *nobody*, as we do read in the Proverbs."

Such was the discourse that passed between Master Elijah Catchpole, cordwainer (shoemaker), and Master Timothy Hardiron, blacksmith, of the village of Little Bubbleton, in the county of Faircester, on Christmas-day in the morning in the year of our Lord 1820.

As the reader will have gathered already, a wonderful event had taken place that morning—nothing other, nothing less than the birth of a son, which proved to be the only one ever born to Squire Hardnut, of Beechwoods Park, Little Bubbleton, aforesaid.

Beechwoods Park was grandly situated. The park itself was very extensive, having been enclosed and laid out when land was of less consequence in this snug little island than it is to-day. Amid its glades one might have walked for miles in an almost straight line, and have obtained widely different views of the surrounding country from the many openings of its stately timber. In this delicious spot the Hardnuts had nestled for many generations, and, being blessed with good constitutions and good opinions of themselves, had managed to enjoy the things that be. But human hearts were frail even in Eden, and the earthly paradise in which they dwelt did not save the Hardnuts from the perils and disasters of life. Possibly, if they had taken the good advice of old Master Catchpole, and have read the Proverbs of Solomon, certainly had they both read and heeded them, "their earthly path might have been peaceabler." But every now and again in the course of their generations human ill broke out stiff and strong, and some Hardnut appeared who wasted his substance in riotous living. Thus the fair patrimony was curtailed, and the

Beechwood of to-day is but a poor representative of that which extended its ample shade abroad two hundred years ago. The present Squire is, however, one of the best of his kin. Religious, in any true sense, he does not profess to be, but frugal, careful of his estate, and hospitable he certainly is. He drinks and hunts as his forefathers have since Doomsday, and as his descendants will probably do the day of doom. Quite late in life he married, to-day his only son is born, and this jubilant Christmas morning the little church tower rocks with the music that peals forth the news to all the country-side. In the after-part of the day the village folk are feasted in the Hall; good cheer and good wishes pass around, song and mirth jostle each other, and rejoicing abounds; while the stars from the midnight heaven look down upon it all—as they did upon that other birth which gave us Christmas so long ago.

II.—SUNSHINE IN SHADOW.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—The Psalmist.

On the northern side of the Beechwoods Park, right against the park wall, there dwelt a young and sorrowful widow. Only a few months before, she was led to the altar by one whose absence she now mourned, she the belle of the village and he its manliest youth. Their wedded happiness was alas! speedily broken. But a few weeks after the marriage the young husband started one early morn, almost as early as the lark, and well-nigh as blithe and gay, to his accustomed toil. Throughout the day he sturdily plied his axe upon the "monarchs of the shade," but the last that fell, by some untoward accident, crushed to death the young woodman. His comrades lifted the bleeding form, hastily carried it to the cottage in the dell, but as they crossed the threshold the spirit passed to its final home, and bright young Edward Barton ceased to live. Over all the weary wailings and stony griefs that now befel the young widow we draw a veil. Time, little by little, soothed her bruised heart, and, led by his hand, she has reached this Christmas-day. No sounds of mirth come frome the humble cottage, and yet the very same event has happened there as that which stirs the Hall so famously—namely, the birth of a son. Leaving the sharp, crisp atmosphere of the early morning, let us enter the cottage. It presents a charming picture of neatness and humble simplicity. The furniture is scant but clean, and every part of the little dwelling bears witness to the "busy housewife's daily care." The mother and the babe are in the upper room, while two ancient dames—who are doctor and nurse between them—sit croning over the "wee bit fire" in the room below.

"I met old Elijah Catchpole as I came up," said Dame Jones, "and he tells me that the Squire's lady have made him a present

of a fine son this morning. Eh me! what a pity this 'un didn't go thur, too. One more would make no difference to rich people like they, and what poor Maggie is to do with it heaven only knows. My old Missis used to say 'when God sends mouths He do send meat.' Well, p'raps so, but it often seems to me that the meat, at any rate, gits wrong in the carriage, and so all the meat goes one road and all the mouths another."

"Why," replied Dame Shaw, rather slyly, "how strange a thing it is that you should have met old Catchpole this mornin'. I do believe you never goes out without meetin' him. Old as you both be, you'll meet at the church door some fine mornin', I shouldn't wonder. But I don't agree with you about this bairn. I think it's a good thing it is come this road. If you'd seen poor Maggie's eyes as she looked upon his bright little face! 'Edward over again,' she said. 'I'll try to make thee as brave and strong as thy good father was before thee,' she went on. She's got something to live for now, and we shall be seein' the smile come back to her bonny face once more, I reckon. Why shouldn't it? Her boy will never be a squire, but he may very easy be a deal better nor some squires is, and he'll grow up to love his mother and to work for her, and to marry some merry lass——." But there Dame Shaw stopped short, and a cloud came over her face. She had her own private griefs, as most of us have, and one of these had suddenly given her a twinge which brought her talk to an unexpected close.

In the meantime the babe nestled in its mother's bosom and slept, not so luxuriantly, but with quite as much health and comfort, thank God, as did the better born child that lay in the great room at the Hall.

The two little wayfarers thus started on the uncertain road of life on Christmas morning in the year of our Lord 1820 did well. Master Hardnut struggled through infancy in spite of many nurses and cordials, and Master Barton in spite of much pinching and poverty, for both were desperately determined to live. So soon as they were old enough to escape the vigilance of nurse and mother, in that delightful interim between the cradle and the school, they often played together. Gradually, however, as education began to lead the rich man's son farther away from his companions, and as the social chasm began to yawn between them, they separated. Such was the case with young Hardnut and the widow's son, and when they had reached their eighteenth year an event happened which not only drove them asunder, but filled the breast of one with a sense of wrong and hatred toward the other.

In the year 1838 an election contest that will never be forgotten took place in the eastern division of the county of Fairecster. For a fortnight, at least, Little Bubbleton was fairly alive. The "Bull" and the "Bear" kept open house at Squire Hardnut's expense; a public meeting was held every other night, at which gentlemen who could not make speeches haw-hawed and a hummed and ——. But why try to describe the indescribable?

An election in a country-side fifty years ago was confusion itself, and thus was it in Little Bubbleton. Only Master Catchpole held his own. His serenity was undisturbed, his great nature alone was calm, while all else was turmoil.

"You'll vote for the Honourable Reginald Finewater, will you not, *Mister* Catchpole?" sweetly asked Squire Hardnut.

"Not if I *knows* it," replied Master Catchpole. "I be not like poor Timothy Hardiron, an' yet I *be* like 'im, Squire. To spake in order, I *be* like 'im because I've a got four good argyments why I should vote, but I be *not* like 'im because my argyments be different to 'is, and leads to a different conclusion. '*Is* argyments be, first, a wife an' five children—six argyments in one; secondly, three parts of the work 'e does comes from Squire Hardnut; thirdly, 'is 'ouse belongs to the 'Onable Reginald '*isself*; fourthly, if 'e *don't* vote for Reginald 'e'll have to starve—from all which 'e do conclude—as the pason do say—that 'e *must* vote for the 'Onable Reginald, an' 'e *do* vote for 'im accordingly. *My* argyments, be—firstly, I got no family but myself an' the cat; secondly, my father bein' born before me, left me my cot and half-a-crown a-week; thirdly, I do cobble the shoes o' the entire parish, an' thur's a lot on 'em wunt ax Squire nor Reginald whether I *must* cobble 'em; and, fourthly, that bein' so, I can please myself. Now, Squire, I do read the Proverbs o' Solomon, an' thur I do find it said, 'When a man can do as he likes let 'im do as 'e ought.' A gold proverb, that, Squire. That bein' so, I votes *against* 'Onable Reginald, strait and clur."

And he did.

Now, the misfortune of Widow Barton was, not that she had a vote and gave it wrongly, but that she had no vote at all to give, for when the Honourable Reginald found himself shut out of the House of Commons because five men, who, had they been sensible, would have voted for him, were so foolish as to vote against him, and so place him ten votes below his opponent, he looked about him. One result of which was that he addressed his landed supporters on the sin and folly of allowing widows to live in houses which would give votes to occupiers were those occupiers men. Squire Hardnut heard the address with tingling ears, for had he not—political sinner that he was—allowed three widows to live in houses upon his own estate, thereby contributing the lion's share to the defeat of the Honourable Reginald? But he repented, and his repentance was practical. Widow Hardnut received notice to quit. The Squire took it himself, softened it down as he best could, folded half-a-crown in the notice paper, and with many sincere regrets told the sorrowful woman that nothing but "grave reasons of State" would cause him to act thus. Though silenced, Widow Barton was still saddened, and unfolded her news, with many a sad foreboding, to her son, upon his return home. The effect upon him was bad. He had had many a chat lately with old Master Cathchpole, from whom he had heard many things fit to turn older heads than his, and here, to give them point, was a

deliberate act of oppression done upon that most defenceless of creatures—a widow—and that widow his own mother. Whatever there was of the "Village Hampden" in the breast of young Edward was now on fire, and he was from that day an enemy of the House of Hardnut. When there is enmity within us, alas! how frequently does the arch-fiend give us means and opportunities of indulging it!

It chanced a few evenings after widow Barton had received her notice, that as Edward was walking gloomily to the house he must soon leave, a rabbit struck across the path and made for the opposite cover. Its retreat, however, seemed barred, and with timid steps it ran first this way and then that, while Edward watched its movements. Moved by a sudden impulse—for respect for the game laws was strong within him—he forgot himself, raised a stone, took unerring aim, and the rabbit fell. He lifted it in his hand to see that it was but stunned, and nursed the pretty little creature until its life returned. Then taking it in his arms, he proceeded on his way. Scarcely had he started when he heard steps before him, and a moment afterwards the young Squire came into view, with his gun upon his shoulder. The situation was naturally recognized in a moment, and in a way boded ill for both.

"We have had many poachers here lately," said the young Squire to himself, "but little did we think they were of our own people. This must be stopped. Besides, this young upstart keeps the company of old Catchpole, and now I have a chance of putting him down."

"Here," said Edward to himself, "is the son of the man who has oppressed my mother, and who, in his turn, will oppress me. Came over with the Conqueror, did they? But, as Elijah says, the Conqueror was only a thief that succeeded, instead of being caught, as some less lucky thieves are. I hate the young stuck-up!"

The young Squire was the first to break the silence.

"Put down that rabbit."

"No, not for you nor anybody belongin' to you, if you tell me a thousand times, an' then shoot me with your fine gun at the end of it all," was the reply.

"Now," said the young Squire, "we used to play together, and I don't want to be too hard upon you. If the animal was dead, I might have thought you had picked it up, and I would have said nothing; but it is alive, which shows that you caught it of set purpose, and that you are a poacher. Put it down, and I will not tell my father."

"I care as little for your father as I do for you," was the response. "Your father is a robber of the widow, an' you will make a good second to 'im, for you want to rob the widow's son."

"There is no use in wasting words," answered the youth, "if you won't put it down I'll make you."

But in his wrath he was true to the instincts of an English gen-

tleman. He would take no unfair advantage. He laid aside his gun, took off his shot-pouch and his game-bag, stripped himself of his coat, and made ready on equal terms with his antagonist.

But if the spirit of an English gentleman was in the young Squire, the spirit of an English yeoman was in the young woodman; they were both sons of the same tough, much-enduring stock, their forefathers had fought side by side upon many a well-won field, and it would have been dreadful to men of hotter blood to watch the cool preparations they made for the impending conflict.

"I'll tie the rabbit up in my smock," said Edward, "till we've settled who is to 'ave 'im."

And then they fought. Evenly matched they were. The young Squire had been trained "in the noble art of self-defence," as was then the custom, and his little science now stood him in good stead. But he had unhappily become a drinker already, and his flushed face and beclouded vision more than counterbalanced his skill. Edward, on the other hand, had no advantage save those which sprung from a hardy nature and a burning sense of wrong. So, through the deeping twilight and amid the shadows of the ancient woods, they fought on.

"Oh, the combat, long and fearful!
Oh, the strife, so blood and tearful!
Oh, the agony and anguish
Borne through all the lonely places;
Where they fought with flashing faces
For the mastery and possession!"

But let us veil the scene, it has no attraction for us. Suffice it to say that after an hour's fierce struggle the young Squire fell heavily, his head striking a fallen tree, and lay senseless upon the ground. When Edward stood still and gazed upon the prostrate form of his old playmate he felt unutterable things. Passion fled, and remorse now occupied her seat. What a sight! The moon was just rising and as she sent her slanting beams through the timber—

"One ray of moonlight falling,
Through the outer gloom appalling,
Crept upon the young man's forehead,
Glittering like a coat of mail,
On his cheeks and closed eyelids.
On his lips so lovely pale."

Edward stooped over him, called him by the names of childhood, bathed his temples with water from the brook, and when signs of returning consciousness drew near, laid his head gently down, stole silently away, and gat him up and fled.

The Squire's son was soon afterwards found by his father's gamekeepers, and led home but little worse for the events of the hour.

CHAPTER III.—MISSING.

"O my heart is sick a-wishing and waiting:
The lad took up his knapsack, he went, he went his way;
And I looked on for his coming, as a prisoner through the grating
Looks and longs, and longs and wishes, for its opening day."

—JEAN INGELOW.

"Whereupon, O King, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Pride, passion, and remorse played sad havoc with young Barton, as he fled from the scene of his evening's exploit. A sense of wrong and oppression also lay upon him, a feeling that things around him were not as they should be, and that he could do nothing to right them; in a word, he was not in his best or happiest place. Add to this the wonderful stories that Catchpole had told him of the lands beyond the sea, and the fact that after what had just occurred he hardly dare remain in his native village, and we shall not wonder that, ere he reached his mother's door, his resolve was finally taken to quit his native land at once and forever.

Gathering his little wardrobe together in one small bundle, he bade his mother a hurried farewell, promised to help regularly in her support and to write her often, and turned his back on the home of his youth—as he firmly believed—once and for all. Many a fond look did he throw toward the little cot as it lay bathed in the moonlight, and sadly enough did the trees whisper to him as they moaned above him in the night breeze, but he halted not until he found himself before the door of Master Catchpole, in the midst of the village. With a timid knock Edward entered the old man's abode. He found him still at his work, "cobbling the shoes of the parish." A very brief story had Edward to tell, and it was soon told.

"Now," said the old man at the close, "two things I'll do, Master Ned, for 'e. First, I'll *look* after your mother as you do ax me. I'm not old, my lad, yet. Livin' here all alone so long do make folks think I be, but I'm not yet sixty. Your mother's the only 'oman that ever made me think I should like to change my lot, an'——, but thur, let that a be. I'll look after her 'owsomdever, if she'll let me. Then, secondly, my lad, there's yourself. Now, I have a got a few suvrins by me, an' you must take some on 'em. Now, *no* objectin', I'm only a *lendin'* on 'em to you, for, Edward, I wouldn't *gire* neyther you nor nobody else—no, not a *shillin'*. My *worst* enemies can't accuse me of *girin'* anythin'. There was once a Methody preacher cum this way, an' e'd *very nigh* convarted me, but I found out *just* in time as it would cost some coppers to be a Methody; so I give up *all* thoughts o' religion *at once*, an' stuck to me parish church. But you take these five suvrins (which he then forced upon the unwilling youth). You've a got a wary way afore you, an' you'll *want* 'em. When you

cums 'ome rich you can *pay* 'em me back, *an' the interest.* An' now, my lad, *don't* 'e forget to do right. *Our* pason's a rum 'un, I know, but what 'e *says* is right, an' the *Bible* 'e preaches out of is right. *Stick to it,* lad, an', whatever cums, don't 'e forget the *Proverbs o' Solomon.* You've *often* heard me quote 'em." And then, waxing quite solemn, and wiping a tear from his eye, he lifted his hands over the lad, and said: "God bless 'e, my boy. May the Almoighty, who is a deal broader an' bigger than some o' His friends in Little Bubbleton, be with 'e, an' take care on 'e forever. Amen!"

Edward loved queer old Master Catchpole, and felt so affected at parting with him that he dared not stay to take a formal farewell, but at once rushed off to hide his emotion. Without loss of a moment he struck into the high road for Bristol. As he passed the "Bear" he gathered from the words of a group of men who conversed before the door that the young Squire had safely reached his home. At this news all his late remorse left him; his old feelings of bitterness returned with increased force; and, as he watched the lights through the windows of the distant Hall, he muttered between his teeth: "Would that the place were on fire, so that the nest of oppressors might be burned out. My mother will soon be 'ouseless, an' I'm a vagabond runnin' from home, an' all through their wickedness. Ah! if I *do* come back, I'll make it 'ot for 'em, see if I don't!" And, shaking his fist at the Hall in his bitter but puny wrath, he passed on under the shadow of the woods.

We will not follow him in his journeyings, but will content ourselves by saying that at the end of a weary fortnight he succeeded in persuading a ship's captain, who was just sailing from Plymouth to Melbourne, and who was hardly put to it to make up his crew, to take him over for such help as he could render on the way.

The experiences of the first week need not be chronicled, and, indeed could not be; they are from any point of view, better imagined than felt or described. But the voyage was a wonderful one to Edward Barton. It opened up the earth and sea to him as a new world; but it did infinitely more than that—it changed his whole manhood, and "lifted him and his destinies upwards for evermore," which fell out in this wise: On board the ship in which he sailed was a little band of missionaries, all of whom were men of God, but one of whom was a remarkable man in many ways. He had been wild and reckless as a youth, then the leader of a desperate band of smugglers on the Cornish coast, had been converted to God in a Cornish revival, and was now on his way to preach in distant lands the wonderful Saviour he had found in his own. When the weather permitted services were held on Sundays upon the deck of the vessel, and the evening service was always conducted by the young Cornishman. On the second Sunday evening Edward Barton was among the audience. The night was superb. The vessel sailed quitely on under a light

breeze over a smooth sea and beneath a cloudless sky. Everything inspired to worship, to contentment, to peace. Not so, however, with the young Cornishman's sermon. It was full of fire, of denunciation against sin, and of overwhelming appeals for instant religious decision:

"Were they then and there in Christ by a living faith that brought Him into their hearts? No; many of them were not. Some of them were full of hatred; others were full of lust—the lust of pleasure or of gold; while others were full of carelessness. One of them was, perhaps, even at that moment running away from the consequences of his wrong-doings, but not from the wrong itself. *That* he loved, would do it again if he could, would do even worse than that. How dared that man stand there and look up in the face of heaven? His very existence, in his present state, was an insult to the Almighty." "Look," cried the preacher, "I see a black cloud lowering upon the horizion. It is but small and dimly seen, but it is the harbinger of ill. That cloud foretells a storm. The night is very still. Behold how gentle are the waters. A man who did not know the signs of ocean would predict an endless calm. But not so. The storm is brewing, and ere to-morrow's sun every timber in the vessel will shiver, all hearts will tremble, and nothing but good seamanship and a kindly Providence will bring us through. May we be safe!" "Amen," broke out the excited audience. Then, after an effective pause, he resumed, "But I see another cloud, the cloud of God's wrath against sin. See! it gathers, it deepens, it spreads. It may be long ere it bursts, but burst it will, and woe to that man upon whose undefended head it falls." For the next few minutes the preacher poured an indescribable torrent of fiery oratory upon his congregation, which trembled and swayed as the leaves of the forest. When he closed with an earnest appeal to those who desired to hide themselves from present sin and coming condemnation in Christ to meet him "aft," at the close of the service, many did so, and Edward Barton was of the number. His nature was virgin soil for such truths as he had now heard. God, conscience, sin, the future—these things had no real existence for him in the past, and now they thundered about his spirit in a way too dreadful to bear. What could he do? What did the strange preacher know about him? And yet he had described his case with terrible truth. For hours Edward prayed or listened to the directions of the young missionary. But all in vain. Days and nights passed, during which his soul was tossed upon a dreadful sea. But at length the storm ceased and the calm came. He was at rest in Christ. His hardness and bitterness departed. He loved everybody. He could have blessed old Squire Hardnut, and have carried his son upon his back again, as he had often done in early boyhood. Now, he was ready for life. He feared nothing, he hoped everything; and when the vessel reached her port he pushed his way inland, entered the wide Australian bush, took service

under a large sheep-owner, and entered upon a career of happiness and ever-increasing prosperity.

There we now may leave him while we inquire after the people of Little Bubbleton. Not many months after Edward's departure Master Catchpole was married to the Widow Barton. How it was brought about nobody knew, least of all the parties most concerned. But, as the worthy shoemaker remarked, "the most nat'ral thing in the world is natur'," and thus it happened by that strange legerdemain which all men understand and very few women can ever resist, that the widow's scruples were overcome, and she became Mrs. Catchpole. "*Now*," said Elijah, "I can *kip* me promise an' *look* after 'e." When teased about in the village he really quoted—for the first and only time in his life—one of the Proverbs of Solomon. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing," he said, "as wise old Solomon *do* say. If you as *'aint* got wives can laugh, I, as *'as* got one, and a *good* 'un too, can laugh sure-*ly*; so thur's no harm done."

It grieves us to have now to chronicle that, which as truthful historians we must do, Master Catchpole's sombre prediction had been fulfilled, and that the young Squire had "turned out a bad 'un." The free use of wine at his father's table had led to the formation of intemperate habits; the free use of money supplied by an indulgent mother had led him into betting and gambling at school; and evil associations and unfortunate opportunities had completed what had been so ill begun. The evil fruit of all was that at twenty-one the young Squire was fairly launched on the road to ruin. His "coming of age" was a mad orgie. Far in the night he rose from the table, mounted his horse, rode him wildly up and down amid the lawns and flower-beds in front of the Hall, dashed him headlong into the glass of the conservatories, and then made a final leap into the moat that surrounded the house. Here he fell from his horse, was dragged out half dead, and amid silence and sorrow carried to his chamber. When sense and daylight returned his remorse and shame were such that he resolved to leave those whom he felt he dared not face again. He had ofted sinned, repented, and been forgiven, but he would not go through that farce any more. Giving out among the servants, therefore, that he was going to the Shuffledown races, and knew not when he should return, he laid hold of all the money he could command, bade good-bye to his ancestral home, and became a rover over the face of the wide earth.

IV.—A STRANGE MEETING.

Young Hardnut left a sad house behind him. The old Squire bowed beneath the stroke; and, as the truth slowly fixed itself in his mind that his son had deserted him and would come back no more, hope died within him, and he refused to be comforted. His lady was younger, and better able to bear the shock, but even she was smitten with sore grief, and would sit for hours in "the lonely oriel," watching for the prodigal that returned not, and weeping his absence from the halls of his fathers. Tears did not bring him, however, and days changed to months and months to years, and still he came not, "nor yet beside the rill, nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he."

"He was far, far away, wandering over the wide earth, no man save himself knew whither. Passion, lust, pride, shame, strong drink, and other evil demons were driving him through the lonely places of the world to his wretched doom, while hearts at home were breaking for the sight of his face and the sound of his voice.

But while young Arthur Hardnut wandered, and the friends who loved him wist not where he was, Edward Barton was flourishing in the distant Australian bush. His country training, his upright character, and his natural intelligence had made him invaluable to his employer, and he was now in charge of a large sheep-run, with a number of shepherds and servants under him. He had great responsibilities and heavy cares with hard toil, but it was not all bootless; for his employer, besides paying him well, had arranged to give him a share in his profits. His only drawback seemed to be the distance, nay, the almost entire absence, of the ordinances of religion. Happily for him, the ardent young missionary who had become his spiritual father during the voyage was stationed within a hundred miles of his shanty, and included him and his little settlement in his ministrations. But the distances were so great and the services to be held so numerous, that Edward's place could only be visited once in three months. But what blessed times those visits were! Richly enjoyed, and gone all too soon! Otherwise Edward greatly enjoyed his new life. True, he was absent from his mother, but he was now in a position to contribute to her comfort, and was gladdened to hear from time to time that eccentric Master Catchpole was truly kind to her, though he did little worry her with "what wise old Solomon do say!"

"One evening, during a trying period of drought, as Edward sat in the veranda of his little house, watching the fiery sun set, and enjoying the gentle breeze that had sprung up, one of his shepherds hastily called him.

"What is it, Mike?" said David.

"Och, thin, ye must be quick," was the reply. "There's a man

down in Sandy's hut, an' if he doant have the doctor he'll die, an' what will be done thin, for we ain't a praste within a 'undred mile. The poor craythur is kilt intirely, tho' he ain't quite dead yit, so ye must be quick."

Edward followed the Irishman to Sandy's hut. There lay in the open doorway, placed where the draught, such as it was, might fan his heated brow, the remnant of a fine young Englishman. His auburn locks lay matted and tangled upon his expansive forehead, his hands were clutched convulsively in the throes of fever, his form was wasted, his eye was closed, his lips muttered, and upon his entire manhood there lay the marks of dissipation and disease. Edward saw that instant action was necessary, and stepped forward to make such examination and administer such remedies as his little skill in such matters might enable him to do. He took up the hand to ascertain the nature of the pulse, when the man's lips moved, and Edward was startled as he heard his own name—Barton—spoken. The man did not recognize him, he was too far gone to recognize anything; that word Barton was a part of some old-world life in which the sufferer's mind was wandering. "Barton," said the man again. "Strange," said Edward. "I know this face—yes, it is, and, O God, in this horrible plight, young Arthur Hardnut. Here is the very face, just as I left it in the moonlight among the shadows of the wood after that dreadful fight; older, more dissipated, but the same, the very same. Oh, that it should have come to this!"

But this was the hour for action rather than for reflection. A trusty man was despatched, on the fleetest horse the station could command, to the nearest doctor, who if all went well might be by the sick man's side in three days. But what might not happen in the meantime? Edward hastily arranged for his duties to be performed by others, carried the patient into his own room, and constituted himself both nurse and doctor. No woman lived among these shepherds, and had any woman been there the sick man would not have been entrusted to her care. "No hands but mine," said Edward, "shall minister to his needs." When all had been done that the rude skill of the shepherds could suggest, and night had settled down upon all things, Edward took his station by the side of the little pallet to watch through the hours of darkness. The sufferer slumbered at times, and his attendant had time to think and to pray. "What should I have done now had I not found religion?" he asked himself. "I do not know," was the answer; "what was right I hope, but now Christ's spirit is in my heart I know what to do, and I will do it. Here lies my old enemy, all in my power. The last thing these hands did for me was to knock me down in Beechwoods dell, and I have never seen this face since it flashed on me in anger, but old things are passed away; thank God they are. I feel I love this man, and if it is in human power to save him he shall be saved. I see now what Mister Truelove meant in his last sermon when he said, 'Live up to all your present opportunities of being and doing

good, then if God calls you to something higher you will be able to rise to it.' God has called me to something higher to-night, and He helps me to rise to it." Then Edward knelt to pray. He had prayed before, but never like this. His soul lay like plastic clay in the hands of the Divine. God moved him, met him, blessed him there. He seemed to be in a furnace of love where all the base alloy of his nature was melted down, and in which all his soul was transformed into God-like fashion. When he rose up there was light upon his face not there of yore, and for life or death he devoted himself to the physical and spiritual salvation of Arthur Hardnut.

In that little hut, my lords and gentlemen, there is a sight worthy of your attention—there is, indeed. This young man kneels in the silent night, alone with his enemy, and fights the dreadful battle against *self*, against the *lower nature*, against the *evil that is in him*. What demons are there that can match the demons that nestle in the heart of each one of us? But, hard as they are to conquer, this young man conquered them, and emerged from the conflict into the light of God. And if your lordships and ladyships have not fought the same battle and won the same victory, who can expect you to sympathize with Edward Barton? But if you have, you will look upon that Australian hut as a veritable temple, and upon young Barton as a Christian giant!

By the most careful and loving attention the hard fight with disease was at last changed into victory, and Arthur Hardnut progressed toward recovery. His surprise at finding himself in the hands of such a nurse was great, as may be imagined; but his gratitude, the gratitude of a noble and generous nature, was unbounded. As he became able to converse that gratitude was often expressed. One day, as he lay awake with closed eyes, Edward, who thought him to be asleep, was occupying the moments in prayer, prayer for the man who now first became conscious that he was prayed for.

"Oh," said Arthur, "*this* accounts for his great change then. I could not make it out. But I'm sorry, it is such a pity for a fine young fellow like Edward to be spoiled by cant."

"Did you speak, Mister Arthur?" asked Edward.

"No," replied he, "but let us talk a bit. That very primitive doctor of yours said I might sit up to-morrow, and if so, there will be no harm in my talking to-day. How did I come here, Edward?"

Edward told him all he knew—namely, how Sandy found him lying against the door of his hut, and all that had followed. "Ah!" replied Arthur, "I remember. I had been ill for days, my money was all gone, and the night before you found me I lost my horse. Dazed, weary, and half-mad, I wandered on until at last I espied the hut. Here is a refuge, I said, but my heart sank within me when I saw the hut was empty, and I laid me down to die."

"You *were* in a bad way when I first saw you certainly," was the reply.

"In a bad way? You don't know, can't know, in what a bad way I have been for years and years," replied Arthur. "I am like the prodigal I used to read about when I was a little boy. Only I am worse off than him. I have stayed away so long that my earthly father is dead, and if I have a Father in heaven I know nothing about Him."

"But I do," said Edward. "I have found Him, or rather He has found me. I can't tell you how thankful I am that the good Spirit has led you to speak thus, Mister Arthur; this is what I have been praying and waiting for for days. I am ignorant by the side of you, but I *can* show the way to your Father. Speak to Him yourself, Mister Arthur. *Go* to Him, that was what the prodigal did. Go to Him in prayer through Christ, and He will receive you."

But we need not prolong the story. The young missionary came on his periodical visit soon after the above conversation took place, a visit which was greatly blessed to Arthur Hardnut; and with God's blessing upon earnest prayer and wise counsel the young Squire came, as the young woodman came before him, in lowly penitence to that Saviour who knows neither squire nor woodman, as such, but is rich unto all that call upon Him in truth. He came not in vain.

What was to be done in the future was now the all-engrossing question. Arthur felt there was but one course open to him—namely, to return to his native home, to comfort his widowed mother, and to redeem his lost character and misspent moments past by a new life. But Edward desired to stay in the land of his adoption. His mother was provided for, and his past life had no special power to allure him back. But Arthur was obstinate. "No," he said, "I cannot leave you behind. I want somebody to confirm me in that which is good, and who can do that so well as the friend of my boyhood? Besides, the Home Farm is waiting a tenant, and that is just the place for you. There we can be neighbours again, you on the Farm and I in the Hall; you as the best farmer in the parish, and I the best Squire in all the country-side, as I humbly pray God I may be. And if you don't go back, Edward, what will become of pretty Susan? Ah! I remember all about it."

"I'm afraid *that's* all over," replied Edward; but he arranged to go back. Ere long the two companions sailed. "What became of the rabbit?" asked Arthur, one day. "Oh, while we fought the rabbit ran away," said Edward. "Wise rabbit," replied Arthur, "wisest of the three. How often do men fight for that which is gone ere the battle ends!"

On Christmas-eve, in the year of our Lord 1850, Little Bubbleton was mightily astir! Bells pealed, bonfires blazed, and all rejoiced save the "Bull" and the "Bear," who were doing a bad trade.

"A fine 'ome-comin' this is," growled the "Bear, "they've gone an' made the young Squire teetotal among 'em, an' the orders is as nobody is to be treated with any drink."

"Just like 'em," snorted the "Bull," "when teetotals and pasons do come to the top, 'onest folk like you an' me must go to the bottom."

Nevertheless, Little Bubbleton rejoiced famously. The fatted calf was killed, the old Squire's lady dried her tears, Mrs. Catchpole wept on the bosom of her son, old Elijah quoted the proverbs faster than ever, and declared that it was nothing else than wise old Solomon that brought the two bonny lads home again, while the gossips said, what this truthful historian will not venture to confirm, that pretty Susan herself looked younger than she had done for many a day. To this day Hall and Farmstead dwell in brotherhood and peace! Ring on, sweet Christmas bells, ring on!

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I said in underbreath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LORD, still Thou givest gifts to me;
Thy mercy, like the dew,
From day to day my glad eyes see,
Forever fresh and new.

Thou giv'st me loss, and joy, and pain,
My peace, my grief are Thine,
The need that is my greater gain,
Grief lost in love divine.

Thy face is hid behind the cloud
That darkens all my days;
I know without that veiling shroud
I could not bear Thy gaze.

Thou giv'st me lessons every hour;
Thou giv'st me faith to trust
The gracious hidings of Thy power;
To know Thee true and just.

Thou gavest me Thy greatest gift,
When on earth that distant morn,
Thou did the gates of glory lift,
And Christ my Lord was born.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

It has passed into a truism that the religious training of its young people is the most important duty of the Church. These are especially, by the providence of God, committed to its care. These are, in the most emphatic sense, the hope of the Church and of the world. Methodism, in both the old world and the new, by means of its admirable Sunday-school system, has done her full share in training the young generations in religious knowledge and duty. She is now preparing to step out into the still wider field, that of following up these young people as they attain the years of adolescence, of finding the missing link between the school and the Church, and of promoting the development of all their faculties under Christian auspices. She is seeking, first of all and most of all, the cultivation among her young people of personal piety. She then seeks the organizing and training of the young life of Methodism in practical Christian effort, in intelligent acquaintance, and deep sympathy, and active co-operation with its great enterprises of evangelistic and missionary work. She seeks, thirdly, to promote their intellectual culture — to make them better acquainted, first of all, with that grandest book in the universe, the Word of God—to study it as a whole ; to study it in the relations of its various parts ; to know when, where, why, by whom, and for whom, were written its different books. She seeks to make them better acquainted with the providential dealings of God with the race as recorded on the page of history ; especially of the history of the great religious movements of the ages ; and most of all, as recorded in the soul-stirring story of the great revival called Methodism—to make them familiar with its noble traditions, and to bring them into sympathy with its religious spirit.

Nor does this movement overlook the social and æsthetic natures of the young. All that can elevate the taste, all that can ennoble the character, all that can dignify the life—whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—these things she seeks to cultivate and promote as the noblest heritage our young people can possess.

Such are, in brief, the aims and objects of the new social and religious movement known as the "Epworth League." Like most things in Methodism, it is a growth, a development—the adaptation of new means to a pressing need. For some years the Methodism of this continent has been feeling its way to such an organization. In the affiliated Methodism of the neighbouring Republic they have had their local and sporadic associations—the Church Lyceum, the Christian Alliance, the Methodist Young People's Alliance, the Oxford League, the Chautauqua Movement, and other associations. But none of these seemed to be sufficiently broad, sufficiently flexible, sufficiently vital in its organization, to meet the varied needs and varied circumstances of societies in town and country, in the east and west, in the north and south. At length, last May, these various associations met, through their representatives, in the city of Cleveland, and mutuall agreed to disband and to reorganize as a united society—The Epworth League. The success of the League has been phenomenal. Since the month of May over 1,300 branches have been formed, some with a membership of 400, and that during a period of the year least favourable for such work. The utmost enthusiasm has been manifested, and the most beneficial practical results have been realized. The vast possibilities of the movement led Bishop Newman to designate it one of the most important movements of modern Methodism. It is taking hold of the young life of the Church and consecrating it to Christian culture

and Christian service as no other agency has ever done.

Canadian Methodism has, meantime, been feeling the need of a similar organization, and endeavouring to supply that need. Seven years ago, at the Hamilton General Conference, the present writer procured the passage of a resolution recommending the formation, wherever practicable, of young people's associations for home reading and religious culture on the lines of the Church Lyceum. The union of Methodism and reconstruction of our organization caused that scheme for the time to remain in abeyance. At the last General Conference the effort was repeated, and an influential committee* was appointed "to arrange for and carry out, at as early a period as possible," such a course of home reading and culture. That committee met twice, arranged and published a course of reading, chiefly in lines of Bible study. A considerable number of readers adopted and for some time followed it up, not without marked benefit. But still the association was not sufficiently well organized, nor sufficiently wide in its scope, and it did not take as was hoped, "like fire among the heather."

Meanwhile other associations for young people were springing up among us, excellent in their way, but owing no allegiance to Methodism, and in no way under the control of our Church, either as to the courses of prescribed reading, or general management, and having their chief affiliated relations in a foreign land. It is a bad thing for a young man to feel that he must go from his father's house to seek for the enjoyments and benefits which he ought to find at home. It is not a good thing for young people to think that they must leave the Church of their fathers for helpful religious association and religious enjoyment. The Methodist Church is strong enough, its sympathies with its young people are warm enough to enable it to offer them every advantage and enjoyment that they can find anywhere. The need was felt for an organization which should be frankly and distinctively Methodist—which should cultivate, first of all, loyalty to the Church under whose fostering watch-care these young people are placed, and to the institutions of the country in which they live. The General Conference Committee was, therefore, again summoned, and the outlook considered. The newly-formed Epworth League was found to furnish just the nucleus of what seemed required for our needs. Its constitution and course of reading was remodelled to suit the special necessities of our Church and country, with the hearty and generous concurrence of the officials of the American Epworth League. It has met with the heartiest endorsement of many of our most successful pastors, Sunday-school officers, teachers and other workers among our young people.

It is commended to the Church, to the warm sympathy and co-operation of all pastors and teachers, of all existing Young Peoples' Associations, which can readily become affiliated with this new organization, and to all interested in the welfare of the young, with the prayer that, under the blessing of God, it may be a means of great spiritual and intellectual benefit to all who may be brought within the range of its influence.

The times are especially appropriate for such an organization. The age offers special opportunities and advantages to the young—opportunities of education, and of social and material advancement. It is the young in shop, and store, and factory, and office, who are largely carrying on the active business of the world. "I write unto you young men that

* The following are the names of the committee: Rev. John Potts, D.D., Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., Rev. Alex. Burns, D.D., LL.D., L. C. Peake, Esq., R. Brown, Esq., J. B. Boustead, Esq., and Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., Rev. Prof. Shaw, LL.D., Rev. S. Card, Rev. Dr. Burwash, S.T.D., George Bishop, Esq., Advisory Members. Rev. W. H. Withrow, Secretary.

ye be strong," says the Apostle John. We wish to enlist the consecrated enthusiasm of

"The young and strong, who cherish
Noble longings for the strife,"

in the service of Christ and His Church, to train them in Christian culture and Christian work, that they may in turn take up the burdens of those whose places shall soon know them no more. If the Church will not find work for its young people, the world will. Their eager activities will find employment somewhere. The engrossments of business, the ambitions of life, the allurements of pleasure, will present to them perilous temptations. The increased opportunities which young people have nowadays for intellectual culture, if their culture be not consecrated to the service of Christ, present a subtle temptation to the indulgence of a refined selfishness; to the seeking of mere personal gratification, in reading, in music, in art, even in the austerer walks of science. Increased culture brings with it the responsibility of using it for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

Young women, especially, have not only greater educational advantages than their mothers and grandmothers, they have also greater leisure. Their time is not engrossed in the carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, knitting and sewing that were necessary fifty years ago. Almost everything is now done by the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. At this juncture God has providentially opened a thousand doors of usefulness which were then closed. The wide missionary interests, belting the world with their bonds of sympathy, have sprung up. Women's Missionary Societies, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, woman's work for the poor, the ignorant, the suffering and the sorrowing, have found a channel for the employment of the energies of women of incalculable benefit to the Church and to the world, and especially to Christian workers themselves. This heavenly mercy is "twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that takes." And for this work we wish our young people to be trained. A noble altruism is now demonstrating the brotherhood of man, the solidarity of the race, and the responsibilities of wealth, of leisure, of culture. This is, as never before, the age of organized co-operation for mutual help and mutual improvement. There are opportunities of usefulness on every side—in home mission work, in Sunday-school work, in visiting the sick, in teaching the ignorant, and in reclaiming those who are out of the way.

Much time is wasted, and worse than wasted, in frivolous or pernicious reading. One object of the League is to prepare and recommend courses of useful, interesting, and religiously profitable reading—reading that shall give a mental and moral uplift to the whole being—reading whereby the earnest student of Christian literature shall be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Loyalty to the doctrines of their own Church and to the institutions of their own country will not disqualify our young people for Christian work in wider fields. It will all the better prepare them for it. While they feel that they belong to one of the chiefest of the Churches of Christendom, they will also, in the catholic spirit of the founder of Methodism, be ready to say, "I desire to form a league, offensive, and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus." Like the grand old Covenanting heroes of Scotland, they will be ready to "form a solemn league and covenant against all sin and the man of sin." Most of all and best of all, they will be in league with God Himself, and with all the moral forces of the universe in the battle of eternal right against ancient wrong—and in effort to bring back the erring to the feet of Jesus and to the joys of salvation. They shall be soldiers of a new holy war, of a new crusade, of a nobler chivalry than that of arms, the symbols of which shall be the white shield and the white cross—its great purpose to maintain purity of soul, and through that sign of grace to

conquer; in true heroism to trample beneath the feet the world, the flesh, and the devil; and to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

The members of this sacred alliance will not have to seek in the pleasures of the world, amid the glitter of fashionable society, those intellectual and social enjoyments that our nature craves. These can be found under the sanction of religion and in connection with the house of God. Upon all the enjoyments, upon all the amusements, as well as upon all the business activities and enterprises of the age, shall be written "Holiness to the Lord." Thus shall daily life be dignified and ennobled; the Christian community shall set an example to the world of what truly refined, elegant, rational, social enjoyment really is—and shall be still more fully in the higher Christian civilization of the future—instead of, as is too often the case, taking its tone from the world, and catching its worldly spirit. We covet for our young people all the intellectual endowments and attainments, all the graces and accomplishments, and especially all the spiritual gifts and charisms that are within the Divine bestowment; so shall our sons be as plants, grown up in their youth, so shall our daughters be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

The Epworth League, whose object is to secure all these benefits and blessings for the young people of our Churches, is heartily commended to the sympathies and co-operation of all pastors and Sunday-school officers and teachers, and of all who have an interest in their spiritual and intellectual welfare,* to all young peoples' associations already in existence, and to all young people who desire counsel and aid.

The motto of the Epworth League expresses its whole purpose and aim, "Look up; Lift up." Look up to God for help, for pardon and divine grace, and then help to lift up our fellow-creatures, to make them partakers of the like precious faith. Its aim may be more fully paraphrased by these lines:

"O live for those who love you,
For those who know you true,
For the heaven that bends above you,
And awaits your coming too;
For the good that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that you may do."

CHRISTMAS.

Light to the shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold—
Light to the Wise Men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold—

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne—
A Light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
"Glory, glory, unto God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

*For pamphlets containing the constitution and by-laws, and fully explaining the methods, aims, and objects of the League, write to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Most of the young men whose names were on the President's list of reserve at the late Conference for whom circuits could not be provided, have been sent to various places to commence real aggressive work.

City Road Chapel, the cathedral of Methodism, has become the scene of great home mission work. Mission bands and tract societies have been formed. Already much good has been accomplished, and it is hoped that by the various evangelistic meetings which will be held during the winter, that the time-honoured sanctuary will be the birth-place of many souls.

A mission is to be inaugurated among the aristocratic portion of the people in the West End of London. A systematic visitation of the districts is to be made not only by the "Sisters of the People," but by influential Wesleyans.

The Rev. Thomas Champness has opened his new *Joyful News Home* at Rochdale. Several influential ministers and laymen took part in the dedicatory services.

Birmingham mission, which is in charge of the Rev. F. L. Wiseman, son of the late Dr. Wiseman, who visited Canada during Dr. Punshon's presidency, has had a career of great prosperity. In two years, two large congregations of more than 1,000 each have been raised in the centre of the town. A third place has been taken, and another hall is about to be opened in one of the lowest quarters of the town.

Liverpool Methodists are proposing great things for Christ. A convention of all the circuits in the city has been held, to make arrangements for holding a series of evangelistic services during the winter.

It is contemplated to adopt extra means to recreate an intelligent and prayerful interest in foreign missions, by urging ministers to preach special sermons on the subject and hold prayer-meetings and missionary conventions in large centres.

The venerable James Calvert saw eighty prisoners killed, roasted and eaten, at one time, in one of the Fiji Islands; but he lived to see cannibalism vanish, 1,250 churches rise for Christian worship, and 103,000 out of 113,000 of the inhabitants regular attendants at the sanctuary on the Sabbath.

Two English laymen offered a prize of $250 for the best essays on class-meetings. No less than 203 essays were sent in for adjudication. The essayists were residents of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, Sierra Leone, Canada, West Indies and China, an evidence of the deep interest that is felt in class-meetings.

A good man in London has commenced holding open-air services in a poor neighbourhood on Saturday nights at 11.15. Lighted torches are used, and efforts are made to get the poor people out of the public houses at closing time and see them safely home. This is certainly very practical philanthropy.

Four Church of England clergymen recently attended a Wesleyan bazaar in North Staffordshire, and indulged in very pleasant compliments with the Wesleyan ministers and laymen present. This is a novelty for England.

Mr. Stead, the editor the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says, "There are more Methodists in the world to-day than there were Englishmen of all creeds when John Wesley was at Oxford." The rapid growth of Methodism has

often been a subject of recent remark and comment. It is not so important a consideration that there are millions of Methodists in the world, but it is an important inquiry whether those millions are doing what they ought for the conversion of the world? The prayers, the money and the efforts of so many Christians ought to produce an immense harvest every year.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Deaconesses' Home has been secured at Cleveland, Ohio. A lady gave a house of twelve rooms for five years free of charge. It will be furnished by the churches, and the deaconesses will look after the infirm, the sick and the dying.

A university is wanted at Peking, China, to supersede the Wiley Institute. Dr. Martin, Bishops Warren and Fowler believe that the proposed seat of learning would contribute largely to that form of development which China has long resisted. The Chinese Imperial Commission to the United States warmly commends the enterprise. A quarter of a million of dollars is wanted for the project.

The National Association of Local Preachers recently held its annual meeting in Jane Street Church, New York. Gratifying reports of work done were presented from several States. There was also an animated discussion on temperance.

Mr. Daniel Ayres, of Brooklyn, has given $25,000 to the Middleton University for the founding of a chair in biology.

Mr. George J. Seney, of Brooklyn, has given no less than $3,000,000 to various educational, benevolent and philanthropic objects.

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. B. Senior, who recently visited this country, gave an account of his visit to the western world, in which he stated that he had travelled 10,000 miles, and preached and lectured to 50,000 at the great camp meetings and the largest churches, Brooklyn Tabernacle, Plymouth Church, and the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

The Forward Movement has taken hold of the seven Sheffield circuits. Two special evangelists are to be employed in the district. A great effort is to be made during the winter in aid of evangelistic services.

The applications for the services of evangelists are so numerous that the staff will of necessity have to be increased. Already about forty persons have been sent out. Rev. J. Odell has charge of the work.

Bible Christians.

The new hymn-book is selling wonderfully well. It is a very handsome volume, and there are some useful features in it which will not be found in any other collection of hymns. Rev. F. Bourne prepared the prefaces and the indexes, and he saw five editions of the hymn-book through the press last year, although he was ill in bed a great part of the time.

Methodist New Connexion.

A three days' meeting was recently held by the Ministers' Evangelistic Association in the interest of the doctrine of holiness. Rev. Thomas Rider, President, said: "They had not come to impose particular dogmatic views on any mind. They believed in a definite act of consecration to God, but if a brother said, 'I don't believe in a definite moment of sanctification,' our answer is, 'Very well, if you are a definitely consecrated person, and live as such, it is all right.' We don't quarrel about terms. Whether the blessing has been consciously realized in a heightened flash of feeling, or slowly and gradually, the thing is that the man has come to it, and to know that is enough."

The Editor of *Zion's Herald*, in commenting on these choice words, says: "If those who assume to be teachers in this specialty were as charitable, Biblical and as clearly in harmony with Christian experience, much unhappy confusion of statement and apprehension of the doctrine would be avoided."

A Forward Movement has been commenced at Hopetown, in the Wakefield Circuit. The Wesleyans, Primitives and Free Methodists have united for the purpose of promoting popular meetings for taking hold of the people. Already many largely attended meetings have been held, and much is hoped for during the winter.

The Methodist Church.

The Central Board of Missions met in London. Representatives were present from all the Conferences in the Dominion and Newfoundland.

The following scale of appropriations was adopted: Married ministers in towns and cities, $900; in Manitoba, $900; in Newfoundland, $800; in British Columbia and the Pacific Coast, $1,000. Married ministers in other missions, $750. Scale for single ordained and unordained ministers—British Columbia and Pacific Coast, $600 and $550; towns and cities in Manitoba, $500 and $450; Newfoundland, $450 and $400. Other missions, $400 and $350. The above amounts were regarded as a basis; but as the amount at the disposal of the Board would not meet those requirements, a *pro rata* reduction had to be made.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was held in St. James' Church, Montreal. About a hundred ladies were present.

Reports from the various branches were read, all of which indicated a gratifying increase in the membership.

The funds were in a good state, there being an increase of more than $3,000.

The Society sustains agents in Japan, also French schools in Quebec, Indian schools in Manitoba, and Chinese missions in British Columbia, in all of which much good has been done.

Lord Stanley is making a tour in the West, and while in Manitoba he addressed the Methodist Sabbath-school at Portage la Prairie, which a journalist describes as "singularly wise and graceful."

It is gratifying to record the fact that Victoria University has a larger number of students at the present time than was ever present at this period of the year during the half century of its existence. Drs. Workman and Bell have recently returned from Germany, and Professor Petch has taken the chair of Romance languages. The teaching staff is therefore strong.

Revs. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have had a grand campaign in Kingston, and by the time these notes are printed Hamilton will be the scene of their labours.

The Rev. A. A. Holmes has been a missionary for two years at Labrador. He recently visited Halifax, and stated that he had to traverse over 500 miles of stormy coast extending to within 300 miles of the Moravian mission. In that region the Gospel has been carried to those who really need it most; but the missionary has to endure hardships and privations which try men's souls.

The Rev. Benjamin Chapelle has gone to Japan, and has entered the Methodist Episcopal College as Professor, and will give special attention to "Evidences of Christianity and History."

The corner-stone of a church, to cost $65,000, was recently laid at Parkdale. The church is to supersede the present place of worship on Dunn Avenue, which has proved too small for the congregation, though only built three years ago.

Items.

The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions of the United States lately met in New York. Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, described the travelling car which he proposes to use for episcopal visitations. It is to be an itinerant house, an occasional social meeting place for his scattered flock, and a chapel of worship, all in one.

A strong wave of evangelistic zeal seems to be spreading over England, in illustration of which we may notice the two following facts. The London Baptists have held special meetings to devise ways of more

thoroughly evangelizing the great metropolis. They aim to enlist all the Nonconformist bodies in this movement for the masses, and by united work to reach greater results than ever before. In Liverpool a similar work is in progress also among the Baptists.

The Bishop of Bedford, wise in his generation, has issued an appeal for ladies who can provide for their own maintenance and are ready to devote themselves to church work among the poor of East London.

There are two thousand Icelanders in Winnipeg, and a Presbyterian mission has been formed under the care of a converted Icelander. An Icelandic hymn-book has been printed, and there are two Icelandic newspapers.

The mission of the Free Church of Scotland on the Sea of Galilee in Palestine is prospering. A liberal friend of the cause in Scotland has promised $6,500 to build another house for the missionaries at Tiberias. This is chiefly a medical mission.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," rendered into more living languages than any other book except the Bible, has just been translated into the language of Abyssinia.

The American Baptist Education Society reports that one-half of the $400,000 needed to secure John D. Rockfeller's gift of $600,000 for a Baptist university in Chicago, has been secured.

The English Baptists are endeavouring to secure complete organic union of their two bodies, the General and the Particular Baptists. The union is thought to be large enough to contain them all.

Recent Deaths.

We deeply regret to record the death of our old friend, the Rev. W. Stephenson, D.D. We knew him intimately for more than thirty years. He was a native of Yorkshire, was converted under the ministry of the Primitive Methodists, and travelled a few years in that denomination. He joined the Wesleyan Conference in Canada, in 1858, and in 1876 he united with the Presbyterian Church in the United States. For several years he was very popular. When stationed in Adelaide Street Church, Toronto, the building was often crowded to its utmost capacity. He died at Flushing, Long Island, in October.

The Rev. James Currie entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in Canada, and travelled until 1843, when he located, but was ever afterwards a useful local preacher and Sabbath-school labourer until obliged to desist through increased infirmities. He was a good man, and served his generation faithfully. He died in East Whitby, October, at the great age of eighty-two.

The Rev. Henry Graham, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, closed his career on September 8th, having been in the ministry fifty-two years. It was the privilege of the writer of this notice to be sometimes associated with him in circuit work, and he can testify to his great kindness and faithfulness in the performance of the duties of his office.

The Rev. Arthur Brooks, a Central African missionary, died in January, one hundred miles from Zanzibar, as he was returning to Canada. He left $1,600 of real estate. His mother resides at Whitechurch, Ontario.

A beautiful tablet has been erected in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, in honour of the late Bishop Hannington. It bears this inscription. "His bones are with the Africans, his soul is with the martyrs."

A bust to the memory of Dr. Thomas Chalmers was lately unveiled in Edinburgh. The Moderators of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland took part in the ceremony, and both expressed the hope that before long the churches might be united.

Erratum.—In the October Magazine, p. 379, on the twenty-eighth line from the foot of the first column, instead of "early next spring," please read "the spring of 1891, the centenary of John Wesley's death.

Book Notices.

Darwinism: An Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its Applications. By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL.D., F.L.S., etc., with Map and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, pp. xvi-494. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.75.

To Dr. Wallace as much as to any man is due the credit of discovering and working out the laws of natural selection, which have wrought such a change in the whole circle of the sciences in recent years. Yet of this we find no mention in this volume in which he expounds and elucidates with admirable skill the doctrine of development as taught by Darwin. He employs a strictly scientific method. It is, we think, impossible to candidly examine the evidence without accepting the conclusions as to the origin of species, at least of many species, by modification through environment, or by "concurrent adaptation," to use the happy phrase of Dr. Dallinger. Dr. Wallace deals frankly with difficulties, and gives almost innumerable illustrations from his vast acquaintance with nature corroborative of his conclusions. The book is one of fascinating interest. The chapters on the struggle for existence; the vindication of the ethics of this struggle on the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; the chapters on the origin and uses of colouring and mimicry in plants and animals; the problems of variation and heredity are exceedingly instructive. Dr. Wallace differs widely from Darwin in his theory of the moral development of man. His is a distinctly theistic evolution. He recognizes at least three stages in the development of the organic world, when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action. The first is the change from inorganic to organic—the impartation of that mysterious thing called "life." The second, still more marvellous and still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces, is the introduction of sensation or consciousness. The third is the existence in man of his spiritual nature, the love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice, the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice—these, says Mr. Wallace, are the workings within us of a higher nature which has not been developed by means of the struggle for material existence. For the origin of these intellectual and moral faculties we can find only an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit.

The outcome of this book, written in the purest scientific spirit, is, that behind every secondary cause sits God, the great First Cause of all things. If the undevout astronomer is mad, no less is the undevout biologist. Sir William Herschell was unable to account for the law of gravitation except as the constant exercise of the Divine Will. So the wondrous working of the laws of life are but the expression of the immanence of God—His omniscience and omnipotence and omnipresence throughout the universe which He has made.

Florida Days. By Margaret Deland, Author of "John Ward, Preacher," etc., illustrated by Louis K. Harlow. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, full gilt. Price $4.00.

This book comes to us fragrant with the breath of the South, and its exquisite coloured plates glow with the golden light of the land of the palmetto and orange. Mrs. Ward is known to fame as the author of one of the most successful of theological novels, recently reviewed in these pages. In this elegant volume she writes with the intense apprecia-

tion of an artist and poet, as she is. With a keen sense of humour, she describes the varied phases of Negro and "Cracker" life in Florida. The book is devoted chiefly to the quaint old Spanish city of St. Augustine and to the strange rivers and subtropical animal and vegetable life of the Upper St. John and the Ocklawaha. No city in America, except our own quaint old Quebec, can present such a strange blending of the architecture and life of mediæval Europe and the busy hotel life of a modern fashionable resort as Augustine. Its striking contrasts and scenic and historic attractions are well brought out by pen and pencil in this handsome volume. The coloured plates of the old gates, old fort, of moss-festooned live oaks, the fine etchings and the numerous wood-cuts, bring vividly before the reader the many varied beauties of that lovely land where it seems always afternoon. Many Canadians of delicate health go to Florida to escape the rigours of our winters. To such the book will be especially interesting as an elegant souvenir of the Land of Flowers.

Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. St. John, N.B.: J. & A. Macmillan.

This book has remained too long unnoticed on our table. Indeed, we have been waiting for time and space to give it more adequate treatment than we can even now afford. There are here lyric touches that reveal the true poet. Our author has caught the liquid lapse of the waves upon our lake beaches and among their thousand isles. We had marked several passages for quotation, but limits of space prevent. The "Canadian Folksong" is a gem. The author adds to the magnificent scenery of our Northern lakes and rivers that which is required to give highest interest:

"The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

We can only quote three stanzas of the noble ode "Canada to Great Britain:"

"Great mother of nations whose hand
Holds half the world's sway in its grasp;
With commerce's shimmering band
Encircling all earth in thy clasp.

Thou breaker of fetters and thralls,
Thou maker of wars and of peace;
The mighty sea waves for thy walls,
The people of earth thy increase.

With torch of the age in thy hands,
God given — then be it Christ spent;
From all continents, nations, all lands,
Are truth-seeking eyes on thee bent."

The Land of the Vikings and the Empire of the Tsar. By E. Frazer Blackstock. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnams' Sons.

It adds much to the interest of this handsome little volume of travel among the Lapps and Mujiks to know that it is written by an accomplished townswoman. She describes with a light and graceful touch her adventures with a party of genial tourists in a journey to the North Cape, thence to Christiana, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Moscow. There is an avoidance of mere guide-book information, and the substitution therefor of the vivacious comments of a keen observer and graphic writer. The illustrations are very good. The portrait of the Tsar exhibits a typical Cossack, but that of the Empress reveals a lovely woman, exceedingly like her sister, the Princess of Wales.

Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced. By William Henry Phyfe. New York: G. P. Putnams' Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

This book claims to be a complete hand-book of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names and phrases from foreign languages. After careful examination, we are pre-

pared to admit the claim. It will be a very useful book to keep on the desk for ready reference. Nothing is a surer mark of careful education than correct pronunciation. There are few persons who do not fall into some solecisms or errors which this book would correct. Its merit is shown by its reaching a second edition.

Three Vassar Girls in Russia and Turkey. By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. Fully illustrated, small 4to. Boards $1.50, cloth $2. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs.

The success of the Vassar Girls' series has been phenomenal, over 80,000 volumes having been sold. They have the merit of being exceedingly readable, and of conveying a large amount of information in a very agreeable form. The volume before us describes some of the striking scenes of the Turko-Russian war. The illustrations of persons and places, costumes and customs, are very graphic and numerous. The stately architecture of modern Athens will be a surprise to many readers. Such out-of-the-way places as Ragusa, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Nijni-Novgorod, the Crimea, Shipka Pass and Plevna furnish singular attractions for the reader.

Zig-Zag Journeys in the British Isles. By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Small 4to, pp. 320. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $2.00; fancy boards, $1.75.

Still more popular than the "Vassar Girls'" series are Mr. Butterworth's interesting books, of which no less than a quarter of a million have been sold. They combine in a remarkable degree amusement and instruction. In this volume an American family take a vacation ramble through their old ancestral home-land. They travel through the country of Moore and Goldsmith in Ireland; through the English Lake District of the poets; through Abbotsford, Melrose and the scenes made famous by the Wizard of the North; through Scrooby, the land of the pilgrims, old Boston, Windsor, the West of England and the Isle of Avalon—the scene of King Arthur's legends. A thousand sidelights are thrown upon the page of history, and a fine anthology of English legendary verse is given. The engravings, over 100 in number, are admirable. The book will make an excellent Christmas present.

Man and His Maladies; or, The Way to Health. A Popular Handbook of Physiology and Domestic Medicine in Accord with the Advance in Medical Science. By A. E. BRIDGER, B.A., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.P.E. 12mo, cloth, pp. xvi-593. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

The title of this book fully describes its scope and purpose. The author wisely avoids prescribing medicines, except some harmless simples; and points out that true curative treatment is not a war between medicines and disease, but a partnership between nature and her disciple, working harmoniously together for the sufferer's good. The book will be very useful, as showing how to preserve health by the avoidance of the causes of disease and by hygienic modes of living. The author is a distinguished English physician and writes with full knowledge of the recent progress of the science of medicine.

Summer Holidays: Travelling Notes in Europe. By THEODORE CHILD. Pp. 304. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Many poor books of travel attain a certain degree of popularity on account of their superior illustration. This is not one of that character. It depends entirely upon its literary interest and on the out-of-the-way places which it describes. It is made up of contributions to such high-class periodicals as the *Atlantic*, *Cornhill*, and other magazines. It describes travel down the Danube to Constantinople, the city of the Sultan, Milan, Limoges, Rheims, the

Grand Chartreuse, etc. The book has a sustained literary interest that makes amends for the lack of illustration, now so common in books of this class.

Select Poems of William Wordsworth. Edited with notes by WILLIAM J. ROLPHE, Litt.D. Cloth, pp. 258. Price 56 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dr. Rolphe has rendered inestimable service to English literature by his series of annotated English classics, of which this is the forty-seventh volume. The text is beautifully printed, with a number of excellent illustrations and a map of what Lowell happily calls "Wordsworthshire." The notes are concise, amply illustrative, and give a choice selection of criticisms by great commentators on Wordsworth.

The Red Mountain of Alaska. By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN. 8vo. Cloth, gilt, pp. 348. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

Campbell's descriptive line—

> "The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore,"

indicates all that was known of this remote region till within a few years. It has now become the favourite tourist and hunting ground of the continent. This graphic story of adventure will make its scenic and sporting attractions better known. The descriptions are vouched for as accurate. The numerous illlustrations are admirably done. Young readers will delight in the wholesome adventure of the story. We have seldom read anything more touching than the account of the Christmas of the explorers in the heart of Alaska.

Tales by Heinrich Zschökke. Pp. 283. New York: G. P. Putnams' Sons. Price $1.

The "Knickerbocker Nuggets" are among the daintiest little books, within and without, ever issued from the press—fit companions of the Aldines and Elzevirs which are the delight of the bibliophile. They will include the standard classics of many languages. The present volume contains four of Zschökke's most characteristic tales, translated by Parke Goodwin and W. P. Prentice. They have the quaint and half allegorical flavour of much of the best German fiction. "The Walpurgis Night Tale," is a powerful parable, showing how dallying with temptation may lead a man, to his own horror, to violate almost all the commands in the decalogue. The tragedy of the situation is relieved, but the moral is not impaired, by the discovery that it is only a Walpurgis night dream, and not a real occurrence.

Vitus Bering. By PETER LAURIDSEN, with introduction by FREDERICK SCHWATKA. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The name of this great explorer and that of the straits which he discovered, have been incorrectly spelled Behring; but Professor Lauridsen has shown this the true spelling to be Bering. In the first half of the eighteenth century the Russians were charting the North Polar lands as the English were exploring other unknown parts of the earth. There is a fascination in this adventurous toil that neither the rigours of the climate nor the dangers of the navigation could repress. To Canadian readers this volume will have a special interest, as throwing light upon the recent Bering Strait controversy. Some quaint and interesting contemporary maps illustrate the geography of this out-of-the-way part of the world.

Short Talks for the Times. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The new Book Steward of the Wesleyan Conference Office signalizes his entry upon his official duties by the issue of a fine series of books of high character and elegantly printed and bound. These sermons, which were preached at the West London Mission, have that

nameless charm which pervades all Mr. Pearse's books. They are not all sermons; some are parables or allegories, which point and barb a lesson more sharply and surely than even a sermon.

The King and the Cross. By JESSIE ARMSTSTRONG. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a well-written story, illustrating the stormy period of the French Revolution. A good deal of history, as well as an excellent moral lesson, can be learned from its pages. It is decidedly above the average of Sunday-school books.

More Than Kin. By EMMA E. HORNBROOK. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This excellent story of rural life in England during the time of the Chartist agitation, will give to Canadian readers an interesting insight into a condition of society very different from what obtains in this free country.

The Church and the Sunday-School Normal Guide. By JOHN H. VINCENT. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

The Sunday-school system of this continent owes more of its development to Bishop Vincent than to any other man. Whatever he writes on this subject deserves careful attention. The books here reprinted are of permanent importance. A number of excellent cuts and diagrams enhance the value of these pages.

The Book Divine: How do I Know the Bible is the Word of God. By JACOB EMBURY. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

This is an excellent book on an important subject. It is not intended to be an exhaustive treatise for scholars, but to put in brief space for thoughtful readers the striking evidences of the Divine inspiration of the Word of God. Two engravings of the Rosetta stone are given.

Memorials of George William Baxter. Edited by A. R. W. ALLEN. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a life-sketch of a brave young Wesleyan missionary, who after twenty-two months' toil in Western Africa and four months' service in Egypt, ended a life of brilliant promise at the early age of twenty-five.

Superior to Circumstances. By EMILY LUCAS BLACKALL. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is a well-written story of American social life, giving evidence of wide and keen observation. We think the report of the transcendental sermon of the Rev. J. Augustus Blanding must be somewhat exaggerated. We hope there are not many such literary fops.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The high opinion which we expressed last year of the *Andover Review* has not been impaired by the issues of the last twelve months. For freshness, breadth and ability of treatment and importance of topics discussed, it is not surpassed by any of the Reviews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The *Atlantic Monthly* (same publishers) maintains unabated its high-class literary character. In the keen competition with the great illustrated Monthlies it relies solely upon the superior merit of its articles. Nearly all the foremost writers of American literature have been contributors to its pages. The announcement for 1890 is not excelled, if indeed it is equalled, by any Magazine in existence.

Professor Alexander's inaugural lecture on English Literature at Toronto University is an excellent introduction to the great theme of his chair. We congratulate the favoured youth who pursue this fascinating study under his skilful guidance.

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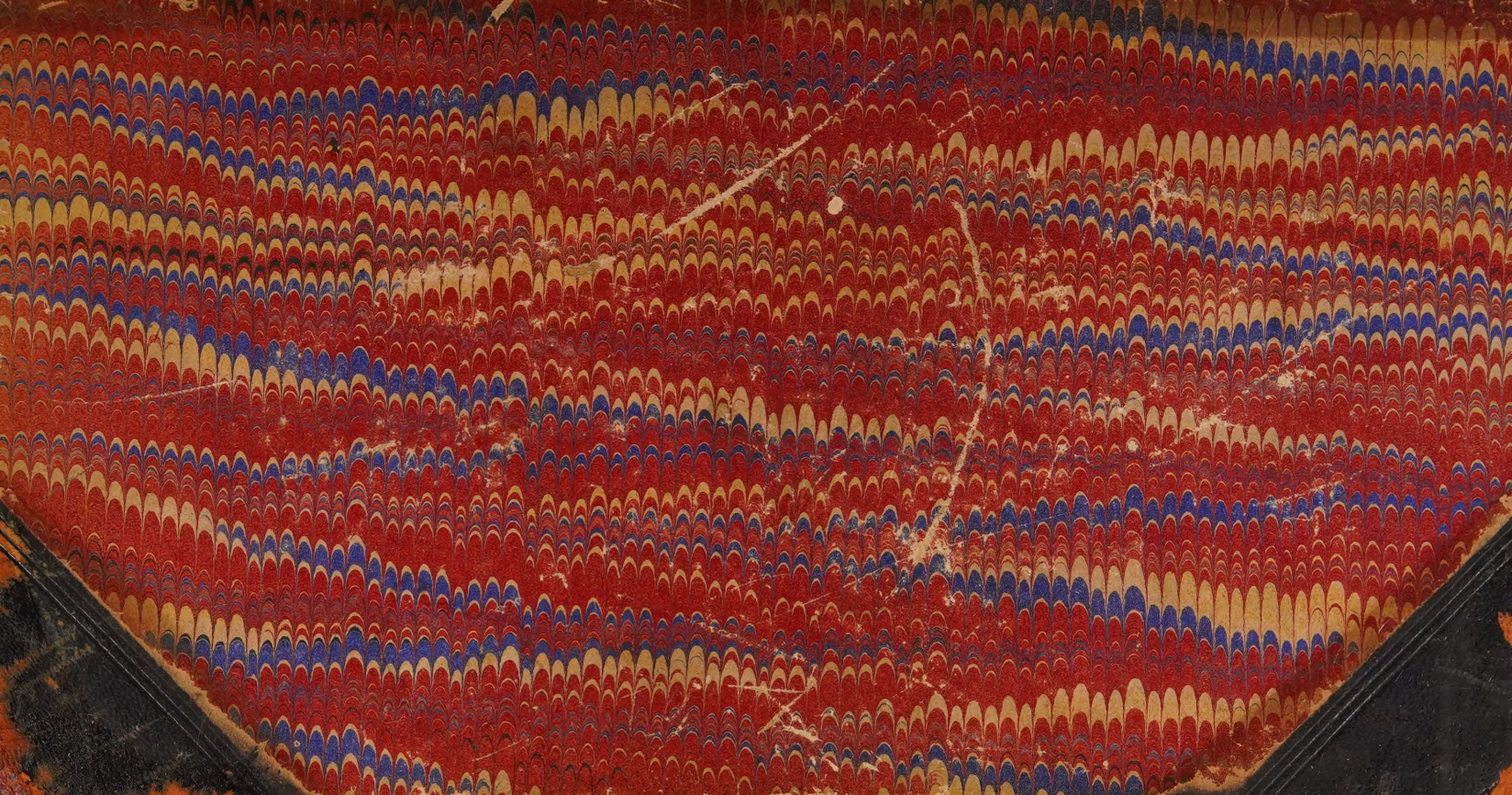
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